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THOUGHTS FOR THE OCCASION

Anniversary and Religious

A REPOSITORY OF HISTORICAL DATA AND FACTS, BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS, AND WORDS OF WISDOM

Helpful in Suggesting Themes, and in Outlining Addresses for the Observance of Timely Occasions and Special Days indicated by our Christian Year

NEW YEAR'S SERVICE
RALLYING DAY
FAST DAY SERVICE
HARVEST HOME SERVICE
LENTEN SEASON
THANKSGIVING SERVICE
EASTER DAY THOUGHTS
CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE
CHILDREN'S DAY SERVICE
CLOSING YEAR SERVICE
OLD HOME WEEK
COMMUNION SERVICE
CORNER-STONE LAYING
DEDICATION SERVICE
INSTALLATION SERVICE
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES

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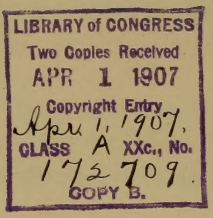

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PREFACE.

THE large success of "Thoughts for the Occasion; Patriotic and Secular," has necessitated the compilation of this volume. Its plan primarily is to cover the Christian year, noting those occasions which claim special attention from pastors and other Christian leaders. But in making up a Christian year which will meet the thought of Christians generally, it has been found that the formal ecclesiastical calendar does not include a number of anniversaries, like Children's Day and Thanksgiving Day, which are most noteworthy and honored. There are also many occasions which do not hold any appointed place in the year, yet are of great and perhaps increasing interest and importance. Some of these are of regularly recurring appointment, like the Communion Service; and others, like the conventions and other services of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor Society, come into the work of every pastor and many a Sunday-school teacher.

Such occasions form a special call upon a public worker, and demand some of his best work; and it is of great help if he can, on the shortest notice, put himself in touch with those who have heard a like call, and already thought the matter through, and expressed themselves as the occasion demands.

Where an occasion so recurring has a history, the speaker wishes to know that history; and there is therefore given a brief historical statement at the head of each department. This is followed by selections, as various in character as possi-

ble, from the speeches, essays, or poems of those who best improved the occasion. A glance over the table of contents will show how large and various is the number of authors quoted. For the most part it has been sought to display the words of the representative men of the church militant to-day, whose clarion call summons all Christian workers into sympathy and associated effort. At the same time there has been no hesitation in bringing out elegant and classic utterances and poems of well-established fame where they well illustrate the idea of the occasion.

The volume, therefore, will be found to contain a large body of literature of a high and entertaining order, while its first effort is to show what is the current thought of the worthiest men of the living present.

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THOUGHTS FOR THE OCCASION.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Historical. THE CALENDAR.—In the absence of accurate observation it was not to be expected that ancient peoples should arrange the calendar or compute time without error. The changes of the seasons gave a natural division of years, and the phases of the moon a division of months; but some correction of the rude natural calendar was early desired, and every nation fixed the beginning and length of its year by legal enactment.

Our mode of reckoning is derived from the Roman. Romulus is said to have established a year of 304 days, which he divided into 10 months. It began in March, and the names of September, October, November, and December remain, indicating their place in the calendar. His months were longer than a lunar month, and his year so much shorter than the solar year that January and February were soon added, making the legal year contain 354 days, and 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately; and another day was added to make 355, because the odd number was thought more fortunate. This year was still found to be shorter than the solar year, and Numa Pompilius is said to have ordered the insertion every second year of an intercalary month, consisting alternately of 22 and 23 days, between the 23d and 24th of February. This gave the average legal year 366¼ days, and a further correction was decreed to reduce it to 365¼. The intercalation and corrections, however, were complicated and confusing, and errors were made by the legal officers in proclaiming them, and these errors had so accumulated that Julius Cæsar found the legal spring equinox differing from the astronomical equinox by three months.

Cæsar reformed the calendar, intercalating, in the year 47 B.C., two extraordinary months of 33 and 34 days between November and December, and, as the year already had an intercalary month according to the older law, it was lengthened to 445 days. It was called, indeed, "the year of confusion." But the first Julian year began January 1, 46 B.C., and Cæsar decreed that the first, and

each alternate month following, should have 31 days, the other months having 30 days, except February, which should annually have 29 days, and each fourth year 30 days. This excellent calendar, simple and easily remembered, was marred by Augustus Cæsar, whose vanity made him insist that the month August, which was named in his honor, should have as many days as July—named after his uncle, Julius Cæsar—and the months following were all changed to save having three long months—July, August, and September—together, and February was shortened to 28 and 29 days.

OLD STYLE AND NEW.—The average Julian year was 11 minutes and 14 seconds longer than the astronomical year, and the rules for intercalation were not understood or observed accurately, so that in 1582 the vernal equinox had retrograded from the 25th of March to the 11th; and at that time Pope Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar, directing that ten days be suppressed, and that hereafter the leap-year intercalation be omitted on all the centenary years excepting those which are multiples of 400. The year 1900, therefore, will not be a leap-year. This correction reconciles the civil with the solar year. From the year 1582 to 1700 the difference between the old style and the new or reformed style continued to be 10 days; but 1700 being a leap-year according to the Julian calendar, but a common year by the Gregorian, the difference between old style and new style during the eighteenth century was 11 days, and as 1800 was also common in the new calendar, the difference in the nineteenth century is 12 days, and from 1900 to 2100 it will be 13 days.

The reformed Gregorian calendar was only gradually adopted, being approved in England under George II. by act of Parliament which enacted that the day following September 3, 1752, should be known as the 14th. In England and America dates about this time are often written O. S. or N. S. (Old Style or New) for greater assurance. In all these changes the days of the week were not affected. At present the New Style is used in all Christian countries, except Russia and other countries of the Greek Church.

The Jewish religious year begins in the spring, at the time of their deliverance from Egypt, and is marked by the festival of the Passover. Their civil year, however, began in October.

ANNO DOMINI.—The Jews number their years from the supposed period of the creation of the world, reckoning by the Old Testament narratives. These have come down by three distinct channels—the Hebrew text, the Samaritan text, and the Greek version known as the Septuagint. But these texts in copying have been corrupted till their chronology differs irreconcilably, and we do not know which was preferred when the Old Testament books were revised and transcribed by Ezra. After their captivity and dispersion the Jews adopted for common use the numeration of the more enlightened heathen among whom they lived; but in the fifteenth

century they began generally to date from the creation, which, according to their computation at that time, took place about 3760 years B.C. (before Christ); though the chronology of Archbishop Usher, published in 1650, places the creation at 4004 B.C., and this date is printed in the margin of the English Bible, and has commonly been accepted in the church until discredited by quite recent scholarship.

The Babylonians reckoned from the era of Nabonassar, 747 B.C. The Greeks reckoned by Olympiads, periods of four years, beginning 776 B.C., in the year when Corœbus was victor in the Olympic games. The Romans reckoned from the foundation of the city (A.U.C., *anno urbis conditæ*), most commonly dated 753 B.C.

The practice, now universal in civilized lands, of dating the years from the birth of Christ, came gradually into use. It was first introduced in Italy in the sixth century by Dionysius the Little, a Roman abbot. It began to be used in Gaul in the eighth century, and came into general use there in the ninth century. It was in use in England toward the close of the eighth century. A date thus determined in Europe in a time of great general ignorance, before the revival of learning, has been conceded to have been wrong by three or four years, chronologists being now practically agreed that our Lord was born three or four years before the beginning of the present era. As, however, it seems impossible to decide the exact year with absolute certainty, and as a change in the recorded dates of written history would cause immense labor and confusion, it is probable that the present era will remain undisturbed, A.D. continuing to mean popularly the year reckoned from the birth of Christ, though, as known by all scholars, actually reckoned from three or four years later. Its common use is a common confession of the incarnation as the central fact in history, all earlier history leading up to it, and properly dated so many years B.C. (before Christ); all later history really developing from the incarnation, and properly dated a year of the Lord. Imagine an infidel who denies our Lord Jesus Christ writing a letter or a legal document and dating the year of the Lord whom he denies! Once the Jews reckoned time from the creation, the Greeks, from the first Olympiad, the Romans, from the foundation of the imperial city, but the civilized world now dates from Anno Domini! Thus far hath Jesus already conquered.

HOURS are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, let the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Proctor.

"ANNO DOMINI."*

JESSE B. THOMAS, D.D.

To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.—LUKE iv. 19.

"A.D."—the world writes the letters carelessly as it turns the page to record for the first time the new year; but in these letters is the "open secret" of the ages, for this, too, is a "year of our Lord," an "acceptable year," a "year of grace."

With the close of the old year a day of accounting comes. Letters and accounts are filed and housed away, having left their substance sifted into figures on the books. The stock in shelf and store-room, measured, counted, and weighed, yields its quota to the reckoning, and the measure bearing the year's harvesting is evenly stricken.

For some the heaped-up surplus falls into garners already well filled—it is a year of triumph; they say to their souls, "Take thine ease."

For others it is a year of doom. Their shrunken resources fall far below the brim; they "owe a thousand talents, and have nothing to pay." A year of doom, for the secret will not lie silent on the page. Out of the figures, blurred in their anxious vision, seems to rise a hand which writes, not only on the record of the past, but on the white margin of the future, "Ruined"; a hand that, with "flaming sword," drives out wife and children from their inheritance, and keeps the door against them; a hand of iron, that lays manacles upon themselves, and brands them in the forehead with the mark of bondage. The vision is true. In a few days counting-house and home are empty; the wife is hiding even from the gaze of pity that burns like fire; the children's life is dwarfed in the

* A New-Year's sermon (in part) preached in the First Baptist Church, Pierpont Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

cold shadow of a grief they do not understand; and the father, too proud to serve, too old to begin life anew, lingers in the margin of his former haunts, waiting for crumbs of fortune, until "heart and flesh fail."

Such as these are the parables of life, whose facts men see, but whose lessons they will not learn. They count failure a misfortune, and therefore not a fault; as though it were no fault to trust to the favor of fortune rather than the justice of law. The full-grown scholar, setting aside the lessons of his childhood, on his bigger slate, through all the problem, persists in reckoning two and two as five, and "sells short," "lives fast," "overtrades" accordingly, and yet wonders at last that his figures are rubbed out as worthless. Doubtless there are exceptions, but as a rule the insolvent need not look to earthquake or tornado as the cause of falling walls, but to the carelessness of his own hand, that by uncounted expenditure or reckless venture has removed the first foundation-stone.

Israel, rescued from Egyptian bondage, was established in Canaan, a free people without caste, and equal in inheritance in the land. Every man dwelling among his kindred, the owner of an estate whose fertility was security against want, owing no man, and second to none in rank—the highest conditions for the realization and permanence of a perfect human society existed. Yet the law which established this order made provision for its certain failure. It was foreseen that men unrestrained would mar the harmonious fabric, and within fifty years the land be filled on the one side with capitalists and aristocrats, and on the other with paupers, vagrants, and slaves. *The history of this disruption of society is clearly indicated. Its first step is debt* (*not obligation simply, but in the narrower and more usual scriptural sense of the word, obligation beyond ability*)—*and debt is branded as sin.*

Honest traffic is the interchange of actual values; it tends to frankness, maintains equality, and binds men in unity. It is within the law. Speculation abandons law to trust to fortune; dealing not in the actual, but the possible, the gain of the

one party is the other's loss. It leads to subtlety and strife, and widens the chasm between men. Debt is a kind of speculation, a presumptuous going beyond law, and therefore against law, safe only to a miracle-worker greater than law. Doubtless it is because of the specious form of this temptation in suretyship that Solomon so condemns it. The generosity which yields to it is too often unjust. From the lending of great names to lottery frauds, down to the commendation of patent medicines untasted and worthless books unread, men have thus made themselves hopeless debtors of the credulous people. There is no form of indebtedness more thoughtlessly incurred, and in the end more keenly resented as unjust, than suretyship. If the debtor can pay, why is a surety needed? If the surety can pay, why does he not lend to the debtor? If neither can pay, the creditor is defrauded at last.

Tempted in whatever form, it is the step "beyond" which changes just dealing into debt, and plants the seed of the upas-tree.

The step is irretrievable. It is going beyond his depth—his struggles help to drown him. Debt is an elastic band that tightens as it stretches. The want of the borrower measures the extortion of the lender. As deserts are rainless because they are so dry, so "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." Debt runs while men sleep as well as when they wake, and they cannot overtake it. The debtor Israelite soon parts with his inheritance.

The downhill stride is swift. He is soon the bondsman of the creditor. It is the last plunge into despair, for not only the past, but the future is now sold; the slave's earnings are not counted; the possibility of restoration is cut off.

This is the history of transgression. Debt turns to slavery. Seeking to add to his gains, the creditor loses himself; reaching beyond the safe verge, he topples into the gulf.

There is no hope of relief from man. The enslaved debtor at length ceases to struggle with his chains, and resigns himself to apathy and sullenness. The creditor grows fiercer with

the taste of blood. The rugged mountains rise higher as the valleys deepen. The level "way" for "the people" seems less and less possible of realization. The tree will not lend its strength and height to the vine to lift it into sunlight, but rather uses its thick foliage to stifle it. Men's hands grow colder as they climb higher, and the care of great riches brings a perpetual frown; so the poor are chilled, and creep away. The land of freedom, equality, and plenty has become a chaos, its families scattered, its freemen wearing the yoke, giants sucking the blood of dwarfs, and the bitter waters of poverty submerging the multitude. On the side of the oppressor there was power; but they had no comforter.

Therefore comes the year of the Lord. The shrill voice of the trumpet rings throughout the land. It is a kingly signal. Startling as the shout of the royal herald or the flash of the scarlet robe, it tells that "the Lord is come," who "judgeth the poor with equity." No *man* might interfere between creditor and debtor, but "the oppressed and the oppressor are his." "The land is mine," he declares; "ye are but sojourners;" "it shall not be sold forever;" "the people are my servants;" "they shall not be sold as bondsmen;" "proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." At the word, the gathered estates of the extortioner dissolve, the hands of the oppressor loosen; in clay-pit and forest and harvest-field the bondsman shakes off his shackles and looks up, and from every quarter "the redeemed of the Lord come with songs" back to their long-lost homes.

It is a royal restoration. Whether the debt be large or small, the bondage long or short, there is no sordid calculation; every man is wholly free, and returns to his unbroken inheritance.

It is not without significance that this happy hour comes on the great day of atonement. The cancelation of debt is no arbitrary, reasonless act. Debt is an offense against the law, and the law is just, therefore the people, "rich and poor, high and low together," are reminded in the tabernacle of Him to

whom they alike owe all things; and recognizing their forfeited life in the substituted victim and scattered blood, and the certainty of purchased forgiveness in the welcome return of the high priest from the holy of holies, they are ready to yield to the justice of the demand that they should forgive as they have been forgiven. Justice and mercy alike attend the coming of "the acceptable year of the Lord."

ALL THIS IS A PROPHECY OF CHRIST'S COMING AND THE WORLD'S YEAR OF GRACE. God taught the world "in divers parts," as we teach our children letters before words. Christ is "the Word," gathering these fragmentary truths of the Old Testament into himself, "the Truth." That the vision might be narrow and the outline distinct, the history of the world's bondage and deliverance was thus epitomized in a single land and nation.

When Christ read these words in the synagogue at Nazareth and declared their fulfilment, the world had fallen into disorder, as Palestine before the jubilee. Nations oppressed and oppressing one another, society broken into castes full of mutual hatred, the rich surfeited, the poor famished, the rabble clinging to idols, philosophers despising them, yet despairing of the truth, the earth "filled with thorns and briers," and the "whole creation groaning and travailing together." To such proportions, sweeping away the inheritance of the race and bringing them into bondage, grew the first debt of disobedience, the first transgression—"going beyond." The trickling rill has swollen to a roaring tide of blood—"sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." For a thousand years the "desire of all nations" had been awaited—some "Elias" who should "restore all things"; the Messiah of whom the Samaritan woman said, "He will tell us all things."

"In the fullness of time" Christ did come, the Redeemer and Deliverer, and from his coming even the world which rejected him began to write "A.D."—"the year of our Lord;" not the year of the beginning of his power or love, but of his coming to us and more perfect manifestation.

But the year of jubilee was for Israel only. Others dwelt in the land, but the silver trumpet left them unredeemed, their debt uncanceled. The mere progress of time can save no man. Generations are not born into Christianity; the saints of the Old Testament were saved by the gospel, and sinners of the New Testament are lost under the law. All the figures of astronomy and the perfectness of its lenses cannot reveal the stars to me, except as the heavens are ensphered in my eye and repeated in its measures. So you, who have repeated in your experience the world's sad history, and by transgression are "sold under sin," must also have a Bethlehem and Calvary in your heart, ere you can rejoice in this year as a "year of grace." It is useless to inquire what and how heavy is the debt you owe to God. What if it be beyond your power of computation? The force of the blow does not always measure its destructiveness. The child's careless stroke may shatter the slender statue which genius has patiently wrought. The thoughtlessness of the world does not measure the limits of wrong done or the price of reparation. It has blighted an innocent spirit, and robbed the world of a happy life. No lingering remorse, no studious tenderness henceforth can pay the debt. How, then, shall we measure the blow that mars that delicate and wonderful fabric, God's perfect law! How, for example, comprehend the ruin wrought by a scalding oath dropped into the sensitive heart of a child!

It matters little whether the debt is great or small if payment is hopeless. It is enough to know that, "made to have dominion" over God's works, you are a stranger in your inheritance, and a "servant of servants," instead of a "prince of God." Yet your hopelessness is your only ground of hope, for the message of mercy is to the "poor," the "captive," the "bruised." "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

At length another trumpet will sound, whose shrill voice wakes the dead, announcing that "the year of his redeemed is come," and "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come

to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads." The substance of the truth, which has cast so many shadows into the earth, will then be fully known, and "sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Are *you* of Israel? Is this year of grace a year of grace to *you?* To the Christian as he writes "A.D." beside the numbered years it is the King's token of remembrance that the "year of release" is soon to come.

And to every man it is the King's seal, the still extended offer of a covenant of grace. Accept it, and "set to" your "seal that God is true."

THE PROGRESS OF YEARS.

A MOSAIC.

ANOTHER year, with its record of joys and sorrows, sunshine and shadows, happiness and misery, and its good and evil, is now buried in the grave of the past. And it has not come and gone for naught, but has left its work behind it, and its impress upon the nineteenth century. This volume of the ledger of life is now closed, and laid away against the judgment of the last day. Its contents cannot be undone, though, alas! many will be undone by what it contains.

The birth of the new year is a good time for reflection as to whether the world is growing better or worse, and as to what we can do to make it better. Many good people, especially old people, who see the bright side of the past and have forgotten the dark side, seem to believe that the world is growing much worse all the time. Well, the world is yet much too bad, but it is certainly better now than ever before. Statistics are generally dry, but I think we can make them of interest here.

When the elder Dr. Dwight assumed the presidency of Yale College, in 1775, there was but one professing Christian

among the students. In Harvard College it was no better. Skepticism and atheism were everywhere rampant, and infidel clubs in the colleges and among the people were a feature of the day. And what is the aspect of affairs now? Of the 300 institutions in America called colleges and universities, 270 are now supported by Christian churches, and of their 45,000 students the churches teach all but 6000. These are instructed at the expense of the State. A majority of the students of old Harvard are from the evangelical churches. Then there was but 1 member of the church for every 15 of our population, and but 1 minister to every 2000 of the people. To-day there is 1 church-member to every 5 inhabitants, and 1 minister to every 750 persons. It was the testimony of President Seelye, of Amherst College, that, notwithstanding our great foreign immigration, and our acquisition of Texas and California and New Mexico, the membership of our Protestant evangelical churches has increased, since 1800, two and a half times faster than the population.

In conservative and cultured Boston the orthodox churches doubled their number in twenty years, between 1860 and 1880. But how has Christianity progressed in all the world, and since it began?

Three centuries after Christ there were 5,000,000 Christians; eight centuries after Christ, 30,000,000; ten centuries after Christ, 50,000,000; fifteen centuries after Christ, 100,000,000; eighteen centuries after Christ, 174,000,000; eighteen and a half centuries after Christ, 440,000,000.

The United States census of 1890 shows 20,618,307 church-members of all denominations, or something over one member to every three of the population; and counting the regular and accelerating growth, and the great number of converts by the missions of the last half-century, it may not be doubted that the twentieth century will open upon 1,000,000,000 church-members.

It is true that these numbers are composed of Catholics, as well as all kinds of Protestants, but they demonstrate the fact

that *faith in Christ* is rapidly spreading over the world as the centuries are counted off.

But people are not only *formally*, but *really*, growing better. Not that the first ages did not produce thousands of as good men as the world will ever see, but there are more good people, and the general sentiment and life of mankind are better as the world grows older. This is seen:

1. In the different nature of amusements and of the settlements of difficulties. Many of our modern theaters and other classes of amusements are very wicked, but they are not so bad as the cock and bull fights, and often the deadly encounter of human beings, in the olden time. Men and nations do not so often settle difficulties by dueling and warfare as they formerly did, but, instead, resort to law and arbitration. And the time *will* come when men "shall beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

2. The character of the ministry is better now than it used to be. Many of our old preachers can remember when in our own country, as in England and other old countries to-day, it was not thought wrong for church officials and ministers to be "moderate drinkers." Now few preachers can drink and retain their places either in the churches or in the hearts of the people.

3. Religious people were formerly more cruel than they now are. We need not go back to the barbarities of Rome or to the cruelties of the Inquisition, but to our own beloved country in colonial days. The banishment of Roger Williams, the persecution of the Quakers and of supposed witches, tell us that times are not now as they used to be. *Men* are better now than they were in the long ago, and the *times* are better, and the world is moving in the right direction.

The beginning of a new year is the time when new resolutions are generally formed; but, alas! these are much more easily made than kept. Still, fear of failing should not deter

us from renewing vows to do good, and also making new ones. We may try and fail, but we are much likelier *to fail to try*. We should not make extravagant promises to ourselves or to others, for the flesh is weak; but we should lay out our work for the year and then *do it*. We have but one short life to live; let us get as much in it and out of it as possible. No rules can be laid down that will suit all, but probably the following thoughts may indicate a line of duty and suggest much more that is needful:

1. We should always do well the duty next to us. The way to prepare for a large work is to do a small one well. We must not neglect present duties and enjoyments. The present is our only time for doing.

2. We should never trifle with conscience. If we have a doubt about a thing being right we would better let it alone. If we would be independent and manly we must retain our self-respect, and we cannot do this unless the conscience is at ease.

3. We should appreciate our own homes and families, and not expend all our smiles and kind words upon others. The happiness and salvation of our own children should be worth more to us than the good of anybody else.

4. We should make it a point to *know* that we have done some good or made somebody happy every day; and no year should pass without our bringing some soul to Christ *that otherwise might be lost.*

5. We should use our opportunities as they come, so that we may never know remorse. "He that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

6. If we fail in whole or in part in any or all of these things, let us come to Christ daily and humbly confess our sins and ask his forgiveness, and try again; and we will continually grow stronger and better, and what we are unable to do at last we can lay upon him who has borne all our sorrows.

Dear reader, we enter the new year walking by faith and not by sight. To many of us the realities of the past year

seem stranger than the most extravagant fiction; and the present year is big with events yet to happen. Father, take our hands!

We shall certainly reach our last milestone, when the journey of life will be completed, the volume of time be closed, and we shall take our places in the great hereafter. Oh, that we may be wise *now!*

GOD AMONG THE CENTURIES.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Consider the years of many generations.—DEUT. xxxii. 7.

AT twelve o'clock last night, while so many good people were watching, an old friend passed out of our homes, and a stranger entered. The old friend was garrulous with the occurrences of many days, but the stranger put his finger over his lip and said nothing, and seemed charged with many secrets and mysteries. I did not see either the departure or the arrival, but was sound asleep, thinking that was for me the best way to be wide-awake now. Good-by, old year! We welcome the new!

As an army is divided into brigades and regiments and companies, and they observe this order in their march, and their tread is majestic, so the time of the world's existence is divided into an army, divinely commanded; the eras are the brigades, the centuries are the regiments, and the years are the companies. Forward! into the eternity to come, out of the eternity past. Forward! is the command, and nothing can halt them, even though the world should die. While obeying my text, "Consider the years of many generations," I propose to speak of the chronology of the Bible, or God among the centuries.

We make a distinction between time and eternity, but time is only a piece of eternity, and chronology has been engaged

in the sublime work of dividing up this portion of eternity that we call time into compartments, and putting events in their right compartment. It is as much an injustice against the past to wrongly arrange its events as it would be an injustice if, through neglect of chronological accuracy, it should in the far-distant future be said that America was discovered in 1776, and the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1492, and Washington was born on the 22d of March, and the Civil War of the United States was fought in 1840. As God puts all the events of time in the right place, let us be careful that we do not put them in the wrong place. The chronology of the Bible takes six steps, but they are steps so long that it makes us hold our breath as we watch the movement: from Adam to Abraham; from Abraham to the exodus out of Egypt; from the exodus to the foundation of Solomon's temple; from the foundation of Solomon's temple to the destruction of that temple; from the destruction of the temple to the return from Babylonian captivity; from Babylonian captivity to the birth of Christ. Chronology takes pen and pencil, and calling astronomy and history to help, says: "Let us fix up one event from which to calculate everything. Let it be a star, the Bethlehem star, the Christmas star."

Chronology enters at another point and shows us that the seasons of the year were then only two—summer and winter. We find that the Bible year was 360 days instead of 365; that the day was calculated from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock at night; that the night was divided into four watches, namely, the late watch, the midnight, the cock-crowing, and the early watch. The clock and watch were invented so long after the world began their mission that the day was not very sharply divided in Bible times. Ahaz had a sun-dial, or a flight of stairs with a column at the top, and the shadow which that column threw on the steps beneath indicated the hour, the shadow lengthening or withdrawing from step to step. But the events of life and the events of the world moved so slowly for the most part in Bible times, that they had no

need of such timepieces as we stand on our mantels or carry in our pockets in an age when a man may have a half-dozen or dozen engagements for one day, and needs to know the exact time for each one of them. The earth itself in Bible times was the chief timepiece, and it turned once on its axis, and that was a day, and once around the sun, and that was a year. It was not until the fourteenth century that the almanac was born, the almanac that we toss carelessly about, not realizing that it took the accumulated ingenuity of more than five thousand years to make one. Chronology had to bring into its service the monuments of Egypt and the cylinders of Assyria and the bricks of Babylon and the pottery of Nineveh and the medals struck at Antioch for the battle of Actium, and all the hieroglyphics that could be deciphered, and had to go into the extremely delicate business of asking the ages of Adam and Seth and Methuselah, who, after the three hundredth year, wanted to be thought young.

It is something to thank God for that the modes are so complete for calculating the cycles, the centuries, the decades, the years, the months, the days, the hours, the seconds. Think of making appointments, as in the Bible days, for the time of the new moon! Think of making one of the watches of the night in Bible times a rooster's crowing! The Bible says: "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice;" "If the master cometh at cock-crowing;" and that was the way the midnight watch was indicated. The crowing of the barn-yard bird has always been most uncertain. The crowing is at the lowest temperature of the night, and the amount of dew and the direction of the wind may bring the lowest temperature at eleven o'clock at night or two o'clock in the morning, or at any one of six hours. Just before a rain the crowing of chanticleer in the night is almost perpetual.

Compare these modes of marking time with our modes of marking time, when twelve o'clock is twelve o'clock and six o'clock is six o'clock and ten o'clock is ten o'clock, and independent of all weathers, and then thank God that you live

now. But notwithstanding all the imperfect modes of marking hours or years or centuries, Bible chronology never trips up, never falters, never contradicts itself; and here is one of the best arguments for the authenticity of the Scriptures. If you can prove an alibi in the courts, and you can prove beyond doubt that you were in some particular place at the time you were charged with doing or saying something in quite another place, you can gain the victory; and infidelity has tried to prove an alibi by contending that events and circumstances in the Bible ascribed to certain times must have taken place at some other time, if they took place at all. But this Book's chronology has never been caught at fault.

This chronological study affords, among many practical thoughts, especially two—the one encouraging to the last degree and the other startling. The encouraging thought is that the main drift of the centuries has been toward betterment, with only here and there a stout reversal. Grecian civilization was a vast improvement on Egyptian civilization, and Roman civilization a vast improvement on Grecian civilization, and Christian civilization is a vast improvement on Roman civilization. What was the boasted age of Pericles compared with the age of Longfellow and Tennyson? What was Queen Elizabeth as a specimen of moral womanhood compared with Queen Victoria? What were the cruel warriors of olden times compared with the most distinguished warriors of the last half-century, all of them as much distinguished for kindness and good morals as for prowess—the two military leaders of our Civil War on Northern and Southern side communicant members of Christian churches, and their home life as pure as their public life? Nothing impresses me in this chronological review more than the fact that the regiments of years are better and better regiments as the troops move on. I thank God that you and I were not born any sooner than we were born. How could we have endured the disaster of being born in the eighteenth or seventeenth or sixteenth century? Glad am I that we are in the regiment now passing the re-

viewing-stand, and that our children will pass the stand in a still better regiment. God did not build this world for a slaughter-house or a den of infamy. A good deal of cleaning house will be necessary before the world becomes as clean and sweet as it ought to be, but the brooms and the scrubbing-brushes and the upholsterers and plumbers are already busy, and when the world gets fixed up as it will be, if Adam and Eve ever visit it—as I expect they will—they will say to each other, "Well, this beats Paradise when we lived there, and the pears and plums are better than we plucked from the first trees, and the wardrobes are more complete, and the climate is better." Since I settled in my own mind the fact that God was stronger than the devil I have never lost faith in the imparadisation of this planet.

But the other thought coming out of this subject is that biblical chronology, and, indeed, all chronology, is urging the world to more punctuality and immediateness. Chronology, beginning by appreciating the value of years and the value of days, has kept on until it cries out, "Man, immortal; woman, immortal; look out for that minute; look out for that second!" We talk a great deal about the value of time, but will never fully appreciate its value until the last fragment of it has passed out of our possession forever. The greatest fraud a man can commit is to rob another of his time. Hear it, ye laggards, and repent! All the fingers of chronology point to punctuality as one of the graces. The minister or the lecturer or business man who comes to his place ten minutes after the appointed time commits a crime the enormity of which can only be estimated by multiplying the number of persons present by ten. If the engagement be made with five persons he has stolen fifty minutes, for he is ten minutes too late, and he has robbed each of the five persons of ten minutes apiece, and ten times five are fifty. If there are five hundred persons present, and he be ten minutes too late, he has committed a robbery of five thousand minutes, for ten times five hundred are five thousand, and five thousand minutes are eighty-three

hours, which makes more than three days. The thief of dry-goods, the thief of bank-bills, is not half so bad as the thief of time. Dr. Rush, the greatest and busiest physician of his day, appreciated the value of time, and when asked how he had been able to gather so much information for his books and lectures he replied, "I have been able to do it by economizing my time. I have not spent one hour in amusement in thirty years." And taking a blank-book from his pocket, he said, "I fill a book like this every week with thoughts that occur to me and facts collected in the rooms of my patients." Napoleon appreciated the value of time when the sun was sinking upon Waterloo, and he thought that a little more time would retrieve his fortunes, and he pointed to the sinking sun and said, "What would I not give to be this day possessor of the power of Joshua, and enabled to retard thy march for two hours!" The good old woman appreciated the value of time when at ninety-three years of age she said, "The Judge of all the earth does not mean that I shall have any excuse for not being prepared to meet him." Voltaire, the blatant infidel, appreciated the value of time when, in his dying-moments, he said to his doctor, "I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months of life;" and when told that he could not live six weeks he burst into tears, and said, "Then I shall go to hell." John Wesley appreciated the value of time when he stood on his steps waiting the delayed carriage to take him to an appointment, saying, "I have lost ten minutes forever." Lord Nelson appreciated the value of time when he said, "I owe everything in the world to being always a quarter of an hour beforehand." A clock-maker in one of the old English towns appreciated the value of time when he put on the front of the town clock the words, "Now or when?" Mitchell the astronomer appreciated the value of time when he said, "I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a thousandth part of a second." They best appreciate the value of time whose Sabbaths have been wasted, and whose opportunities of repentance and usefulness are all

gone, and who have nothing left but memories, baleful elegiac. They stand in the bleak September, with bare feet, on the sharp stubble of a reaped wheat-field, crying, "The harvest is past;" and the sough of an autumnal equinox moans forth in echo, "The harvest is past."

But do not let us get an impression from chronology that because the years of time have been so long in procession they are to go on forever. Matter is not eternal. No, no. If you watch half a day or a whole day or two days, as I once did, to see a military procession, you remember that the last brigade and the last regiment and the last company finally passed on, and as we rose to go we said to each other, "It is all over." So this mighty procession of earthly years will terminate—just when, I have no power to prognosticate; but science confirms the Bible prophecy that the earth cannot always last. Indeed, there has been a fatality of worlds. The moon is merely the corpse of what it once was, and scientists have again and again gone up in their observatories to attend the death-bed of dying worlds, and have seen them cremated. So I am certain, both from the Word of God and science, that the world's chronology will sooner or later come to its last chapter. The final century will arrive and pass on, and then will come the final decade, and then the final year and the final month and the final day. The last spring will swing its censer of apple-blossoms, and the last winter bank its snows. The last comet will burn like Moscow, and the last morning radiate the hills. The clocks will strike their last hour, and the watches will tick their last second.

No incendiaries will be needed to run hither and yon with torches to set the world on fire. Chemistry teaches us that there is a very inflammable element in water. While oxygen makes up a part of the water, the other part of the water is hydrogen, and that is very combustible. The oxygen drawn out from the water, the inflammable hydrogen may put instantly into conflagration the Hudsons and Savannahs and Mississippis and Rhines and Urals and Danubes, and Atlantic

and Pacific and Indian and Mediterranean seas. And then the Angel of God, descending from the throne, might put one foot in the surf of the sea and the other on the beach, and cry to the four winds of heaven, "Time was, but time shall be no longer!" Yet, found in Christ, and pardoned and sanctified, we shall welcome the day with more gladness than you ever welcomed a Christmas or New-Year's morn.

> When wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
> And heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below,
> Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
> And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

ANOTHER YEAR OF TIME.

CHARLES A. STODDARD, D.D.

> Time was, is past, thou canst not it recall;
> Time is, thou hast, improve the portion small;
> Time future is not and may never be;
> Time present is the only time for thee.

CAN you hear the wings of Time as he speeds upon his rapid flight? Go aside from this noisy scene of life and listen for the bird of passage. Life is full of bustling activity, full of sounding deeds which reverberate through the world. Time, that swallows up these echoes, "glides soundless as a shadow." In the revolving series of days and months and years there come some seasons so marked and celebrated that we seem to hear a call to ponder and reflect upon the steady flow of time. If these seasons come with frequency we become careless of their monitions, and their voice grows less and less distinct. But if the interval which elapses between their recurrence is long their warning breaks more plainly on the ear and utters its impressive words directly to the heart.

A year is passing away. The bells which chimed its advent are soon to toll its requiem, in tones deep, full, and sad. In

solemn silence we should pause, and while their mournful tongue declares the departure of the longest separate period in our existence, ponder upon the flying series of days and years which constitute our life, and determine wisely to use the moments which we still call our own.

Men pass their time in different ways, but, alas! how many of these ways are foolish and unprofitable! Time is to some a weight, a weariness; they are perplexed how to dispose of it, and would fain live oblivious of its passage. Some try, in common phrase, to "kill time," by spending it in sloth and vicious pleasure; others seek excitement, and burden themselves with heavy labors and anxious cares, that they may thus muffle the wheels of time, which are ever rolling them onward to eternity. Eternity is to them a thought of awful omen; they dread to have it enter into their minds and come unbidden into their meditations; they would fain quench the thoughts of the future, and those evidences of immortality which any serious consideration of time, and the purpose for which it was given, kindles within them. They strive to bound their horizon by the clouds and darkness of this life, to forget that there is any other world than this; they spend their time as if its days and years were secured to them for unending life on earth.

But "time is short." How common the remark! How universally is its warning disregarded! To a reflecting mind there is a solemn meaning in these three little words. Their echo, oft repeated, awakes thought and inspires action. One who is thus awakened reviews the past, not for the amusement of an idle hour, but to learn wisely to use the present, which alone is his. Within these years gone by what varied events have occurred to us and to our friends, to our country and the world! The smiles of friends have beamed upon our life, and mutual prosperity has made us glad; or tears have furrowed our cheeks, and the shadows of death have darkened our pathway. Nations have joined their gathered hosts in fierce encounter, and battles lost and won have swelled the

blood-stained records of humanity. Cities have been founded and destroyed; commerce and the arts have made wonderful progress, or financial disaster has paralyzed industry, and pestilence has wasted mankind.

Of all these varied changes we have been witnesses, in some of them we have played a part, and yet how brief the period in which they all occurred appears in the retrospect! They all seem unreal and phantom-like; as the "baseless fabric of a vision" they have passed away. We may even extend our survey of the past; following the clue of history, we may thread the mazes of the earlier ages, and standing on the threshold of human existence trace the progress of the race through the centuries to our own era. At the close of such a review we feel as if we had been viewing but the passing pageant of an hour.

Our lips confess involuntarily that time is short, but where is the response within the heart? How will the vision influence the actions of to-morrow? Will it secure more careful preparation for the future? Shall we use it more wisely? Alas! we gain no lasting lesson from the retrospect.

Time in review seems short, in prospect long, and man is prone to look forward rather than behind him in this life. Perhaps in another life the lost may be condemned to brood forevermore upon the past and know nothing of a future or of hope. But here hope bends its rainbow round the coming days, and we turn gladly from the mournful, short-lived past of time to say, "To-morrow is long, another year is longer; there is time enough remaining for pleasure and for preparation too." To-morrow's sun will sink in night, and we shall note again the brevity of time. The snows of winter will enshroud another dying year, and we shall murmur, "Time is short."

Not till that last day, the day that closes our mortal existence, shall we fully understand the brevity of time. Yet time is our life; its passage is our death. The moment we began to live, that moment we began to die. We forget too

often that the departure of time means the departure of our life. When the warm blood flows full and strong through all the swelling veins, and full-robed joy animates body and mind; when in the series of our days and years there occurs no startling circumstance to arrest our notice or awake our thought, we forget that we are not moored, but are ever gliding, though we notice not our motion, down the stream of time. Again, when excitement possesses us, or mad pleasure inflames our passions and bewilders our senses, we dash down the stream, and days and weeks, and it may be years, the landmarks on the banks, are passed unheeded.

If we heed not Time, still less does Time take note of us; calm, steady, and voiceless, blind to our follies, deaf to all our prayers, he moves with even and resistless tread toward his own doom and ours; toward our day of death, and to that great epoch when the mighty angel, with his right foot upon the sea and his left foot upon the earth, shall lift up his hand "and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever . . . that there shall be time no longer."

Almighty power alone can stay the passage of time or of life. The shadow has returned upon the dial-plate but once in the world's history, and then by the direct command of God; the arm of death has been palsied only to reveal the greater power of Him who triumphs over death and brings an immortality to light.

Reflections such as these should make us more jealous of the passing moments, more watchful of ourselves, more careful of what we allow to engross our time. We should regard it as a Saviour's gift to man to be employed in his service. God never lays more social or public duties upon any one than are consistent with a supreme devotion to the interests of eternity and the welfare of the soul. God allows space for every temporal duty, time for every lawful recreation, and it is wisdom to restrict these duties and pleasures so that they infringe not upon the sacred hours allotted to prayer and worship, while it is foolish and profane to say that earthly duties

prevent us from attending to eternal things. Be sure that anything which, under the name or guise of duty, hinders from considering or preparing for a future state is not duty, but delusion. We should erase it from the roll of duties, and spend the hours which it engrosses in things which bear upon another life. Let us no longer spend time in trifles when immortal life is at stake, for time is short and eternity is long.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

THERE are some reflections which may be profitable in beginning the duties of the new year. First, we ought to feel our dependence on God; not on man, not on the best-laid plans. We should confess that we are in the hands of God. If he uphold us, if he encircle us, oh, how safe! If we can lie on his bosom as a child on the bosom of its mother, how sweet shall be our rest! A ray from heaven always shines upon the path which is placed directly under the guidance of God. Tell me of difficulties and trials; I know something of them. But this I have learned, that in all ages the men who have done right have been successful.

If this be a happy new year, a year of usefulness, a year in which we shall live to make this earth better, it is because God will direct our pathway. How important, then, to feel our dependence upon him!

We are children; God is our Father. We are more dependent on God than is any son upon his father; and if so, should we not bend to him in prayer? Should we not ask what God wills us to do, and humbly and suppliantly, before his throne, pray that light may shine on our paths and that grace may distil into our hearts? Tell me not it is unmanly to pray; tell me not it indicates a lack of self-reliance to invoke divine aid. Unmanly to pray! Is it unmanly for a son to ask counsel of his father?

Young man, young woman, he sends you into society to be as a light. "Ye are the light of the world," to shine among the stars which have preceded you; and you have your mission, which no one can take from you. You are not here for a moment, but for eternity; your times are in God's hand. He leads you as much as if you saw the divine arm encircling you. He directs your pathway as fully as though he sent his angel to show you every step you should take.

We can succeed only when we work in harmony with God's providences. Give yourself to that stream. It is easy to float down with the current which God has made to run from the mountain-top to the great ocean; but let us reverse our course, and stem the current—then only shall we know its strength. The strongest arm is powerless before it, and the utmost effort impotent. So with us: we shall succeed if we work in harmony with God's plans; if we work in opposition we shall be vainly striving against him.

Read the design of God in all the afflictions of earth. Does he take a dear one away? Ah! there is gloom in the household. But there is light above; and sometimes the thought of the dear one seems like opening a door in heaven to give brighter light than we ever saw before. The thought of friends in glory makes heaven sweeter than ever to us. Are there disasters in business, and is property swept away? It may be to show us the riches in heaven that earth's destroyers cannot reach; that we should feel more dependent, be more trustful. It was good for the psalmist that he was afflicted, and it may be good for us.

Let me, then, give myself to work just where God designs me to be: let it be in the colliery, all well; in the forest, all well; or let it be in the city, in professional life. Place me just where God wills me to be placed, to do just what he wills that I should do, and small as I am, not the angel Gabriel could fill my place in the great picture which God is working out. If I take this conception into my heart, how sublime becomes my mission in life! I am not here without an ob-

ject; I am not here without a home. I am not here for to-day, then to lie down and be buried beneath the clods of the earth; I am here for all eternity, here not only to be read and known of men, but to be read and known throughout the ages. I am here because God has sent me to do a work that no other being could do but myself. Had there not been room for me, God had not made me. Had I not been needed in America God had not placed me in America. Had I not work in the nineteenth century I had not been born. Were there not room for my intellect and arm God had not given them to me. I have a place, am sent of God on a mission; and if I perform it God will acknowledge that I have done his will, and will some day say, even to one so worthless as myself, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Is it unmanly to ask of Him who holds all agencies in his hand, to use according to the counsel of his own will? It is manly to pray, it is wise to pray; and we should be in the attitude of prayer in the beginning of this year. We should pray that God may direct our steps through all the days and weeks. The whole future may be dependent upon the few hours before us. We may take some step which will change the course of our lives. Is it not wise to ask God for direction? He alone sees the end from the beginning. He alone sees the infinite connections of events.

A NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

CHARLES LAMB has said that the man must be a very bad man, or a very ignorant one, who does not make a good resolution on New-Year's day; and believing that my readers are neither one nor the other, I want to show them the importance of their resolving to be abstainers, not only for their

own sakes, but especially for the sake of those around them. I want them to listen to the voice of the children, who are crying to them, in tones that it would be criminal to disregard, "Take the safest path, for we are following you."

During one of my holidays in North Wales I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strangely attracted. Some of them were slanting and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with a longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent. One bright morning, when I thought they were busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upward, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I should take, and was about to take the precipitous one when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury and death.

Years have passed since that, to me, memorable morning;

but though the danger has passed the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin without intending or knowing it; and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon those to whom my words may come.

The Apostle Paul tells us that "no man liveth to himself," and this solemn truth we should ever bear in mind. Those around us are, without an effort on their part or ours, constantly being molded and shaped by our example. Hence, in spite of ourselves, we *are* our brother's keeper; we lift him up into purity and light, or we can drag him down into darkness and despair. This is especially true of the children around us. With these our influence is a moral atmosphere, affecting them far more than we imagine. Children are like the sensitive plates of the photographer, and our every look and action produces its effect. They are also natural imitators, and our lives are reproduced in theirs. The child of the minister will form his little pulpit, summon his congregation, and deliver his discourse; the child of the smoker will be seen with his mimic pipe going through the same performances as the father; while the child of the drinker will eagerly watch for the opportunity to drain the glass from which his father has been drinking. Their bright, sharp eyes watch our every motion, in the family, at the hearth, and round the table; and though we are conscious of exerting no influence upon them our every act and tone sinks into their plastic nature and molds their character forever. If the influence is for evil no heavenly discipline can entirely remove it; and if it is for good no bad associations can entirely effect its destruction.

Two paths are open before us on this blessed New-Year's day. We have the terrible power of choice. We cannot move without affecting others. The children, in their innocence and weakness, are following us, "though with unequal step," and are crying to us, "Take the safest path, for we are

following you." Your head may be so steady and your foot so firm that you may tread the dangerous path without falling. But what of the children who are following you? Can you guarantee that their heads will be as steady and their feet as firm as yours? We are responsible to God for our example, and in the great day we must meet the results of even our unconscious influence. I am personally prepared to meet the *results* of my total abstinence, but I dare not meet the results of my drinking, however moderately. Dare *you?* In the decision to which you come to-day take in the whole case. If you drink you may gratify habit, appetite, and custom; you may produce a momentary flow of animal spirits, and even fancy that you derive a little physical advantage. If, on the contrary, you resolve to abstain, you avoid the "appearance of evil"; you will pursue a course of self-denial; your example will be one that *all* can safely imitate.

Dr. Lyman Beecher has well said: "It is not enough to erect the flag ahead to mark the spot where the drunkard dies. It must be planted at the entrance of the course, proclaiming in waving, *This is the way to death!* If we cannot stop men at the beginning we cannot separate between that and the end. He that lets strong drink alone is safe, and only he."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY MEDITATION.

DR. A. THOLUCK.

Let others quail at the milestones which stand by the wayside, and tell the passing pilgrim how small a portion of his journey is still before him compared with that which lies behind. For my part, I can behold them without dismay—nay, I hail them, as I pass, with joy. To me such a milestone is every New-Year's day. My looks are all the oftener directed homeward, and my pace quickens. Does it not even wing the feet of the fainting traveler to behold the towers of his native

city rising above the mist and appearing every moment more and more brightly to the view?

No doubt we must be sure about the place to which the way is conducting us. He who has found upon earth the city of his affections, and who with every onward step is only advancing toward a mist, may well look upon New-Year's day as a day of sorrow. Well may it be a dark and gloomy day to the man who, as a poor and humble pilgrim, is journeying to some royal city where he has not a single friend to welcome his arrival or offer him the shelter of a roof. A poor and humble pilgrim am I; but, God be thanked! I know of One who long ago prepared for me a place. Hence it is that as I pass the milestones each in succession becomes an altar, on which I present oblations of gratitude and praise. There are many, I am aware, to whom the thought of the flight of time is dispiriting. For me, I feel that He hath not given the spirit of fear, but of power.

Whoe'er has washed his sins and guilt
In Jesus' blood away,
And to him cleaves, like loving child,
Still closer day by day,
With spirit undismayed will meet
The lowering future's wrath;
Though floods may fall and tempests beat,
He keeps his homeward path.

WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING?

If we could answer that question the dawn of each year might not appear to us "a happy New Year." Wisely and kindly does our Father shield our eyes from a sight of future days. The coming joys might dazzle us and turn us aside from present duties; or the griefs that lie along the way might utterly unnerve and dishearten us. To see but a step before us, and trust implicitly the wisdom and love of God for all

that we cannot see, is far better than to know the end from the beginning. One thing we are sure the new year will bring: it will bring to us day by day the unerring, loving, brooding care of God.

We know from the past what the future will be in this respect. Looking back, we say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me;" and our trustful hearts exclaim, "Yes, and shall follow me all the days of my life." Aye, not only follow, but lead and guide on every side. So, whatever comes, let us "*know and believe the Love.*" We can walk courageously when Love goes with us; we can bear disappointment when Love has the management of our affairs; we can endure pain when Love soothes us and says, "It is but for a moment;" we can stand before the iron doors of great mysteries without fear when we know Love holds the key.

O thou unknown new year, before whose portals we stand blind and deaf to all thou mayest have in store for us, we cross thy threshold with undaunted step, for we are "persuaded that neither death, nor life, . . . nor things present, nor things to come, . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

My heart shrinks back from trials
  Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
  But as the dear Lord chose;
So I press the coming tears back
  With the whispered word, "He knows."

Christian Advocate.

NEW-YEAR'S LONGINGS.

Is it *peace* or is it *unrest* that gives zest to the coming of a New-Year's morning? Is it because we are contented with our present condition, or because we reach out after a better state of being, that we hail with gladness a new beginning in

time's changes? Is it because we are satisfied with our existing plane of life and endeavor, or because we look forward with longing hope to a possible nobler attaining on a loftier plane of existence, that we rejoice in the thought that an old year has ended and a new year has begun?

If, indeed, we were satisfied with what we are, and what we have, and what we have been doing, there would be to us sadness rather than gladness in our passing on from the present period of life to an unknown future; and the end of the old year would bring a sense of loss, in that its privileges and possessions must now be a memory instead of an existing delight. But just in proportion as we are not contented with our sphere, nor satisfied with ourselves, do we reach out longingly to a better sphere and a worthier course of life; and therefore it is that, to so many of us, the end of an old year brings a sense of relief, in that its shortcomings and failures are now to be left behind, while the approach of a new year suggests a hope of something different and better beyond, in the path we are treading.

A young Christian being asked, at the close of an old year, if she intended to be present at the sunrise prayer-meeting of her church on the morning of the new year, answered, heartily, "Why, of course I shall be there. I don't want to be without the one comfort of making my new resolve at that meeting, even if nothing more ever comes of it." And she was right so far. A good resolve that is never more than a resolve is better than that deadness of heart which lacks even a longing for a better mode of living. With our lives as they are, and our plane of living as it has been, it is well that we are restless and unsatisfied, and that we long, even though spasmodically and with feebleness, to take an utterly new start on another and a higher plane of living and being.

Sunday-school Times.

THE NEW YEAR.

When we were children we all had a firm belief in the possibility of literally "turning over a new leaf"; and on the evening of the 31st of December we went to sleep with a peculiarly satisfied feeling that the old year was entirely finished, its record all closed; and that to-morrow the new year was to come, the glad new year, holding in its hands all joys and pleasures. And then, on the morrow, how easy it was to be good! How far away was the old self—gone into the irreclaimable past with the old year! But in time—was it within twenty-four or thirty-six hours?—we learned the sad lesson that the old self was easier brought back than the old year; the latter was dead indeed, the former was a very lively reality.

Ah well! we have gone on so far from those childish days that we can afford to smile at their fancies. Slowly we have been taught, by all the bitter lessons of the years that stretch between the then and the now, that no new year brings with it a new self; that at no time during our existence has the future been a clean, white page on which we might write what we would. And sometimes we wonder if, since God determined so much of our lives by inheritance and environment, he has left any part to be determined by us.

And as we sit by our fireside and watch the old year die out from the present and become of the past; as we review its course, and weep over its sorrows, and yearn for one more taste of its joys; as we turn back the veil from the face of the precious dead memories we keep buried in our hearts, and feel that we would gladly give the best that the new year can bring if only we could live again one day or week of the dear old year—as we think of these things, what wonder is it that we dread to meet the new year, with our hearts saddened and our courage weakened by the experiences of the year that is dying? And as we ponder on the past, which has, on the

whole, proved more of a friend than a foe, and on the future, so unknown, so untried—hark! the bells ring out in the quiet darkness. The old year is dead, the new year is born. Humbly, fearfully, we sink on our knees, and slowly, in answer to our prayers, comes back something of the old faith of our childhood, and we rejoice that we are granted one more New-Year's day on which to "begin again"—not in our childish way, with utter disregard of the past, but trustingly, patiently, knowing that we must ever carry with us our past, and rejoicing that, with God's help, we may make the future better because of the past. Then, as we rise from our knees, we look bravely forward to the veiled figure that stands at our threshold; we know nothing of what it brings, we know only that it is God's new year. May he bless it to us all!

E. D. H., in the Golden Rule.

THE MILESTONES OF LIFE.

NEW-YEAR'S, in its design, should not be simply retrospective, but peculiarly prospective. Upon this day we should reach forward in purpose unto those things that are before, that are high, exalted, and noble, and toward them press. These cycles that begin and end with New-Year's, termed years, are the unit measures of our lives. Threescore and ten of them are the measure of our days. How important it is that at the beginning of each we stop and think, to resolve on a better life, and at once begin so to live! "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," is an apt prayer for this day. What can be more worthy to a heart than to apply itself unto wisdom, to that wisdom the beginning of which is the fear of the Lord? This may be our last year. Are we ready? How many stood upon the threshold of the year just past with hopes as high as ours are to-day, but to-day they are numbered with the dead! How many of our acquaintances have during the year been removed

by death! To-day not a few families are steeped in bereavement's sorrow. Very many are in mourning. To how many might it be said to-day, "This year thou shalt die"! It may be to you, dear reader. It may be to me. How important that we set our house in order! Ere long it may be said to us, "The Master calleth for thee!" Have we made our peace with God? We know not what is before us. We know not what a day may bring forth. "Be ye also ready:" "for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

J. F. S., in the Lutheran.

MAKE THE NEW YEAR A HAPPY ONE.

Every one of our actions finds its reflection in the life of some one else. No matter how humble may be our surroundings, we have an influence on some other life. Individual good cheer means general happiness. If we are bright we brighten our neighbor; the neighbor is an emissary to the community, and the community, in turn, to the great world at large.

Thus in the year before us we have it pretty much in our own hands. National advantages are ours; we need only supply the individual elements. The past is valuable only for the lessons it can teach; the present for its opportunities; the future for its possibilities. Whatever the past year may have meant to you, make it dead history. But let the new year be a living issue. With a big, fresh sponge, dripping with the clear water of forgiveness, wipe clean the slate of your heart. Enter the year with a kind thought for every one. You need not kiss the hand that smote you, but grasp it in cordial good feeling, and let the electricity of your own resolves find its connecting current—which very often exists where we think it not. An ill-natured thought often makes us unhappier than the person to whom it is directed. A happy mind is an elixir;

and as are the spirits of the wife in the home so will be those of the husband, who in turn will carry them into the outer world. Domestic happiness often colors commercial prosperity. The hearthstone is the corner of the counting-room. An unhappy wife makes a blue merchant. As we men live at home so we work in the outer world.

Therefore, to the thousands, yea, I may say the million and more of women to whom I speak with these words, let me say: Make the new year a happy one in your home; be bright of disposition; carry your cares easy; let your heart be as sunshine, and your life will give warmth to all around you. And thus will you and yours be happy.

Ladies' Home Journal.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW YEAR.

REV. H. C. JENNINGS.

THE new year is always a time of seriousness to all but the most thoughtless. We smile sometimes at New-Year's resolutions, but they are the result of stopping to *think* on the part of those who need to make them. It is no wonder that the careless are brought to resolve upon better lives, because no one can think upon the meaning of the swiftly flying years and not be sobered. To the Christian the outlook upon the new year should be an outlook upon a new kingdom to be conquered, a new year of opportunity and growth.

The Scripture references which stand at the end of this article teach us some things which we shall do well to think upon: that it is possible to live fruitful lives; that there is promise of a harvest to those who will work, and a great Father to care for all our need; that we should meet the demand of these times for wisdom by growing in wisdom of word and deed; that long life is promised to the obedient; that the time to love and serve God is now in our youth. If we will put these thoughts into our outlook, with a prayer that

we may come to know all this truth, our vision will be wonderfully widened.

If we should spend our time in looking backward the best of us would be disheartened. We cannot bring back our past. We can only ask forgiveness for neglect, and remember that we are to "look out and not in, forward and not back."

We shall need, as young people, to exercise much personal discipline. We should carefully save our minutes, and determine to make the new year add greatly to our stock of knowledge. God wants us to be wise, and we can be.

Let us study the Bible. There are plenty of helps. The old fashion of reading it through by course is a good one. An old man said to the writer recently, "We are reading the Bible through by course for the twenty-third time at family prayers." Blessed family altar, so faithfully conducted! And how that old man can quote Scripture!

Bring your *will* into service. Concerning all matters of duty have four articles of faith: *I am, I can, I ought, I will.*

In the old Book of Chronicles it was said of the tribe of Zebulon that they were good soldiers because they "could keep rank, and were not of a double heart." Doing our part, working in harmony with others, with a single heart, desiring only to please God, will make our year full of blessing.

Let us light the fires of devotion along the whole line of battle.

References: Luke xiii. 6; Ps. lxv. 11; James iv. 13; Job vi. 22; xxxii. 7; Ps. xc. 4; Prov. iv. 10; Eccl. xii. 1.

THOUGHTS PERTINENT TO THE NEW YEAR.

The Past Year and its Lessons (Eccl. iii. 15).—The past, whatever its hue and character, whatever its indiscretions and follies, we must answer for. "God requireth that which is past." (1) God requires a recollection of the mercies that are past, mercies undeserved, unexpected, "all his benefits;" (2) God requires an account of the means of

improvement which have been afforded—your remembrance of these and your experiences; (3) God requires that, if there be room for improvement, reformation shall be commenced immediately. God pleads for a full and final surrender of heart to him. REV. W. G. BARRET.

WHAT is time? The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand; day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, but not time itself. Time is the life of the soul; if not this, then tell me what is time?

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TIME is but a stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper, fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. H. D. THOREAU.

THE time which passes over our heads so imperceptibly makes the same gradual change in habits, manners, and character as in personal appearance. At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another and yet the same; there is a change of views, and no less of the light in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as of action.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE year is dying away like the sound of bells; the wind passes over the stubble, and finds nothing to move; only the red berries of the slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful, and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and fallen year lies much of the nourishment of life. J. W. GOETHE.

THE years—how they have passed! They are gone as clouds go on a summer day; they came, they grew, they rolled full-orbed; they waned, they died, and their story is told.

Years that are wrought upon us in thought and deed with the force and power of eternity, years whose marks we shall carry forever, were dissolved like the dew, and their work is finished.

H. W. BEECHER.

THE soul experiences a marvelous relief as the old year rolls, with its massive burden, into the past, and the new year advances, with its sunny smiles and hopes. The fact is, a multitude of stains have blistered the page upon which the hand of time is now writing "Finis," which the soul would fain bury in infinite forgetfulness; but the new year has a fair, clean page; and faith and hope have concerted that, by the blessing from on high, it shall bear only what angels will admire and God himself will commend. DR. DAVIES.

WE spend our years as a tale that is told, but the tale varies in a hundred different ways—varies between man and man, between year and year, between youth and age, sorrow and joy, laughter and tears. How different the story of the child's year from the man's! How much longer it seems! How far apart seem the vacations and the Christmases and the New Years! But let the child become a man, and he will find that he can tell full fast enough these stories of a year; that if he is disposed to make good use of them he has no hours to wish away; the plot develops very rapidly, and the conclusion gallops on the very heels of that first chapter which records the birth of a new year.

J. W. CHADWICK.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their gloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them.
Only the new days are our own—
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possibly pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

NEW-YEAR'S MOTTOES.

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. He answered, soft and low,
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried;
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, this remember, too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yea, this one thing all other things above,
God's will to love."

Christian Observer.

THE HOPE OF THE YEAR.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all!

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

FULLNESS of health,
If not of wealth;
And lasting peace,
If not increase!
Beneath God's care
Thus may you fare,
Through happy days
And pleasant ways,
With love of friends,
Till earth-life ends—
Then happy flight
To heaven's light!

R. G. H., in the Christian Mirror.

A NEW-YEAR'S PRAYER.

ALONG the ever-rolling tide
Our little barks unceasing glide,
Without a sail, without an oar,
To yonder vast, eternal shore.

Almighty Saviour, help and save,
Or we must perish in the wave:
Our Pilot and our Captain be,
While we commit our all to thee.

For all thy care in former days
Accept our feeble hymn of praise;
And fix our anchor, as we sail,
Of glorious *hope*, within the veil.

Safe past the rocks and shoals of time,
Conduct us to a purer clime;
And when we reach the port of bliss
We'll sing a nobler song than this.

Anon.

FAST-DAY.

GOOD FRIDAY AND LENTEN SEASON.

Historical.—All nations have observed days and periods of fasting, abstaining wholly or in part from food with various degrees of strictness, refraining from public gaiety and amusements, and at times from ordinary business, and giving increased attention to acts of worship and charity. A most notable fast is that recorded as observed by the city of Nineveh when threatened by Jonah with divine judgment (Jonah iii. 7, 8). The month Ramadan, their ninth month, is kept by the Mohammedans as an annual fast, during which they eat and drink nothing from sunrise to sunset, and refrain from all customary indulgences. The Jews, from their earliest existence as a nation, observed stated and special fasts, national and private; only one day of public fasting, the great Day of Atonement, being originally ordained by their law (Lev. xvi. 29, and xxiii. 27; and Num. xxix. 7), but many special days being appointed in view of special public calamities (Judges xx. 26, 1 Sam. vii. 6, 1 Kings xxi. 27, 2 Chron. xx. 3); and during the captivity they observed as days of fasting the anniversaries of the besieging of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, the capture of the city, the destruction of the temple, and the murder at Mizpah of Gedaliah, the governor of Judah (Jer. xli. 3). The Old Testament also records many private fasts. At the time of Christ the more devout Jews fasted Thursdays and Mondays, as the days on which Moses went up and came down from Mount Sinai; and these fasts were observed with special care by the Pharisees (Luke xviii. 12), often with a formalism that was condemned by our Lord (Matt. vi. 18).

No fast-day is recorded as appointed by our Lord or his apostles; but he expected that there would be such days, and gave directions as to the manner of their observance (Matt. vi. 16–18, ix. 15). In the early church fasting and prayer were customary on the eve of any important movement (Acts xiv. 23); and at a very early time it was usual to fast in preparation for the celebration of Easter, especially on Good Friday, the anniversary of the crucifixion. This fast was sometimes observed for forty hours, having reference to the forty hours which elapsed between the crucifixion and the resurrection, but was gradually lengthened. Irenæus (A.D. 115–190), and Socrates the Greek Church historian (A.D. 380–439),

say that its length was not uniform in their time. Gradually it came to be fixed at forty days, commemorating the fasting of Christ in the wilderness, of Moses on Sinai, and of Elijah; and sometimes it has consisted in abstinence from all food till after sundown; sometimes simply in abstinence from certain particular meats and wine. In the sixth century Lent was fixed by a decree of Gregory the Great as beginning with Ash Wednesday, in the seventh week before Easter, and continuing forty days, Sundays not being counted, till Easter. This is now the law of the Roman Catholic Church, and was not rejected by the Church of England at the Reformation; and after their example is observed by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

The English Puritans rejected these traditional observances, and the Puritans of New England followed their example. They, however, appointed days of fasting and prayer in view of special needs. Such appointments appear in their earliest records. The summer of 1623 witnessed sore distress among the colonists of Plymouth. A severe drought of six weeks prevailed, and almost ruined their crops. At length, when other resources failed, with true Puritanic piety they appointed a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, that divine assistance might be invoked. Their answer was speedy, for rain immediately fell, revived the withered crops, and was followed by a bountiful harvest, which led to a Thanksgiving day thus intimately connected with that early day of fasting. Fast-day became in New England a day of regular annual appointment, and was observed more or less faithfully from that time on. In the State of Connecticut it became customary to appoint Good Friday as the annual Fast-day. In Massachusetts Fast-day was regularly appointed by the governor, according to State laws, until 1894. It had, however, gradually lost its serious and religious observance, and become a mere public holiday; and in 1894 it was abolished by act of legislature, the act appointing in its place the 19th of April, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, as Liberty or Patriots' Day. (See "Thoughts for the Occasion, Patriotic and Secular.")

Good Friday, the Friday immediately preceding Easter, and the anniversary of our Lord's death, has of late been more observed by Christians outside of the Romish and Protestant Episcopal churches. This is due not so much to any growing influence of these churches as to a growing reverence for religion, and perhaps, in some degree, to fashion. Many Protestants had a strong prejudice against the recognition of the days of the Christian year because of idolatrous practices sometimes associated with them, and especially because under an established church their observance was enforced. But the advance of religious liberty and Christian civilization has weakened this prejudice, and many Christians now refuse to reject a usage merely because it is observed by the Church of Rome; and Good Friday is more and more largely noticed as the anniversary

of our Lord's death, and a fitting time for special penitence and prayer, whether private or public. The entire week before Easter, the Passion Week of the Roman Church, is often kept by Protestant Christians of different denominations as a week of special prayer and public religious services.

On the general subject of the value of days and seasons of special fasting and prayer, no wiser word has been spoken than by Rev. William F. Brand, in the passage following:

"A practice so universal as that of fasting must be based on some necessity of man. Nevertheless, the objection is sometimes heard that it tends to spiritual pride and formalism. This must be granted, but abuse is no argument against due use. A Christian, who knows that his Lord joined together prayer and fasting, can hardly advance the objection. It is also objected that health is frequently injured by religious fasting. It may be so. But, on the other hand, it can admit of no doubt that, in an age and country particularly luxurious, a stated abstinence from food, a weekly putting aside of self-indulgence and supporting the body on plainer, less attractive food, would go far toward freeing men from many of the evils that wait on appetite."

THE FIRST GOOD FRIDAY.*

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.—1 PET. ii. 24.

ST. PETER is speaking of the crucifixion of our Lord. The first Good Friday had passed away years before, and already there had come into the disciples' hearts a deep understanding of that which took place on that first Good Friday. The comprehension of Christ's death, the variety and richness of its meaning, the way in which it should be looked at—all this had become clear to the disciples before these Epistles were written to describe for the Christian world, through all the Christian centuries, the meaning of the great sacrifice.

And yet it had all really been there on the afternoon of the

* A Lenten lecture delivered in Trinity Church, Boston, Friday afternoon, April 8, 1887.

first Good Friday. When the last breath was breathed by the suffering Saviour there was taken into the disciples' souls, in its potentialness, all the meaning of the work which his death wrought, as that meaning came afterward to them more consciously when they used it in their teaching.

Let us think, on this Good Friday afternoon, of what his death accomplished in the world. We may not attempt to tell the whole of the rich story. Many men in many ways have told it; and sometimes they have taken views which seem contradictory, but which simply indicate the richness of that event whose multiplied meaning no man can completely comprehend. Let us not think that we can tell it all; but let us try to see what a change had entered into human life when Christ died, when his death was complete on that first Good Friday afternoon.

It was, first, the change which comes when any soul, even a soul that has seemed to lay least hold upon humanity, passes away. Think for a moment. Suppose such a death were the only death that had ever taken place. We should know that this soul had gone to be nearer to God, to have more clear manifestations of his presence and his love. We should know that he had carried this humanity of ours into some strange experiences, which yet must be forever the same experiences that have been passed through in this world. The multitudes of human creatures for whom there has been no death have stood upon the beach and watched this one soul pass out into the sea.

Think what a change must have happened in the death of this one dying soul, the only soul that had ever passed from life into death. There must have been a certain change in the balance of all life, when the double life, with its two hemispheres, had been transported from one side to another of its existence. Indeed, we should feel that the whole great balance of God's universe had changed; that there was a difference which must be felt to the farthest bounds of God's universe. There must have been a sense as if something great

had happened to the universe; something whose influence we could not begin to understand, but which we must feel, as this first life passed out from our sight into the other world, and we knew it had gone to God. It would seem as if that soul had gathered everything up that had happened to it here, and deposited it, and left it as its contribution to the world out of which it had passed. Other men would be continually adding to their lives. There would be for them no solemn summing up of life, no leaving of a man's career as a bequest behind him. But this man would seem to have left behind him the distinct meaning of his existence, different from the meaning of any other existence that had ever taken place, as a finished and final contribution to all the life the world was to live henceforth.

Then comes the thought of that man's own experience; of how it must have opened and enlarged; how those things which lay as unconscious germs in his nature must there have opened and unveiled themselves. As we watched him going we could almost see in his face the anticipation of the change; the development in his own soul of that toward which he was looking forward in the world where he was soon to live.

Now all these things belong, it seems to me, to any death. There is a change in the soul itself, a change in the world it leaves behind, and a change in the world to which it goes. Heaven and earth and a human soul—all of them are made different by the transfer from this side of death to the other side of death. This applies to any soul that dies. It applies to that soul which died this morning in some unknown chamber in our city.

But let us think how much greater the change must have been to Him who passed from life to death on that first Good Friday. The fulfilment of the Saviour's life, the accomplishment of the purposes which had been forever in the soul of God, and those new inspirations and impulses and joys and hopes and judgments which have been in this world of ours from the time that Jesus died—all of these came and took

their place among the facts of the universe when Jesus passed out of this world with the cry, "It is finished!"

Yet it is possible to state it much more simply. We may say that on the first Good Friday afternoon was completed that great act by which light conquered darkness and goodness conquered sin. That is the wonder of our Saviour's crucifixion. There have been victories all over the world, but wherever we look for the victor we expect to find him with his heel upon the neck of the vanquished. The wonder of Good Friday is that the victor lies vanquished by the vanquished one. We have to look deeper into the very heart and essence of things before we can see how real the victory is that thus hides itself under the guise of defeat.

Think how it was with the friends of the victor and the friends of the vanquished on the evening of that Good Friday. The friends of the victor—who were they? A few women with broken hearts, cowering under the great horror through which they had just passed, and a few souls besides who had been won so that they could not help giving themselves to Jesus as their Lord and Master, and who now had seen Jesus, their Master and Lord, perish. Yet as we read the story today there is something so subtle which comes forth from it to us! We find still remaining underneath all their sorrow a deep suspicion that their Master had conquered after all. What does it mean, this unbroken faith in Jesus, insomuch that they still rejoiced to call themselves by his name; that they clung to one another, wanting to be in the company of those who loved him; that they had nothing to talk about a day or two afterward, as they journeyed, but their hopes of him; so that they could say, "It is all over and has failed," while still in their hearts lay the inextinguishable hope which told them that this defeat was a victory after all?

On the other hand, who were the friends of the vanquished that day? They were the Pharisees, shouting their triumph, going to one another and congratulating one another upon the work they had done, saying, "We have killed him at last.

Did you hear his expiring groan? Did you see him hanging upon the cross?" And yet in the souls of those same Pharisees there was a fear and a doubt; so that they went to Pilate, saying, "Let us have a guard, that there may not be any possibility of his escaping from the tomb."

It is the power of evil all through the ages, triumphant in what it thinks its victory, yet with a suspicion at heart that it has been beaten, and is being beaten all the time, by righteousness. Is not this the meaning of Good Friday? That which seems to have conquered has been conquered, and that which seems to have been conquered has conquered. Evil has been trampled underfoot, though it boasts itself to be master of the world. Good has smitten evil, although good seems to have been trodden underfoot by sin. Victory has come by defeat. Overcoming has been attained by undergoing.

It is that which is going on everywhere to-day. Evil seems to be everywhere conquering good, and yet good is everywhere conquering evil. Oh, let us believe it! Before the cross of Jesus, let us believe it; so that we shall be able to rejoice in the good which seems to be broken down and defeated, knowing all the time in our souls that it really is the conqueror, and must be declared the conqueror some day. So shall we join the disciples of our Lord, keeping faith in him in spite of the crucifixion, and making ready, by our loyalty to him in the days of his darkness, for the time when we shall enter into his triumph in the days of his light.

And the beauty of it is that the same method runs throughout the disciples' work which ran through his work. Christ's method is repeating itself in the work of his disciples for ever and ever. As he who first gained the great victory overcame by undergoing the power of evil, shall we be surprised if that is the sort of victory that God calls upon us to gain? It is the victory which it is always the best to gain which makes the richest victory for any soul.

Think how it is everywhere. Everywhere men who are ready to undergo, in humiliation and patience and faith, by

and by find out that they have overcome, just as Jesus did. You are poor and distressed, and in want of the things that belong to this daily life. Every day the sun rises upon you and finds you in poverty; every day the sun sets upon you and leaves you in poverty still. Oh, in patiently bearing that poverty learn continually to trust the riches of the great God; and in the course of years you will know that you have overcome by undergoing, that your soul has grown rich, and that you have echoed the greater victory of Christ.

You are shut out from knowledge that you would like to gain. You would like to give your days to study, to drink deep of the fountains out of which flows the wisdom that men find everywhere hidden in the midst of this wondrous world. But you cannot, for you are driven to do some drudging work. You go and take that work and do it, full of trust and loving obedience. What is the result? There grows in you a wisdom such as books cannot give. Submitting to ignorance, you conquer ignorance.

You want to help your fellow-men. You have to set yourself against the prejudices and dispositions of your fellow-men, and so you win their disesteem. You wish that they would praise you. You long for their approbation and do not get it. You sacrifice it. But out of your surrender there comes an opportunity of saving and helping your fellow-men such as comes to no popular idol; and you, the despised man, have within your soul the rich knowledge that God has given you that privilege. Once more, have you not overcome by undergoing?

And so of our life in general. Life seems too much for you, too great a burden and too great a task; yet if you are patient, brave, and cheerful, by and by you will find that you have conquered life and are its lord. It seems to beat you down with every blow; but at last there you stand, with your feet upon it, and are victor over it, and have gained out of it that which God gives to souls that do conquer life—character and strength and faith and love, and the wish to help and the

power to help your brethren; to teach the souls that are being beaten and bruised and conquered by life the way to conquer it and compel it to give them the tokens of victory.

These are the ways in which each day is to be to us Good Friday. We are to be sacrificed to evil, and by sacrificing ourselves to evil become victors over evil.

It is easy to distort the truth. But we have only to turn to the healthfulness of Jesus in order to see that there is no truth in such doctrines as men have run after in their fantastic efforts to overcome the world. The essence of that by which Jesus overcame the world was not suffering, but obedience. Yes, men may puzzle themselves and their hearers over the question where the power of the life of Jesus and the death of Jesus lay; but the soul of the Christian always knows that it lay in the obedience of Christ. He was determined at every sacrifice to do his Father's will. Let us remember that; and the power of Christ's sacrifice may enter into us, and some little share of the redemption of the world may come through us, as the great work came through him.

Let us stop there. Good Friday brings to us these inspirations. And Good Friday and the days to come bring duties into which these inspirations may be borne. God grant us so to have entered into the spirit of this day as that we shall go forth to the days that yet remain to us in this world impelled by one consuming wish—the wish that we may be fit instruments, in true consecration and entire obedience, for doing some little fragment of the will of God upon earth. So we shall have entered into that victory over life which, though it came by death, did surely come to Jesus and shall surely come to those who are sacrificed with him.

THE GROUPS AROUND THE CROSS.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

And the people stood beholding.—LUKE xxiii. 35.

THERE is nothing more wild and ungovernable than a mob. Some of the older people may remember the excitement in New York during the riot when the people went howling through the streets at the time Macready stood on the stage of the Astor Place Opera-house. Those of you who have read history may remember the excitement in Paris during the time of Louis XVI. To this day you may see the marks of the bullets that struck the palace as the Swiss guards stood defending it. There is a wild mob going through the streets of Jerusalem. As it passes along it is augmented by the multitudes that come out from the lanes and the alleys to join the shout and the laughter and the lamentation of the crowds, who become more and more ungovernable as they get toward the gates of the city. Fishermen, hirelings of the high priests, merchant princes, beggars, mingle in that throng. They are passing out now through the gates of the city. They come to a hill white with the bleached skulls of victims—a hill that was itself the shape of a skull, covered with skulls, and called Golgotha, which means "the place of a skull." Three men are put to death—two for theft, one for alleged treason, having claimed to be King of the Jews. Each one carries his own cross, but one of them is so exhausted from previous hardship that he faints under the burden, and they compel Simon of Cyrene, who is supposed to be in sympathy with the condemned man, to take hold of one end of the cross and help him to carry it. They reach the hill. The three men are lifted up in horrid crucifixion. While the mob are howling and mocking and hurling scorn at the chief object of their hate, the darkness hovers and scowls and swoops upon the

scene, and the rocks rend with terrific clang, and choking wind and moaning cavern and dropping sky and shuddering earthquake declare, in whisper, in groan, in shriek, "This is the Son of God."

I propose to speak of the two groups of spectators around the cross—*the friendly* and *the unfriendly*. In the unfriendly group were *the Roman soldiers*. Now it is a grand thing to serve one's country. I think if St. Paul had gone into military service he would have eclipsed the heroism of the Cæsars and the Alexanders and the Napoleons of the world by his bravery and enthusiasm. There is a time to be at peace and there is a time when a Christian has to fight. It was no mean thing to be a Roman soldier; it was no idle thing. But the noblest army has in it sneaks, and these were the men who were detailed from that army to attend to the execution of Christ. Their dastardly behavior puts out the gleam of their spears, and covers their banner with obloquy. They were cowards. They were ruffians. They were gamblers. No noble soldier would treat a fallen foe as they treated the captured Christ. Generally there is respect paid to the garments of the departed. It may be only a hat or a coat or a shoe, but it goes down in the family wardrobe from generation to generation. Now that Christ is to be disrobed, who shall have his coat? Joseph of Arimathea would have liked to have had it. Mary the mother of Jesus would have liked to have had it. How fondly she would have hovered over it, and when she must leave it, with what tenderness she would have bequeathed it to her best friend! It was the only covering of Christ in darkness and storm. That was the very coat that the woman touched when from it there went out virtue for her healing. That was the only wedding-garment he had in the marriage of Cana, and the storms that swept Galilee had drenched it again and again. And what did they do with it? They raffled for it. We have heard of men who gambled away their own garments, who gambled away their children's shoes, who gambled away the family Bible, who gambled

away their wife's last dress; but it adds to the ghastliness of the Saviour's humiliation and the horror of the crime, when I hear Jesus in his last moments declaring, "They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture did they cast lots."

In this unfriendly group around the cross also were *the rulers, and the scribes, and the chief priests.* Lawyers and judges and ministers of religion in this day are expected to have some respect for their office. In this land where the honors of the judiciary sometimes come to besotted politicians and men noted for drunkenness—even in this land where we live, it is an unheard-of thing that a judge comes down from the bench and strikes a prisoner in the face. No minister of religion would scoff at or mock a condemned criminal. And yet the great men of that land seemed to be equal to any ruffianism. They were vying with one another as to how much scorn and billingsgate they could cast into the teeth of the dying Christ. Why, the worst felon, when his enemy has fallen, refuses to strike him. But these men were not ashamed to strike Jesus when he was down. So it has been in all ages of the world that there have been men in high positions who despised Christ and his gospel. The mob that hounded Christ from Jerusalem to "the place of a skull" has never been dispersed, but is augmenting yet, as many of the learned men of the world and great men of the world come out from their studies and their laboratories and their palaces, and cry, "Away with this man! Away with him!" The most bitter hostility which many of the learned men of this day exercise in any direction they exercise against Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

In this group of enemies surrounding the cross, in this unfriendly group, I also find *the railing thief.* It seems that he twisted himself on the spikes; he forgot his own pain in his complete antipathy to Jesus. I do not know what kind of a thief he was. I do not know whether he had been a burglar or a pickpocket or a highwayman; but our idea of his crimes is aggravated when we hear him blaspheming the Redeemer.

Oh, shame indescribable! Oh, ignominy insupportable! Hissed at by a thief! In that ridicule I find the fact that there is a hostility between sin and holiness. There cannot be, there never has been, any sympathy between honesty and theft, between purity and lasciviousness, between zeal and indolence, between faith and unbelief, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell. It is a sad thing to know that this malefactor died just as he had lived. People nearly always do. Have you never remarked that? There is but one instance mentioned in all the Bible of a man repenting in the last hour. All the other men who lived lives of iniquity, as far as we can understand from the Bible, died deaths of iniquity. As you live you will die, in all probability. Do not make your soul believe that you can go on in a course of sin and then in the last moment repent. There is such a thing as death-bed repentance, but I never saw one. God in all this Bible presents us only one case of that kind, and it is not safe to risk it, lest our case should happen not to be the one amid ten thousand.

But there were rays of light that streamed into the crucifixion. As Christ was on the cross and looked down on the crowd of people, he saw some very warm friends there. And that brings me to the remarking upon the friendly group that were around the cross. And the first in all that crowd was his *mother*. You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, by the upthrown hands. That all means mother. "Oh," you say, "why didn't she go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon." Do you not know when a child is in anguish or trouble, it always makes a heroine of a mother? Take her away, you say, from the cross. You cannot drag her away. She will keep on looking; as long as her Son breathes she will stand there looking. Oh, what a scene it was for a tender-hearted mother to look upon! How gladly she would have sprung to his relief! It was her Son—her Son! How gladly she would have clambered up

on the cross, and hung there herself if her Son could have been relieved! How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close by him and soothed him! Oh, there was a good deal in what the little sick child said, upon whom a surgical operation of a painful nature must be performed. The doctor said, "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him. You go in and get his consent." The father told him all the doctor said, and added, "Now, John, will you go through with it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale, and he thought a minute, and said, "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand I will." So the father held his hand and led him straight through the peril. O woman, in your hour of anguish, whom do you want with you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, whom do you want to console you? Mother. If the mother of Jesus could have only taken those bleeding feet into her lap! If she might have taken the dying head on her bosom! If she might have said to him, "It will soon be over, Jesus; it will soon be over, and we will meet again, and it will be all well!" But no, she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back with their hammers. There can be no alleviation at all. Jesus *must* suffer, and Mary *must* look. I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of that time when with her boy in her bosom she hastened on in the darkness in the flight toward Egypt. I suppose she thought of his boyhood, when he was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses he had done her, not forsaking her or forgetting her even in his last moments, but turning to John and saying, "There is mother; take her with you. She is old now; she cannot help herself. Do for her just as I would have done for her if I had lived. Be very tender and gentle with her. 'Behold, thy mother!'" She thought it all over; and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

There was another friend in that group, and that was *Simon*

the Cyrenian. He was a stranger in the land, but had been there long enough to show his regard for Christ. I suppose he was one of those men who never can see anybody imposed upon but he wants to help him. "Well, Simon," they cried out, "you are such a friend to Jesus, help him to carry the cross; you see him fainting under it." So he did. A scene for all the ages of time and all the cycles of eternity: a cross with Jesus at the one end of it and Simon at the other, suggesting the idea to you, O troubled soul, that no one need ever carry a whole cross. You have only half a cross to carry. If you are in poverty, Jesus was poor, and he comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in persecution, Jesus was persecuted, and he comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in any kind of trouble, you have a sympathizing Redeemer. Oh, how the truth flashed upon my soul this morning! Jesus at one end of the cross and the soul at the other end of the cross; and when I see Christ and Simon going up the hill together, I say we ought to help one another to carry our burdens. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If you find a man in persecution or sickness or in business trouble, go right to him and say, "My brother, I have come to help you. You take hold of one end of this cross and I will take hold of the other end, and Jesus Christ will come in and take hold of the middle; and after a while there will be no cross at all."

But there was another marked personage in that friendly group. That was *the penitent malefactor.* He was a thief, or had been; no disguising that fact. All his crimes came upon him with relentless conviction. What was he to do? "Oh," he says, "what shall I do with my sins upon me?" And he looks around and sees Jesus, and sees compassion in his face, and he says, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." What did Jesus do? Did he turn and say, "You thief! I have seen all your crimes, and you have jeered and scoffed at me; now die forever"? Did he say that? Oh no; Jesus could not say that. He says, "To-day shalt thou be

with me in Paradise." I sing the song of mercy for the chief of sinners. Murderers have come and plunged their red hands in this fountain, and they have been made as white as snow. The prodigal that was off for twenty years has come back and sat at his father's table. The ship that has been tossed in a thousand storms floats into this harbor. The parched and sunstruck soul comes under the shadow of this rock. Tens of thousands who were as bad as you and I have been have put down their burdens and their sins at the feet of this blessed Jesus.

But there was *another friendly group.* I do not know their names; we are not told; but we are simply told there were many around the cross who sympathized with the dying sufferer. Oh, the wail of woe that went through that crowd when they saw Jesus die! You know the Bible says if all the things Jesus did were recorded the world could not contain the books that would be written. It implies that what we have in the Bible are merely specimens of the Saviour's mercy. We are told that one blind man got his eyesight; I suppose he cured twenty that we are not told of. When he cured the one leper whose story is recorded, he might have cured twenty lepers. Where he did one act of kindness mentioned, he must have done a thousand we do not know about. I see those who received kindnesses from him standing beneath the cross, and one says, "Why, that is the Jesus that bound up my broken heart." And another standing beneath the cross says, "That is the Jesus that restored my daughter to life." Another looks up and says, "Why, that is the Jesus who gave me my eyesight." And another looks up and says, "That is the Jesus who lifted me up when I was sick; oh, I can't bear to see him die!" Every pelt of the hammer drove a spike through their hearts. Every groan of Christ opens a new fountain of sorrow. They had better get on with that crucifixion quickly or it will never take place. These disciples will seize Christ and snatch him from the grasp of those bad men, and take those ringleaders of the persecution and put them up

in the very place. Be quick with those nails; be quick with that gall; be quick with those spikes, for I see in the sorrow and in the wrath of those disciples a storm brewing that will burst on the heads of those persecutors.

To-day we come and we join the *friendly* crowd. Who wants to be on the wrong side? I cannot bear to be in the unfriendly group. There is not a man or woman in this house who wants to be in the unfriendly group. I want to join the other group. We come while they are bewailing, and join their lamentations. We see that brow bruised; we hear that dying groan; and while the priests scoff and the devils rave, and the lightnings of God's wrath are twisted into a wreath for that bloody mount, you and I will join the cry, the supplication, of the penitent malefactor, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Oh, the pain, the ignominy, the ghastliness, the agony; and yet the joy, the thrilling, bounding, glorious hope! *Son of Mary! Son of God!* Is there one here who will reject this atonement made for the people; not for one man here and one man there, but for all who will accept it?

There was a very touching scene among an Indian tribe in the last century. It seemed that one of the chieftains had slain a man belonging to an opposite tribe, and that tribe came up and said, "We will exterminate you unless you surrender the man who committed that crime." The chieftain who did the crime stepped out from the ranks, and said, "I am not afraid to die, but I have a wife and four children, and I have a father aged and a mother aged, whom I support by hunting, and I sorrow to leave them helpless." Just as he said that, his old father from behind stepped out, and said, "He shall not die; I take his place. I am old and well stricken in years. I can do no good. I might as well die. My days are almost over. He cannot be spared. Take me." And they accepted the sacrifice. Wonderful sacrifice, you say; but not so wonderful as that found in the gospel; for we deserved to die, aye, we were sentenced, when Christ, not

worn out with years, but in the flush of his youth, said: "Save that man from going down to the pit; *I* am the ransom! Put his burdens on *my* shoulders. Let his stripes fall on *my* back. Take *my* heart for his heart. Let *me* die, that he may live." Shall it be told to-day in heaven that, notwithstanding all those wounds and all that blood and all those tears and all that agony, you would not accept him?

O Lord Jesus, we accept thee! We all accept thee now. There is no hand in all this great audience lifted to smite thee on the cheek now. No one will spear thee now. No one will strike thee now. Come in, Lord Jesus; come quickly!

Christian Age.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Isa. liii. 3.

What are we to do with a feature of Christ like that brought to our attention in the text, "He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"? If his sorrow had been an accident of his life, we should not then be in a situation to lay upon it any great amount of emphasis, at any rate so far as any prescriptive references are concerned. But clearly we have to do here with something that is at the farthest possible remove from the accidental. You have but to read his life as either of the four evangelists has recorded it, to appreciate the fact that heavy-heartedness constituted a permanent ingredient of his experience. It was a part, and no inconsiderable part, of his life, to be troubled, concerned, and sorrowful. This being so, unless we are in error in thinking that Christ's life in its fiber and complexion is to be accepted as a model for all earthly life that is distinctively Christian, then we have a matter in hand just now that is worth looking at and worth looking into with a good deal of seriousness and painstaking.

In approaching the question, let it be said that no fair read-

ing of the narrative of Christ's life will leave the impression that sorrow of heart was a grace that Christ cultivated. The pathetic was not a temper of spirit which he encouraged in himself or in others. Heaviness of mind was not a thing to be sought in and for itself. There is no gainsaying the fact that one great object of his mission was to make the world glad. Still, for all that, he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. It needs also to be said that for us to be heavy-hearted merely because Christ was, to be sorrowful by a sheer act of imitation, is distinctly repugnant to everything like Christian sense, and at the farthest possible remove from all that deserves to be called Christian sincerity. Pure simulation is coarse affectation, and the finer the original that is simulated the more despicable the counterfeit. Neither can we leave out of the account all those passages, especially in the New Testament, where particular praise is accorded to gladness of heart. You will remember that the second of the recognized fruits of the Spirit is joy. We must be careful always, in our attempts to arrive at the intention of Scripture, to attain a position which shall secure the consent of all the parts. So that while we are concerning ourselves just at present with the matter of Christian heavy-heartedness, we must do it in the light of all that Scripture has to say about sentiments of a warmer and cheerier complexion. Nevertheless, when all these caveats have been entered and gladness of heart eulogized to the fullest extent, authorized by multitudinous expressions occurring throughout the entire Scriptures, it still remains beyond dispute that our Lord's life was lived in shadow, and that he died at last less because of the nails and the spear-wounds than he did of a broken heart.

If, then, it is true that to be Christ and to be a Christian are so related to each other that what was essential in the experience of the one will be reproduced in the experience of the other, we have matter on hand that it behooves those of us especially who bear the name of Christ to bend our minds to in searching and devout inquiry.

Our Lord's sorrow, as becomes easily apparent from the perusal of this entire fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, as well as from the study of the Gospels—our Lord's sorrow was due to the load which he undertook to carry, to the purpose that was upon him, and to the strain he suffered in trying to accomplish that purpose. It can be expressed in one way by saying that he came to interfere with the natural current of event. And it made him tired. And a man, even a divine man, is less apt to laugh when he is tired. A good deal of what we call our gladness of heart, if we will care to scrutinize it, is simply the congenial luxury of drifting down the current of event. If you are pulling your boat upstream you will be sober while you are about it. *Strained* powers are serious. It is the farthest from our thought to disparage exuberance or even hilarity; nevertheless, it remains a fact that hilarity is feeling out at pasture and not feeling under the yoke. It is steam escaping at the throttle because it is not pushing at the piston. Let no one go away from here and say that we have been discouraging merriment. There is nothing that some of us need much more than we do merriment; but at the same time you cannot be merry when your muscles are stiffened to a purpose. It is physiologically, ethically, and psychologically impossible. That is the point; and it may not be quite possible when once a purpose has fastened itself upon you to shake that purpose off. I venture to say that Christ could not shake his purpose off. He was here to stay the downward drift of event; the purpose was too vast to be easily flung aside, and his muscles were too solidly knotted to it to be easily unknotted and relaxed. And we shall have to go on and say that it was an inherent part of Christ to have a purpose and to be mightily bent to its achievement; and not only that, it was an inherent part of Christ as the Saviour of this world to seize upon the current of event and of history and to undertake to reverse it. Exactly that was the genius of the Christ-mission. He could not have been Christ and not have done it.

Now if it is a part of the very essence of the Christ-life to do that, it is just as much a part of the very essence of the Christian life to do that. We may struggle against the pulling of that truth, but we cannot burst its bonds nor break its imperialism. You cannot drift down the tide of event and be a Christ-man or a Christ-woman. The world is to be saved; the tide is to be reversed. Man inspired of God is to do it; and you cannot buckle yourself down to that problem in Christian whole-heartedness and not grow sober under it. A thousand torch-lights and ten thousand brass bands will not convert the world-tragedy into a world-comedy, nor crinkle the fixed lines of your seriousness into merriment. Now you see the philosophy of the sober Christ. He flung himself against forty centuries of bad event, and the Divine Man got bruised by the impact. He stood up and let forty centuries jump on him; he held his own, but blood broke through his pores in perspiration, and about that there is nothing humorous.

The edge of this truth is not broken by the fact that Christ took hold of the work of the world's saving in a larger way than it is possible for us to do, and that therefore the burden of his undertaking came upon him in a heavier, wider, and more crushing way than it can come upon us; and that therefore, while it overwhelmed him in sorrow, our smaller mission and lighter task can with entire propriety leave us buoyant and gladsome. All of that conception of the case lacks dignity and reach. You cannot take hold of a great matter in a small way. It is true we cannot reach round the world and carry it. Neither did Christ. He took hold of the world at a point; he took hold primarily of a dozen men, but in grasping them he felt his hold upon the entire world back of them, all the nations about them, and all the centuries forward of them. To be sure, it is but a speck of the great world that we can take hold of, but if our work is done with the animus with which Christ did his, we shall feel the entirety of the great world that that speck groins into, and the superb reach of our intention will make our work as sobering and solemniz-

ing as ever Christ's great work made him. To a Christian, appreciating the intimate connections and the wide relations of his service, seriousness is inevitable. There will be no affectation in it and no assumption about it. The contribution which our service renders may be a small one—that has nothing to do with it; but if we feel the vastness and the universality of the purpose toward which our little contribution is paid, that feeling will put tension into the muscles of the face and iron out most of the smiles.

We have spoken of the sobering effect of work done with a Christian appreciation of the momentous purposes which such work is fitted to subserve. It is but a step now to go on from that and speak of the saddening effect necessarily flowing from the circumstances under which in this world Christian work has to be done. It was the love which Christ had for the world that made him sad while doing his work in the world; and the infinitude of his love is what explains the unutterableness of his pain; for the world in which Christ fulfilled his mission was a suffering world. Now a man who is without love can be in the midst of suffering and not suffer. A loveless spirit grieves over its own pain, but has no sense of another's pain, and no feeling of being burdened by another's pain. Love has this peculiar property, that it makes the person whom we love one with us, so that his experience becomes a part of our own life, his pain becomes painful to us, his burdens make us tired. We cannot have the heart that Christ had and not in the same degree have his suffering. We may be sound in our doctrinal position, fight doctrinal heresy as though it were an exhalation from the under-world, be instant in our attendance upon the means of grace, statedly participate in the service memorial of our Lord's dying love, but a loving heart is what makes out the major part of the whole Christian matter—a heart, therefore, that feels others' burdens and griefs as though they were its own; and one cannot have such a heart in the midst of this world and not have an aching heart. It is aside from the mark to say that that makes of

the Christian religion a gloomy religion. The gloom is not in the religion, the gloom is in the world, and sorrow of spirit like that of our Lord is simply the way tender-heartedness like that of our Lord is certain to be affected when the shadow of the world's suffering falls upon it.

Now these things cannot be gotten away from. This is not heaven. Christ found no heaven here, and if we have his spirit it will be just as difficult for us to find a heaven here as it was for him. No loving mother can be happy while her child is suffering, and Christian tenderness of heart stands related to any known suffering in quite the same way that a mother's tenderness of heart stands affected toward the pains of her own child. Here, then, is a criterion by means of which we can tell something as to how far we have gotten along in our approaches to the likeness of Christ. Christ's love for man was so tender and passionate that man's sufferings and sins wearied and agonized him. This I had rather not push any further. You see the point. I have no anxiety as to the correctness with which the case has been presented. The principles are clear and their application entirely simple. If we nest ourselves in our comfortable homes, and are satisfied to remain there; if we merge ourselves in our favorite pursuits, and find in them a welcome retreat from the vexations and discomforts that prevail outside; if what we know about the wickedness of the world, its pains and privations, still permits us to move along our own way in quiet and contentedness, with an occasional prayer of thanksgiving, perhaps, that God has been more considerate of us than he has of others, we may be very excellent members of the community and valued members of society, the pets, indeed, of the polite social circle in which we move, an ornament to the fraternity of science or letters or art with which we may be affiliated, but we would do better not to call ourselves by the name of Christ, unless we think it is consistent to bear his name at the same time that we are destitute of his spirit.

Homiletic Review.

LEARN DURING LENT TO SAY "NO."

BISHOP H. C. POTTER.

Do I speak to no one who is consciously under the dominion of a base habit or a mean compliance? Is there no one of us who has known what it is weakly to cringe and say "yes," either to his own appetites or ambitions, or to the false or dishonest plans of other men? Oh, then, my brother, be a man, and speak the "no" your heart has long ago striven and yet hesitated to utter. Or, if you cannot, if your chains have grown so strong, your lips so stiff, that you cannot frame a "no," ask Christ, first, to set you free, and, while you ask him, do your part to learn a free man's firmness. Say "no," for a season at any rate, to some one or more of your trivial and perhaps hitherto very harmless indulgences. No man ever knows what power his most insignificant habits have gained over him until he tests them by downright denial. Say "no," then, for forty days at least, to some exacting appetite, some domineering custom of the world about you, some wonted harshness of speech or judgment that may seem so natural to you. Say "no" when the aggressive clamors of any secular engagements bid you neglect engagements with your Maker. Say "no" when any summons comes between you and God's courts, or any other hours you owe to him. Say "no" when any lure or bribe entices you to speak an untrue word or do an unclean deed. God shall see and own the heroism of your endeavor, though men may not. He knows already what that word "no," if ever you shall speak it bravely for his sake, will cost you; and when at last the books are opened, and the great assize is set, his voice shall crown your steadfast service with his own divine approval.

WHAT LENT MAY SUGGEST.

LENT has a suggestion for the Christian believer who has been trained to faith in the doctrine of Christ without a corresponding fellowship with him in person. To such a mind the cross of Christ is hardly more than a figure, of which the reality is to be found in the doctrine of the atonement. The passion of the Redeemer is lost sight of in the endeavor to measure the uses of his sufferings and death, their relation to God, their effect upon man. A more sympathetic consideration of the personal element in the sufferings of our Lord, the meditation upon the sorrows of the Messiah, would prove a source of spiritual quickening not only to those who are accustomed to live in the region of philosophic thought, but also to those who are in the midst of evangelistic work. The following of Christ down into the valley of humiliation and death, the study, day by day, of the last days of his earthly life, the reverent watch by the cross, the waiting for the resurrection—these are spiritual exercises which cannot fail to give warmth and reality to the Christian faith. The majority of Christian believers, without reference to sect, now observe Easter. By the "logic of events" no less than by spiritual sympathy, Passion week deserves its place in the calendar of the private Christian; and the more remote the thoughts which it suggests may be to his ordinary religious thinking, the more helpful they may be to the spirit of devotion.

Christian Age.

LENTEN REFLECTIONS.

1. OUR Lord's preparation for his temptation, by the anointing of the Holy Ghost (Matt. iii. 16).
2. First part of our Lord's temptation (Matt. iv. 2–4).
3. Second part of our Lord's temptation (Matt. iv. 5–7).

4. Third part of our Lord's temptation (Matt. iv. 8–10).

5. He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin (Heb. iv. 15).

6. In that he suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted (Heb. ii. 18).

A SCRIPTURAL LENT.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674).

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin:
And that's to keep thy Lent.

It avails nothing if we distress our bodies with fasting, if we do not amend our hearts or care for our souls.

CÆSARIUS OF ARLES.

Fasting and prayer are the great barriers to keep out all temptations of intemperance and sin from the minds of men.

REV. CANON BARRY.

THOUGH fasting be a means of grace, yet it is better to devour a whole ox on Good Friday than bewray the soul by falsehood. BERTHOLD.

GOD ordained fasting, and to fasting pertaineth four things: gifts to poor folk, gladness of heart spiritual, not to be angry or annoyed, nor to grudge that he fasteth.

CHAUCER.

So near stand grief and joy, despair and triumph. Between them lies the sepulcher. On the earthward side of the sepulcher is death. But on the heavenward side is life.

I AM thankful for these hard times. It is a good thing for nations to feed on husks once in a while, like the prodigal son, or they would die of fatty degeneration. I honestly believe that these hard times are going to result in good times for the church of God. P. S. HENSON.

DEATH is the justification of all the ways of the Christian, the last end of all his sacrifices, the touch of the Great Master which completes the picture. MME. SWETCHINE.

IN the awful mystery of human life it is a consolation sometimes to believe that our mistakes, perhaps even our sins, are permitted to be instruments of our education.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Historical.—The anniversary of our Lord's resurrection is reckoned not according to the civil calendar, but by the Jewish religious calendar, Christ having died and risen again during the Jewish Passover, which was celebrated from the 14th to the 21st of the Jewish month Nisan. There was some difference of practice among the early Christians, and even sharp controversies; and to settle these the Council of Nice (A.D. 325) decreed that Easter should be celebrated the first Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox, and this decree has been followed by the general practice of the church. The equinox always falling on March 21st, the first full moon following may be in the night of March 21st–22d, and the Sunday after may be as early as March 22d. But a whole lunar month, less one day, may pass after the equinox before a Sunday following a full moon, and so Easter may be as late as April 25th. Between these extremes the date will vary from year to year. The Oriental churches, in Russia, Greece, and elsewhere, still observe the unreformed calendar, and their Easter therefore falls sometimes before and sometimes after that of the Western Church, though sometimes, as in 1865, the two coincide.

The name "Easter" was given by the early Saxons to a festival in honor of the goddess of spring, and some features of the common celebration may be traced to this Teutonic origin. There seems, however, a peculiar fitness of the natural springtime revival, with its flowers and fresh green, to accompany the revival of Christ, or the celebration of it, and the spiritual revival of which he is the source.

The early Christians celebrated Easter with solemn and joyous services; it was a day of unalloyed Christian gladness; and while there was no requirement given by Christ or the apostles, the day has been gladly observed by the church in all ages. The Roman Catholic, Greek, and Protestant Episcopal churches make it a matter of ecclesiastical rule, and the non-liturgical churches more and more universally enter into its celebration. I is said that in some parts of the Greek Church friends meeting on Easter morning usually greet each other with the words, "The Lord is risen!" To which the customary answer is: "He is risen indeed!" In all Christian lands churches of every name on that day are specially adorned with flowers and other emblems of life and hope, and their worship is enriched with songs and anthems of triumphant faith.

SOME EASTER CERTAINTIES.

E. P. GOODWIN, D.D., FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CHICAGO.

THESE are days of doubt. Opinions, theories, beliefs, creeds, seem to be in a kind of flux. Political economy, with its sharp and bitter antagonism as to home rule and tariff and silver and the rights of labor, seems to be anything but a science. The claims of the church of Christ, even as a divine and fixed institution, are assailed, and new substitutes are already proposed to take its place. Is anything certain? Can we cast anchor anywhere and hold fast in spite of tempest and tide?

This Easter-time makes positive and emphatic answer. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is a certainty. If any fact, not merely of Christianity, but of history, stands on an impregnable foundation, this does. But it does not stand alone. It sets a like seal of certainty upon the whole system of teachings of which it is the great center and heart. Obviously as a matter of credibility the greater includes the less. If the witness of Scripture is true as to such an event—seemingly the most irrational and improbable of all the events of this gospel record—it is all the more true as to the occurrences or teachings which put a less tax on belief. This single fact, therefore, attested by this empty tomb, is the guaranty of the truth of every vital doctrine of Christianity. The Spirit of God no more inspired this record than he inspired every other. His testimony as to the resurrection of our Lord is no more true, no more authoritative, than his testimony as to every act and teaching of our Lord. If his witness cannot be impugned here it cannot be impugned anywhere. And so I repeat, this Easter-time plants us upon an immovable foundation of certainties. Not myths nor fables nor allegories nor shrewd guesses nor deductions of human logic constitute our faith.

We *know* what we believe: the divine, infallible truths certified to us by the Spirit of God.

But let us note some of the particular truths guaranteed here which should bring cheer to all believers:

1. The resurrection of Christ gives absolute assurance of the forgiveness of sin. Many disciples are puzzled and clouded with doubt and fear as to this. They know they have sincerely accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour; but they are conscious of many shortcomings, of having to keep up a steady and hard fight against the foes that lurk in the flesh, and have hence more or less of fear lest they fail of getting within the crystal gate. But all this apprehension is swept away by this blessed truth. For all who truly accept Christ as Saviour were crucified and buried and raised up with him, and are now leading a resurrection life—are, in fact, sharing his, having a life hid with Christ in God (Rom. vi. 6; Col. ii. 12; iii. 1–3). Whoever, therefore, is a true believer has of necessity an indefeasible hope, an absolute certainty of salvation. He shares the resurrection of Christ. His sins are as absolutely buried out of God's sight as the body of Christ was buried in the tomb from the light of day. They can no more touch and spoil his hope than they can touch and condemn the risen Lord. All true children of God are now, because of his resurrection, wholly and forever justified, assured absolutely that they are now heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, and waiting only for the day of full and final deliverance and glorification (Rom. viii. 16, 17, 29, 30; Eph. i. 3–7).

2. So does this Easter-time certify the literal and glorious resurrection of the body. Many seem disposed to dissolve away the literalness of the gospel story in its application, and make the believer's resurrection merely the entering upon a higher spiritual state of being. But this is to misread and misapply Scripture. When Jesus Christ came from the tomb of Joseph he came forth as the first-fruits of them that slept. As is the first-fruits so will be the harvest. He rose with a

literal body, a body that was seen, handled, identified as real. With that body he ascended to the right hand of the Father. Paul saw him there with it, and held converse with him. So did John, and felt the touch of his blessed right hand. In that body he is now our advocate and intercessor as the man that continueth ever, with that body. He will come again and be recognized by the scars of crucifixion he still wears.

This Easter-time brings us the assurance that when he comes and shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, believers who sleep in Christ and those then living will be caught up together to meet him in the air, and all will be, as in the twinkling of an eye, transformed and transfigured and possessed of bodies as perfect and as glorious as his own, and in these glorious and resplendent bodies we shall reign and rejoice forever (1 Thess. iv. 13–17; Phil. iii. 20, 21; Rev. iii. 21).

3. So, too, Easter certifies to us the reality of heaven and its fellowships. The risen body of the Lord must needs have a local abiding-place. So likewise the glorified bodies of Enoch, Moses, and Elijah. The Scriptures everywhere agree with this, representing heaven always as a place, the abode of God and of visible and celestially embodied angels, the home of the just made perfect, where the city of God, prepared for them that love him, is in waiting. For the believer to die is to depart and be with Christ; is, hence, not only to share the glory of his presence, but the fellowship of all the righteous dead.

We greatly need the cheer of this precious Easter truth. We make too little of the place our Lord has gone to prepare for us. We rob ourselves greatly when we try to reduce heaven to a mere state of ecstatic feeling. We need the cheer which comes of having the eye of faith fixed on the better country and the city that hath the foundations. Such a certainty of an inheritance that is real and that cannot fade away goes far to mitigate the pangs which come of the fires and floods and disasters and frauds which so often despoil God's

people of their earthly possessions; for we know that the things seen are temporal, but the things not seen are eternal, and they are only a few heart-beats away.

But best of all is the assurance of the fellowship in store for us with those dear to our hearts and gone before. Many seem to doubt this, but, as I think, without reason. If all the host of heaven burst into song when the Son of God took upon himself our humanity and became the Babe of Bethlehem, past question they welcomed his return to heaven, after his redemptive work was finished, with mighty halleluiahs. Gabriel was there, and Michael, and the innumerable company of the angels; so, doubtless, were Enoch and Noah and Abraham and Jacob and Moses and David and Elijah and Isaiah and Daniel, and a throng of the ransomed that no man could number. And they all knew him, and, as I believe, knew one another. Moses and Elijah had found each other out before they met on the Mount of Transfiguration. John the Baptist could hardly have failed to know David and Isaiah, whose prophetic words had kindled the fire in his own soul. And by a common intuition all the heirs of faith must have known the father of the faithful—Abraham. It is simply inconceivable that the vast company of the blessed should gather around Him whom it is their highest joy to worship, and yet while they stand side by side, and lift their songs, should be ignorant of one another's personality. No. As they know their Lord, so do they know one another; and so shall we. This open tomb, these open skies, ought to make heaven and its companionships more real and attractive and helpful to us. We *know* he is yonder, on the throne. We *know* that our beloved are in his presence and are sharers of his joy. Let us also *know* that he and they are ready with their welcomes for us when God's hour of the home-going shall come, and meantime, no doubt, name our names in converse, and possibly in prayer, and cherish undimmed the affection that made our earthly homes have sweet foretastes of heaven.

4. Once more, this Easter-time makes certain the final com-

ing and triumph of the kingdom. In human affairs the certainties as to the future are few. What the map of Europe will be a decade hence, what the future of any kingdom or nation on the face of the earth a century hence, no sage is wise enough to predict. Diplomacy, gunpowder, dynamite, ironclads, have many secrets yet untold; but these are grave map-makers.

Not so here. We who left our glad songs over this rolled-away stone and empty tomb do not theorize nor guess. We *know* what the future has in store. We stand here with the absolute certainty possessing our hearts that the kingdom of our Lord will come. And we know it, not because the continents are being threaded with railroads and lines of telegraph; not because printing-presses and libraries and art galleries and colleges and theological seminaries are multiplying; not, in a word, because civilization is achieving fresh victories and giving token of what shall be. Not at all. Civilization in its spirit, apart from Christianity, is just as selfish and conscienceless and godless as it ever was in the height of Egyptian or Grecian or Roman culture. Our certainty gets its guaranty from this risen Christ. He who burst the bars of death was thereby declared to be the Son of God with power. Since the resurrection morning there has never been—there could not be—the slightest question as to his final rulership of the world. Death was conquered, Satan was conquered, and He proclaimed the wearer of the name above every name. His final triumph was hence merely a question of the fullness of time. And he is now seated at the right hand of the Father, from henceforth expecting till his enemies are made his footstool. This Easter morning certifies us of that approaching day, and with, as it were, the foregleams of its glory on our faces and the stirrings of its mighty joy in our hearts, bids us watch and pray and look for the coming of the King.

Independent.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, D.D.

MAKE clear the fact of Christ's resurrection, and it will be a fact that chimes with humanity's unutterable longings and fits in as a keystone of the radiant arch of its hopes. Make clear that fact, and then as the meridian sun brings out in all their boldness the mountains, and in all their beauty the swarded valleys, faintly descried in the dim twilight, so does a risen Sun of righteousness bring out the hints and truths, the ideas and facts of Scripture, but dimly perceived before, and give them a controlling power over the intellect and a commanding influence upon the practical life. Make clear that fact, and one simple-minded believer, full of resurrection power, shall chase a thousand carping rationalists, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.

Our faith in God asks of him a risen Redeemer, and the faith is answered in a Saviour raised from the dead.

St. Paul unhesitatingly states, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." So interwoven with the very life and teachings and death of Christ was the truth of his resurrection that to deny it would be to destroy all faith in him as Teacher and Redeemer. He himself had said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it again." After the surpassing glory of the transfiguration he had commanded his disciples to "tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen from the dead." Had he not risen from the grave he must have been either unconsciously deceived—and then he would have shown himself a weak, erring mortal, and thus no longer entitled to the claim of a teacher sent from God—or he must have been a wilful impostor, and thus have sunk in the mire, to be trodden beneath the feet of indignant, deluded men. If Christ be not risen, all faith in him as a Saviour is vain. "Ye are yet in

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your sins," says the Apostle. That is, no atonement has been made. The Christian consciousness is a nullity and a lie.

St. Paul further asserts, "If Christ be not raised from the dead, we are found false witnesses." As if he had said: "Such a thing is an impossibility. By reason of our numbers we ought to be believed. There are the eleven apostles, the two Marys, Cleopas, the Seventy, and five hundred others besides. Nearly all these are living and ready to testify. We are fully competent to give evidence, as regards our powers of judgment and varied experience; fully competent, from the opportunities we have enjoyed of knowing the facts to which we bear witness. We have seen the Saviour, some of us have known him intimately; we have treasured up his words; we have witnessed his miracles; we knew he was crucified; we went to the tomb, expecting to find his body there; we saw him alive again; we beheld his pierced hands and wounded side; we heard the familiar voice; we received our high commission; we saw him ascend into glory. With his image stamped on our hearts we have gone forth to proclaim his great salvation. We have gained nothing from an earthly standpoint in so doing. On the contrary, the loss of everything that men hold most dear has come to us: the loss of friends, of home, of position, of reputation. We are made the filth and offscouring of the world; we are made as a spectacle unto angels and to men. Stripes, bonds, imprisonment, and death in its most terrible forms are before us. 'To the lions! to the lions!' will ring in our ears. Covered with pitch and set on fire, we shall light the streets of Rome by midnight. Surely if in this life only we hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

With what jubilant utterance the Apostle turns away from the loathsome impossibility he has presented, exclaiming, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept"! The irrefutable fact stands forth in all its glorious majesty and infinite sweep of meaning. "He was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justi-

fication." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

The gospel records must be torn to tatters and scattered with the rent sibylline leaves, nevermore to be gathered; the whole colossal fabric of Christianity must have been built on an abyss; the Head and Founder of the church must have been created by the church, before the fact of the resurrection can be disproved.

Christ is risen from the dead, and thus his own words have been justified. Christ is risen from the dead, and thus God has given him the sign of his Messianic mission. The final and absolute seal of genuineness has been put on all his claims, and the indelible stamp of a divine authority upon all his teachings. The resurrection spans and binds the sacred Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. Christ is risen from the dead, and every promise of God is yea and amen in him. Christ is risen from the dead, and an unsetting sun—the new and unfailing center of attraction—has burst forth in glory from the darkness of the tomb. Christ is risen, and we, too, who believe in him shall rise. Every charnel-house has been deprived of its terrors. The sting has been plucked from death, and the grave robbed of its victory. The shadows and the gloom have forever passed away. *It is morning.*

Episcopal Recorder.

THE LIVING WITNESSES OF THE RESURRECTION.

BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX, D.D., LL.D., OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, KANSAS CITY, MO.

In Paul's day there were more than two hundred and fifty living witnesses of the resurrection, being the greater part of the "above five hundred brethren" to whom Christ had ap-

peared at once. What interest must have attached to the disciples who had this qualification, even of an apostle, that they had seen the Lord! How great must have been their influence who could say with Peter, on the day of Pentecost, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses"! Whatever had been their doubts on the subject of the resurrection before, it now seemed a matter of course, nay, even of necessity, for they deemed that "it was not possible that Christ should be holden of death." There had come with the resurrection such a new sense of his divinity, he having been "declared the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead," that henceforth all things are possible to him who had power to lay down his life and power to take it up again. All other themes are secondary now to Jesus and the resurrection. In fact, so frequent was the reference to the resurrection that *Anastasis* seemed to some of the heathen the name of a new god whom the Christians worshiped. It was their fidelity as witnesses of the resurrection that added numberless converts to the apostolic church, and gave to the faithful witnesses the fame of men who had turned the world upside down. Whatever else seemed to be their theme this great truth emerged before they had finished their discourse. They overcame by the word of their testimony, and that testimony was to the resurrection.

There is doubtless a marvelous increase of strength which comes to all who know the power of the resurrection, its real significance, its immense and widening influence, which makes such believers the living witnesses of the resurrection. Those who grasp firmly this truth seem to have little trouble in apprehending any and all other of the doctrines of our holy religion. May this not have been the reason why our Lord enjoined silence about some of his miracles and even about his transfiguration until "after the Son of man be risen from the dead"? He did not attempt to preach doctrines until after he had given, in his passion, resurrection, and ascension,

the great facts which are the basis of all doctrinal preaching. All other teaching was preparatory to the great event which was to explain all. Lacking a belief in the resurrection, even an apostle like Thomas was unfit to preach anything, all the earlier teaching of Christ seeming to mean nothing and to be shorn of power to bless unless illumined and confirmed by the resurrection. Could there, indeed, be a moral government of the world when the innocent Christ remained unvindicated and seeing corruption in Joseph's tomb in the garden? Who dare preach truth when the Truth is still buried, or life when the Prince of life is in the tomb? If Christ be not risen, evil remains triumphant, and good has never been vindicated and cannot be. Who dare urge men to "be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," when good sleeps in a dishonored and sealed sepulcher without hope of a resurrection? It is the witnesses of the resurrection in all the ages since that memorable first day of the week when the women came early to the empty tomb of our Lord who have been the very apostles of Christianity.

The living witnesses of the resurrection are known by the proper estimate which they put upon their existence as destined to continue forever. A mere animal never takes the measure of its own life, nor looks on it as if from the outside as a whole. It has no future which it can map out or dispose of as if it were its own. The desire to live forever, to make progress in all that is good, is the mark of one who has known something of good in this life, and who knows that life means more than existence. "The more the spirit makes of itself, its powers and its resources, the more earnestly does it desire prolonged existence." It longs for existence that it may have life. Life and immortality are brought to light by the higher and holy nature of the risen Christ, who shows the meaning and possibilities of life, and awakens in all responsive natures a desire to live. Every Christian life becomes thus a witness of the resurrection. Its very possibility in a world of evil is due to a living Saviour. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Godliness is of supernatural origin, "having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." "For to this end we labor and strive, because we have our hope set on the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe." Hope dies if Christ be not risen; but hope lives, because "now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

All new power of service, all revived activity, whether missionary or philanthropic, are witnesses of the resurrection. It is a humanity destined to live forever, and whose future is made certain by the empty sepulcher of our Lord, which is worth laboring for. The mighty argument for the resurrection ever closes with the exhortation sounding in the Christian consciousness of whatever age: "Wherefore, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." No church can be holden of death if the living Christ be in her. He is the Giver, the Fountain, the Source of life, a life that sweeps temples of money-changers and formalists. It is he who makes the very benevolences of the church, her quickened intellectual life and power of achievement, as well as her praises, witnesses of his resurrection; and his empty tomb inspires the song: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

All Christian worship is a witness of the resurrection of Him who liveth for ever and ever. Because he lives, "now abideth faith, hope, charity." *Independent.*

THE RESURRECTION.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

THE resurrection of Jesus Christ does not seem to me the stupendous and incredible event it does to many. It transcends, but does not contradict; anticipates, but does not con-

travene, human experience. Without here attempting to discuss the reasonableness of Christian faith, I simply try to state it in an intelligible form, in order to recall from the realm of legend into the realm of history the story of the resurrection.

It is the Christian belief that man is both body and spirit. The body is the organ; the spirit is the player on the organ. When he pushes in the stops, and locks the instrument, he does not cease to be. The music remains to him, though he has ceased to express it audibly through keys and pipes. Looking down into the eyes which look up appealingly or confidently into hers, the mother sees a soul looking through them, and in the mutual glance soul touches soul. Closer than words can bring us is the intercommunion of heart with heart in moments of most expressive silence, when not even a glance of the eye or a pressure of the hand is needed as interpreter. Science may not be able to explain these experiences of the invisible life, but in vain it denies them. The poets bear witness to them, and the poets do not create imaginary words, but interpret a world that is real, though unseen. The truth of their interpretation is attested by a universal experience.

Now what happens in what we call death is the separation of spirit and body. Science can neither define life nor death. We only know that this spirit withdraws and leaves the dwelling untenanted; the musician stops playing, locks his instrument, and goes away; the king abdicates his sovereignty over his earthly domain, and departs. And presently the kingdom, with no king on the throne, dissolves; the organ, with no organist to play upon it, falls to pieces; the tent, abandoned by its tenants, drops in hopeless ruin on the ground. But this affords no slightest reason for thinking that the king is dead, the organist is extinguished, the tenant has ceased to be. One may guess this, but guesswork is not science. We look into the eyes, and no soul looks out of them; we clasp the hand, and no will answers with responsive clasp. But because the friend is not looking out of the window we do not conclude

that he has ceased to exist. We look about us, as the last breath is drawn, and see no shadowy and ghostly presence; listen, and catch no faintest rustle or footfall. But it is no incredible faith this, that there have been times in which the eyes generally holden have been able to see, the ears generally too dull have been quickened to hear. We Christians do not believe that Jesus Christ was the only one that ever rose from the dead. We believe that every death-bed is a resurrection; that from every grave the stone is rolled away; that by the side of every weeping wife stands the luminous figure of her loved companion, calling her by name, which she, alas! cannot hear. We wonder not so much that the disciples were permitted to see the true Christ emerging from the tabernacle in which he dwelt upon earth as that we are not all permitted to see the real and veritable soul when mere image and clayey statue lie speechless and motionless before us. The marvel is not that one resurrection was witnessed by many witnesses, but that every resurrection has not some visible appearance; that in every so-called death-hour there are not some with spiritual vision keen enough to discover the spirit in its departure from the empty habitation. The theologians have hotly discussed the question whether the body of Jesus which was buried in the tomb rose from the tomb, or whether the disciples saw the spiritual body released from its earthly habitation. As the question is one impossible to answer with certainty, so it is one not important to answer. Comparing the gospel narratives, something can be said for either hypothesis. But whether the spirit returned to the habitation which it had for a season left, and made use of it to attest the truth that life is immortal, though the body is not, or whether the disciples were given liberty to see in visible and tangible form the spiritual body which is generally concealed from our gross sense, is a matter of small importance. The one significant fact is that the resurrection which takes place at every death has been once attested by witnesses permitted to have sensible evidence of that which is evident to most of us, if at all, by

experiences which defy criticism and analysis, and so transcend explanation and interpretation. I am scarcely less certain that some years after my mother's death I was influenced by her spiritual presence than I am that I have in latter years been influenced by persons corporeally present; but if one serenely and scornfully skeptical asks me for a demonstration of my faith I should only answer him that the evidence is in my own experience, and that I neither can share it with him nor desire to do so.

This, then, is the doctrine of the resurrection. We do not believe—at least I do not—that law has been rudely violated in one extraordinary and unparalleled episode. We believe that a universal law of life, overmastering death, and always superior to it, has had once a visible witness.

Jesus is dead. Of this the disciples can have no doubt. They have seen him led away to crucifixion. One at least of their number has seen the spear thrust into the side, and the telltale flood of blood and water pouring forth. The body has been laid away in the tomb, and the tomb sealed and guarded. But this death has slain more than Jesus. It has slain hope and faith. They had till the last believed he was the Messiah, come to ransom Israel; believed that by some miracle he would escape from the hands of his enemies and lead his followers to a victory which would be the more resplendent because plucked from the jaws of death. And now they know not what to think—are overwhelmed, dazed, stunned. When they think of him they cannot think he deceived them, or that they were deceived in him. When they think of the end they know he cannot be the Messiah. As to the stories of his resurrection, they are women's tales—incredible; and yet did he not say something about rising from the dead? The saying made little impression on them at the time, but now they try to recall his words and feed their famished hope thereon.

But they have no such anticipation of that resurrection as may serve to account for their creating honestly the story.

We cannot, with Renan, regard the record as the production of an enthusiastic imagination and an ardent life without wholly disregarding—yes, even directly and positively repudiating—the testimony of the disciples to their own state of mind. They were utterly disheartened by his death, and had as little expectation of his resurrection as they had before of his crucifixion. When the women find the tomb empty they think it has been robbed. When they bring back to the disciples the angel's message the report of the resurrection seems to the incredulous and despairing men as "idle words, and they believed them not." The two disciples to whom Christ discloses himself at Emmaus are thunderstruck by the appearance. Thomas refuses absolutely to believe without sensible demonstration. Their incredulity is so marked and stubborn that Christ more than once upbraids them for it. The fact of resurrection is not extraordinary; it is in accord with what we who believe at all believe to be the uniform law of life—that death does not touch it. The witnesses to the resurrection of Christ were unprejudiced, unexpectant, incredulous, and their honesty is not doubted even by skeptical criticism.

To those of us, then, who believe in the spirit-world—a spirit-world which environs us and influences us, though through no interpretation of sight or sound—the story of the resurrection of Jesus Christ will seem no myth or legend, but itself an interpreter of experiences when our hearts have burned by the way under influences which we understood not, under the communion of a personality invisible but not unfelt, which came and went as mysteriously as this figure to the disciples in their walk to Emmaus. I do not enter upon any commentary on the simple gospel narrative. But he who reads this story as I have tried to interpret it will find in it an interpretation of those heavenly visitations when a Voice unheard and a Presence unseen has spoken comfort or strength or hope.

The Pulpit.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE RISEN LORD TO THE ELEVEN.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, etc. —LUKE xxiv. 36–44.

THIS is one of the most memorable of our Lord's many visits to his disciples after he had risen from the dead; the fullest and most deliberate of all the manifestations, abounding beyond every other in "infallible proofs." It was the summing up of a series of proofs of the Lord's resurrection. There was the empty tomb and the grave-clothes left therein. Moreover, the holy women had been there, and had seen a vision of angels, who said that Jesus was alive. Magdalene had enjoyed a special interview. Peter and John had been into the empty tomb and had seen for themselves. The report was current that "the Lord was risen indeed, and had appeared unto Simon." They met together in their bewilderment: the eleven of them gathered, as I suppose, to a social meal, for Mark tells us that the Lord appeared unto them "as they sat at meat." It must have been very late in the day, but they were loath to part, and so kept together till midnight. While they were sitting at meat two brethren came in, who, even after the sun had set, had hastened back from Emmaus. These new-comers related how one who seemed a stranger had joined himself to them as they were walking from Jerusalem, had talked with them in such a way that their hearts had been made to burn, and had made himself known unto them in the breaking of bread at the journey's end. They declared that it was the Lord who had thus appeared unto them, and, though they had intended to spend the night at Emmaus, they had hurried back to tell the marvelous news to the eleven. Hence the witness accumulated with great rapidity; it became more and more clear that Jesus had really

risen from the dead. But as yet the doubters were not convinced.

Everything, however, was working up to one point; the most unbelieving of them were being driven into a corner. They must doubt the truthfulness of Magdalene and the other saintly women; they must question the veracity of Simon; they must reject the two newly arrived brethren, and charge them with telling idle tales; or else they must believe that Jesus was still alive, though they had seen him die upon the cross. At that moment the chief confirmation of all presented itself; for "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them." In the presence of one whose loving smile warmed their hearts their unbelief was destined to thaw and disappear.

In this wonderful manifestation of our Lord to his apostles I notice three things worthy of our careful observation: first, this incident teaches us the certainty of the resurrection of our Lord; secondly, it shows us a little of the character of our risen Master; and, thirdly, it gives certain hints as to the nature of our own resurrection when it shall be granted us.

1. First, then, let us see here the certainty of our Lord's resurrection. We have often asserted, and we affirm it yet again, that no fact in history is better attested than the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. It must not be denied, by any who are willing to pay the slightest respect to the testimony of their fellow-men, that Jesus, who died upon the cross, and was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, did literally rise again from the dead.

Observe that when his person appeared in the room the first token that it was Jesus was his speech; they were to have the evidence of hearing; he used the same speech. No sooner did he appear than he spoke. They must have recognized that charming voice.

When Jesus came at last to talk to them about Moses and the prophets and the psalms, he was upon a favorite topic. Then the eleven might have nudged one another and whispered, "It is the Lord." Jesus had, in the later hours, been

continually pointing out the Scriptures which were being fulfilled in himself, and at this interview he repeated his former teaching.

"They were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit;" and thus they did exactly what they had done long before when he came to them walking on the waters. The Holy Spirit was not yet given, and therefore all that they had heard at the Last Supper, and seen in Gethsemane and at the cross, had not yet exercised its full influence upon them; they were still childish and unbelieving.

They had received the evidence of their ears, and that is by no means weak evidence; but now they are to have the evidence of sight; for the Saviour says to them, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself;" "and when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet." John says also "his side," which he specially noted because he had seen the piercing of that side, and the outflow of blood and water. These were the marks of the Lord Jesus by which his identity could be verified. Beyond this there was the general contour of his countenance, and the fashion of the whole man, by which they could discern him. His body, though now in a sense glorified, retained its former likeness; they might perceive that the Lord was no longer subject to the pains and infirmities of our ordinary mortality—else his wounds had not been healed so soon—but yet there remained sure marks by which they knew that it was Jesus and no other. Their sight of the Lord was not a hasty glimpse, but a steady inspection, for John in his First Epistle writes, "Which we have seen and looked upon."

Furthermore, that they might be quite sure, the Lord invited them to receive the evidence of touch or feeling. He called them to a form of examination from which, I doubt not, many of them shrank; he said, "Handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." The Saviour had not assumed a phantom body; there was bone in it as well as flesh; it was as substantial as ever.

Still further to confirm the faith of the disciples, and to

show them that their Lord had a real body, and not the mere form of one, he said, "Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of a honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them."

2. Secondly, will you follow me while I very briefly set forth our Lord's character when risen from the dead?

What is he now that he hath quitted death and all that belongs to it? What is he now that he shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more? He is much the same as he used to be; indeed, he is altogether what he was, for he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Notice, first, that he is still anxious to create peace in the hearts of his people. No sooner did he make himself visible than he said, "Peace be unto you."

Note, again, that he has not lost his habit of chiding unbelief and encouraging faith; for as soon as he has risen, and speaks with his disciples, he asks them, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?"

The next thing is that the risen Lord was still wonderfully patient, even as he had always been. He bore with their folly and infirmity; for "while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered," he did not chide them. He discerned between one unbelief and another, and he judged that the unbelief which grew out of wonder was not so blamable as that former unbelief which denied credible evidence. Instead of rebuke he gives confirmation. He says, "Have ye here any meat?" and he takes a piece of broiled fish, and of a honeycomb, and eats it. Not that he needed food. His body could receive food, but it did not require it. Eating was his own sweet way of showing them that if he could he would solve all their questions.

Observe that our Saviour, though he was risen from the dead, and therefore in a measure in his glory, entered into the fullest fellowship with his own. Peter tells us that they did eat and drink with him. In all ages eating and drinking with one another has been the most expressive token of commu-

nion; and so the Saviour seems to say to us to-day: "I have eaten with you, my people, since I have quitted the grave; I have eaten with you through the eleven who represented you. I have eaten, and I will still eat with you, till we sit down together at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Let me call your attention to the fact that when Jesus had risen from the dead he was just as tender of Scripture as he was before his decease. Here, as if to crown all, he told them that "all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning himself. And he opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead." "It is written" is his weapon against Satan, his argument against wicked men.

Once again, our Saviour, after he had risen from the dead, showed that he was anxious for the salvation of men; for it was at this interview that he breathed upon the apostles, and bade them receive the Holy Ghost, to fit them to go forth and preach the gospel to every creature.

3. I would draw your attention, in the third place, to the light which is thrown by this incident upon the nature of our own resurrection.

First, I gather from this text that our nature, our whole humanity, will be perfected at the day of the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we that may then be alive shall be changed. Jesus has redeemed not only our souls, but our bodies. When the Lord shall deliver his captive people out of the land of the enemy he will not leave a bone of one of them in the adversary's power. The dominion of death shall be utterly broken.

I gather, next, that in the resurrection our nature will be full of peace. Jesus Christ would not have said, "Peace be unto you," if there had not been a deep peace within himself. He was calm and undisturbed. There was much peace about his

whole life; but after the resurrection his peace becomes very conspicuous. There is no striving with scribes and Pharisees, there is no battling with anybody, after our Lord is risen.

When we rise again our nature will find its home amid the communion of saints. When the Lord Jesus Christ had risen again his first resort was the room where his disciples were gathered. His first evening was spent among the objects of his love. Even so, wherever we are we shall seek and find communion with the saints.

In that day, beloved, when we shall rise again from the dead we shall remember the past. Do you not notice how the risen Saviour says, "These are words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you"? He had not forgotten his former state. I think Dr. Watts is right when he says that we shall "with transporting joys recount the labors of our feet."

Observe that our Lord, after he had risen from the dead, was still full of the spirit of service, and therefore he called others out to go and preach the gospel, and he gave them the Spirit of God to help them. When you and I are risen from the dead we shall rise full of the spirit of service.

If you have no share in the living Lord may God have mercy upon you! If you have no share in Christ's rising from the dead then you will not be raised up in the likeness of his glorified body. If you do not attain to that resurrection from among the dead then you must abide in death, with no prospect but that of a certain fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation. Oh, look to Jesus, the Saviour! Only as you look to him can there be a happy future for you. God help you to do so at once, for his dear name's sake! Amen.

RESURRECTION.

REV. I. M. HALDEMAN, WILMINGTON, DEL.

VERY little examination will show that the drift of the times is toward ethics rather than doctrine; toward essay rather

than exposition; a willingness to accept the natural instead of the spiritual; to go down to the human plane instead of remaining on the divine; to preach reformation and not regeneration; to teach the evolution of character from within and not the reception of divine life and character from without. The consequence is seen in the birth of new theologies —theologies which claim a wide liberalism, dignify human nature, invent new theories of death, and give us an eschatology as startling as it is unscriptural. Once admit that human character by natural development may be brought into unity with God, and death becomes simply an experience—a transition from lower to higher realms. With this conception of death resurrection is not a necessity nor a desire; and the end must be that this great, central, shining fact of the Christian faith will be set aside. And more and more is this found to be true in the history of modern preaching. Rarely, if ever, is the story of the resurrection told, at least not as the vertebra of the sermon, not as the groundwork of hope. At the bedside of the dying it is not the consolation preponderantly given; and in the shadow of the grave it is not held out as the ultimate of the Christian faith. "Going to heaven," "Departing to be in glory," "Lifting up songs amid the redeemed," "Entering into the unseen holy"—these are terms testifying of themselves as wide aberrations from the simple statements of the Word.

It is therefore a matter for congratulation that this day of Easter is kept, centrally, by some of our churches; and though fleshly fashion has much to do with the universality of its keeping it is nevertheless a matter of thanksgiving all the same, because it tends to keep before the minds of men the one great fact that otherwise would grow dim—the great fact that there has been a resurrection from the dead.

That the resurrection is the main chord that vibrates the gladness in the gospel sound is self-evident. While it is true that it is good news that Christ died for our sins, that God will accept that brutal murder of his Son as a complete atone-

ment for any believing sinner, yet it is also true that this very death obtains its value to the sinner in that it was followed by the resurrection unto life; and the sunshine of the whole story is that this man, once dead, is now alive.

And this was the story that the men of old went out to tell: the story that a man had risen from the dead; that the long black line of death had been interrupted; that the dismal portals of the grave had been swung open twice—once to receive the dead, but a second time that the dead might go forth again; and that this resurrection was something more than a reviving; it was a rising out of the hand and power of death, a living and eternal triumph above it. This story rang through the world with the clangor of a trumpet. We can hardly realize, at this distance, the impression it made upon a world sunken in the midnight of spiritual ignorance, standing above their dead with falling tears that had in them no rainbow-gleam of hope, and with hands outstretched and empty. It was this that aroused interest, that challenged opposition, that awakened hope, and that produced mockery. It was this that startled the Athenian idlers on the craggy heights of Mars Hill, and aroused them to laughter and contempt. So long as Paul spoke of the being of God, attacked their pantheism, and demolished their temple ideas, they listened. But when he spoke of a dead man coming out of the grave never to die again, they rose in revolt; not that they did not desire that it might be true, but it seemed so in the face of every reason, and so against all the long ages of hopeless hoping, that they set it aside at once as the vain dream of a wild fanatic or the weak babble of an idiotic fool.

The truth, however, is the same to-day. The power of it is the same. The manifestation of it in the hearts of men may be, in a manner, different from of old, and yet even that is a question. Let the ministry of to-day go to dying men and women, and, heartily believing it themselves, set before them in the plainness of divine speech the fact that there is a Man in the heavens to-day; a Man who was once dead, but is now

alive forevermore. Preach the defeat of death and the triumph over the grave as historic facts; preach it as the great middle truth, as the potent truth out of which all others of our faith flow forth; keep it ever lifted up as the justification of all our best endeavors; preach it as the one great thing that rails off the children of God from the children of death; hold it out as the beacon across all the dark waters of time's tumult; throw it out in the face of human fears, and tell it increasingly with joy, "He is risen, he is risen," and men will be aroused and interested. It is too much to say that all will accept it; we know better than that. But whether they accept or whether they reject, they will alike be compelled to acknowledge its startling suggestiveness, and all will be held as by no other testimony mortal lips can tell.

Here, indeed, is the great rock against which all false theories, taking their rise in human pride, must shatter themselves hopelessly. For if resurrection tells anything it tells the *finale* of human effort. It tells that death has stricken down all human advance, all human development, and that here God has entered in and omnipotently done his work alone. Here human strength is epitaphed and the grace of God revealed. It is in the light of this great fact that any false standard of humanity must go down, even when that humanity borrows the fleshly life and earthly career of the Son of God as its pattern and example. The sublime Apostle tells us that though he once knew Christ after the flesh, yet now knows he him no more in that wise; from henceforth he knows him only as a Risen Man. The Son of God on earth lived a life that was much a tragedy and all a poem; a life filled with rare humaneness and pure divineness; a life that revealed God in every lineament. But sweet and beautiful as that earthly life was it is not the exemplar of our lives, nor are we to be conformed to its pattern. It was a humanity that sorrowed and was weak, and had in it the possibilities of death. In the resurrection from the dead he is the same Jesus, it is true, and yet more: he is the Risen Man, the Immortal Man, the Second

Man, the Head and Type of the new and splendid race of deathless sons of God. Out of this great fountain-fact of the resurrection of Christ there outflow wondrous others; facts which supplement and glorify that resurrection from the dead. Chiefest of all is the sweet and tender truth that the "dead in Christ shall rise." The philosophy of it we do not know. It is not a philosophy; it is a fact—a fact divinely revealed. What a message this to deliver! One Son of God has risen from the dead; others shall rise, and they shall rise like unto him. They shall be fashioned like unto his own glorious image. What a word is this to take to men who feel upon them already, amid the coming wrinkles and the throbs of pain, the outstretched hand of death! Shall we speak to them of death, and entrance through it as by an opened door into a glorified spiritual state; or shall we speak to them of death as indeed but "a light affliction, which is but for a moment," and console them with the hope of a resurrection morning and the taking up of an embodied life in the garb of a humanity that shall never grow old or tired or sick?

What a word is this with which to stand in the house of the dead and speak to hearts that ache; to say unto them: "You weep because death is here. Yes, death is an enemy in spite of flowers and garlands, but death is no longer an assured victor. The Son of Mary died and the Son of Mary lay in the tomb. But he is alive to-day, and, like him, your loved ones shall live again; the same dear hearts, changed —how we know not, but changed only as we would wish them changed, and made beautiful beyond death forever."

Let us speak to them, concerning the dead, that they are dwelling in the sunny, sunny land of heaven, filled with new and spirit ways, and we speak in a language that finds no echo in the soul bereaved; nor is it the word and way of God. While it is true that the death of the saint is precious in the sight of the Lord, nevertheless he has bidden us comfort one another with the blessed word that the dead shall rise again. But the story of the resurrection is not half told by

halting here. Jesus rose; the saints shall rise; but Jesus himself is coming to raise them, and the climax of thought is reached when, according to the Word, we stand upon it and say, "At any moment," in the flash of a second, our Lord may come and give life to the dead in his name. It is the picture at Bethany over again, multiplied until our vision is filled. His friends, like Lazarus, are asleep to-day; in every land, in every clime, on heath and on mountain-height, in lonely cairn and beneath the deep, dark sea. But he is coming, as he came to the little village. He is coming that he may wake them out of sleep and bring them forth, like Lazarus, to sit down to the splendid feast amid their friends and with him. As Israel stood this side Jordan and waited but the trumpet-sound to go over into the land long promised, so the church waits this side Jordan, this side judgment. Any moment the Master's voice may sound, and the saints of all ages, living and dead, shall be gathered home. Between us and our dead, whom we love and miss, there is but the sound of Jesus' voice. Any moment that voice may call out of heaven to us, saying, "Come up hither."

What hope, what consolation! It is a door held ajar, through which the morning of an immortal day is already flashing its golden sunlight upon a land of death. It is a voice saying even now, "Fear not; I am he that was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, and have the power over death and the grave."

Let us keep the Easter, then, if Jesus tarries, with sweet flowers and glad song. Let us robe our churches in the fragrance of a year just awaking from the deathlike sleep of winter. Let us hang the lily-whiteness around table and pulpit and desk, and in our homes. Let all the jubilant sounds of earth swing up in one resonant wave of triumphant song. Let us robe ourselves in the sunny gladness of a hope so bright—the hope that defies death, and reaches across all the breadth of graves, and clasps the hand of an immortal friend, and says through any hour of sorrow, "It doth not yet appear what we

shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him"—waking or sleeping, for, waking or sleeping, we are the Lord's; and while it thus chants its faith, hears, rising slow and sweet, and with an olden pathos, out of the deeps of ancient days, the quenchless faith of a twilight child of God: "I know that my Redeemer liveth: . . . and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Episcopal Recorder.

THE RESURRECTION MIRACLE.

REV. ANDREW BONAR, D.D.

THE special sign which pointed out Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God—the Messiah—was resurrection. This was the miracle of miracles, containing in it more of the directly supernatural than all his wondrous deeds. It towered above the rest, so that he who accepted it would find no difficulty in accepting the others, and he who rejected it was not likely to receive any. It was a moral as well as a physical sign, for it was the grand reversal of the old penalty, the divine arrestment of the primeval law: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." That stupendous act of reversal or arrestment could only be accomplished "through the blood of the everlasting covenant"; and that it took place in the person of Him who was bearing our sins demonstrates the greatness of the power put forth and the greatness of the obstacles to overcome. That resurrection of our great Substitute, who went down to the grave under the weight of our sins, was the manifestation of the power of God to an extent and in a way such as no other sign could be.

A Jew regarded resurrection as the most supernatural of all events, the most unambiguous of all miracles. A man who had come up out of the grave, who had conquered death, was looked upon with mysterious awe as one connected with a world outside of us—as one who had communication with God

himself. It was with this feeling of wonder and terror that the Jews flocked to Bethany, "not for Jesus' sake only, but that they might see Lazarus also, whom he had raised from the dead." And when they asked a sign from heaven in proof of the claims of Jesus to be the Messiah the Lord answered, "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas"—that is, *resurrection*. Resurrection from the dead by the power of the Father was to be the great and final seal to his Messiahship. It was the mighty voice from the excellent glory: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

It was this solemn idea of resurrection that alarmed even the unbelieving Jews. For it was to them not only a truth, but truth of so stupendous a character as to be sufficient to demonstrate the divine mission of any one who could plead it. He who could go forth as a risen man to proclaim certain doctrines would carry all before him. Hence the dread of the scribes and Pharisees as to the resurrection of Christ, and their determination to prevent its being made use of in the propagation of the new faith. For three years and a half the miracles of Jesus of Nazareth had troubled and exasperated them; and now there is the fear of something worse than all these, something more fatal to their pretensions: the miracle of miracles—resurrection. The news of his *birth* troubled Jerusalem, and now the rumor of the *resurrection* troubled it again. Both in his birth and resurrection he is the troubler of the city. Its citizens are alarmed. Conscience has made cowards of them all. "We remember," say the chief priests to Pilate, "that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again." They were greatly afraid, and their fears all turned upon the thought of his *resurrection*. Whence arose their alarm? How did they connect the possibility of this resurrection with the overthrow of their triumph and with the demonstration that he was the Messiah of Israel and Son of God?

Resurrection, real or feigned, was an alarming possibility to

them. They were quite aware of the power which such an event would impart to one calling himself a prophet. They were not Sadducees, nor disbelievers in miracles, nor deniers of the supernatural. His own words seem to have haunted them: "After three days I will rise again"—especially as it was in connection with this assertion of his that his condemnation was accomplished. They had denied him and his mission, but evidently the question had been recurring in their minds, "What if it be true, after all?" For the truth, even when rejected, has this mysterious power (which error has not) of rising up in the conscience and perturbing it with the thought of unjust rejection. It was this dread of resurrection that drew forth, in the presence of the judges by whom he had been condemned, these words of dark misgiving: "The last imposture shall be worse than the first." To have to deal with a man who was said to work miracles was arduous enough, but to have to face one who was said to have risen from the dead was something more serious.

The name of "martyr" has always been one of power in behalf of any doctrine or system or sect. "He has *died* for his faith." But a *risen* martyr is something greater; and what a terror to his murderers would he be! No wonder that the priests trembled at the thought or bare possibility that Jesus of Nazareth had risen! *The Quiver.*

THE LOGIC OF EASTER.

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D.D.

And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. . . . If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. . . . If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.—1 COR. xv. 14, 19, 32.

PAUL'S logic on this subject is very striking. He holds the Corinthians strictly to the inevitable and unavoidable state of things that exist if Christ has not risen from the dead. If he

has not risen, then faith is vain, there is no pardon for sins, no hope of immortal blessedness, and no advantage in living a self-sacrificing life, exposed to persecution and to encounters with the wild beasts of the Ephesian amphitheater. In other words, Christianity is out and out a delusion, a snare, and a failure if the Lord has not, in reality, risen conqueror over death; and they who profess it are deceiving themselves and are of all men most miserable. It is this logic—which properly may be termed the logic of Easter—that I desire to follow and apply to guard you against compromise and surrender, and to render more real to your mind and more precious to your heart the resurrection of Christ.

1. If Christ be not risen from the dead, then vain is the Christian's faith. In this hypothesis we who trust him are not pardoned, we are not justified; and what is worse, by our stubborn error we have excluded ourselves from veritable means that may exist somewhere for our spiritual rehabilitation. It might, I think, be shown that belief in him and in his deliverance from the grave has influenced thousands to break away from iniquity, and that this effect deserves to be considered as favorable to belief in the historical event that has proved morally so efficacious. But conceive of our deplorable condition, if sin is a reality and if we are to be judged for it, should we be trusting that to be our salvation which never had existence! Renan declares that Jesus was the greatest religious genius that ever lived; and Strauss says that we know enough of him to be assured that his consciousness was unclouded by the memory of any sin. But how can either view be held if he, after his solemn promises, has never risen from the dead?

Efforts have been made, by those who violently oppose the supernatural, to escape this dilemma by explaining our Lord's words in such a way as not to necessitate a literal resurrection. Keim supposes that the apostles had visions of the glorified Jesus produced by himself, and that though the body remained in the tomb these appearances were, as he expresses it, a kind

of telegram informing them that he yet lived. Renan's explanation of the subject is interesting: "At the moment in which Mahomet expired Omar rushed from the tent, sword in hand, and declared that he would hew down any one who should dare to say that the prophet was no more. . . . Heroes do not die. What is true existence but the recollection of us which survives in the hearts of those who love us? For some years this adored Master had filled the little world by which he was surrounded with joy and hope; could they consent to allow him to the decay of the tomb? No; he had lived so entirely in those who surrounded him that they could but affirm that after his death he was still living." In the historical comparison in this account it is apparently forgotten that not one of the apostles insisted, as Omar did, that the Master was not dead. That sad fact they all admitted, and, indeed, they were slow to credit that he had been freed from the grave. They were not the sort of persons to be misled by such fancies and illusions as are favored by the French critic.

No one has ever yet succeeded in resolving the narrative of this event into figure or myth, and failures in this direction go to prove that the evidence on which the event rests is unimpeachable. And if it is trustworthy, then Christianity rests on a sure foundation, and our faith is in no sense vain, but warrantable and precious.

2. If Christ be not risen from the dead, then vain is the Christian hope. This is the next logical inference from the premises of negation. If he rose not, then they which fell asleep in death have perished, and we only have hope for the life that now is. There is no evading the conclusion that Paul herein denies the reality of immortality, of a future existence to human beings, if Jesus has perished in an unrecognized tomb. If he has been abandoned to decay who shall presume that any individual infinitely his inferior shall survive? And if his unending conscious being has not been attested by his personal and visible return from the unseen world, so as to demonstrate that such a world is not a delusion, who can have

any confidence in its existence? Immortality can only be justified by the argument of reason or the argument of fact.

Men and women have frequently said that were one to return from the dead they would believe in immortality. And our spiritual friends assert that they hold to this belief because they have this very evidence. Whatever may be thought of their proof, that which attests the resurrection of Jesus is admitted to be conclusive by the most competent judges, and we thus having the personal witness of One "who was dead, but is now alive forevermore," should doubt no longer.

That his readers may be impressed with the terrible consequences of rejecting the resurrection of Christ, the author of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, in this connection, declares that if they and we have only hope for this life, "we are of all men most miserable"; and, presumably, the intensity of the misery ought to influence us to admit as true that great event which is its only sufficient remedy. Can we count that man happy who measures his existence by time and anticipates no life beyond? To accumulate a vast estate and to leave behind only a granite shaft in a cemetery—an exclamation-point in stone, expressing amazement that any human being could be content with so pitiable an ambition—is as reasonable a pursuit as any other if there is nothing after death.

Most miserable, not merely because they have advocated a false system, but because the rewards they expected and the immortality they anticipated for themselves and others have no place and no existence. The future suddenly grows black, threatening to engulf in oblivion all souls, when the religion of our Lord ceases to be a certainty. And this certainty is more than jeopardized when the resurrection of Christ is denied. Hope rises not if he rose not. There is not one in all this assembly but owns some quiet grassy spot rendered sacred by the dust of departed friends. Flowers spring up on these melancholy mounds, fit emblems, indeed, of our fragrant but evanescent desires and expectations. If Christ be not risen, then as these daisies and violets wither and are lost in the

earth which they decorated with their beauty, so the hopes which they symbolized must be swallowed up and extinguished in the grave. The globe is either a charnel-house full of rottenness and dead men's bones, whirling through space among the cold, unpitying stars, and destined at last to happy extinction, or it is a suburb of heaven, a natal chamber and nursery of eternity, a domain where life begins and can never end, and where life is prepared for transmigration through the birth-pangs of death into endless and glorified existence—one or the other; and the proof that it is the latter and not the former is furnished by the forsaken sepulcher, where the angelic messenger stood and cried, "He is not here, but has risen, as he said."

3. There is a final calamitous consequence to be considered: if Christ be not risen from the dead, then vain is the Christian's life. "What advantageth it me?" is the passionate and solemn inquiry of Paul. "What profit to expose my person, to endure shame, to contend with wild beasts and beastly men, if the dead rise not? By these sacrifices I am not saving men, for there is no salvation; and by this self-abnegation I am benefiting no one, for I am setting before all an erroneous ideal of happiness. If Christ rose not, then there is no immortality; and if there is no immortality religion is a farce, and efforts to extend it, and particularly painful endeavors, are fruitless of real good. The true aim of life has been lost sight of: 'Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die.'" From this it would seem that, in Paul's opinion, only one of two positions is tenable: either the doctrine of Christ or that of Epicurus. Strange as it may seem to you, these are the real rivals, and we, in the nature of things, become attached to one or the other.

The system of the Greek philosopher was not at the beginning the sensual thing it became later on. Originally it taught "that the pleasure which produces no pain is to be sought; and that the pain which produces no pleasure is to be avoided. The pleasure is to be avoided which prevents a greater plea-

sure or produces a greater pain; the pain is to be endured which averts a greater pain or secures a greater pleasure." Epicurus himself was a man of comparatively blameless character, and his principles are not to be confounded with those of the sensual Cyrenaic school. Horace was one of his followers, and Lucretius extolled him as one of the gods, declaring that while "Ceres gave men corn, and Bacchus wine, Epicurus gave to men the essentials of virtue."

The view taken by this philosopher of death is thus expressed: "Accustom yourself to the thought that death is indifferent; for all good and evil consist in feeling, and what is death but the privation of feeling?" Harmless as these sentiments may appear on the first reading, experience of their working proved that they tended in the long run toward dissoluteness of conduct. Pleasure, even in the high and refined sense intended by their author, is not the end of existence, and cannot be pursued without resulting, as in the Roman empire, in debasing lasciviousness. Such a supreme purpose renders ridiculous the history of heroism and is irreconcilable with the idea of self-sacrifice. It obscures and even obliterates the conception of duty, or restricts it to the sole design of ministering to self-indulgence.

The painful doubt yet remains as to whether it is wisely profitable to spend and be spent for others, and whether common sense justifies sacrifices that are rarely appreciated and that are not demanded by a divine law which the Highest himself has honored and proved to be the unfailing condition of the purest and most permanent good. The resurrection of Jesus has shown that such a life is not in vain. Had he remained in the tomb not even his masterly beneficence would have given to him the power he has exerted for these twenty centuries. There would have been something lacking. The commanding majesty of his presence would have been less, and the authority of his word and example would not have been as absolute in influencing human thought and conduct. If this is doubted let the experiment be made of preaching a

beautiful Christ who has perished like others; and unless the hearers have already been drilled to reverence by what has been repeated about his resurrection, it will be found that while they may admire they will not be overawed by the imperative authority of his career.

But this self-denying Benefactor is thrust into a grave, and the life appears to have merely been a sweet poem in deeds, but forever deprived of power. On the third day he rose from the dead. That simple but sublime fact changes everything. The Almighty has affirmed by this tremendous event that he is on the side of self-sacrifice; that he will always in the fullness of time justify it; that it never can be fruitless; and that though its marvelous potency may be hidden in a tomb, not merely for three days, but for three centuries, it shall at last assert itself and prosper gloriously. Hence, in view of our Saviour's triumph, Paul was satisfied that it did advantage him to fight with beasts at Ephesus; and hence, likewise, as he closes his argument he waves forever Epicurean ideals out of court, exclaiming, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

THE EFFECT OF THE RESURRECTION UPON THE CHARACTER OF PETER.

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We reason back from effects to causes. Given a certain effect there must be an adequate cause. Nothing but the reality of Christ's resurrection can account for the deep dent which he made upon human consciousness, the mighty change which he effected in the trend of the world's history.

In a scientific age like ours it is difficult indeed to admit the

possibility of supernatural intrusion. We are impatient of any break in the sublime continuity of natural processes. The Second Part of "Faust" fails to interest us, because it introduces so many supernatural characters. It is harder now than it used to be to believe that any man ever rose from the dead. We speak of death as that bourn from whence no traveler returns. The commonest men nowadays have historic imagination and the power mentally to reproduce the distant past as if it were yesterday, and they resent miracle, or, as has been said, relegate it to the cathedral window. We no longer believe in Christ because of his miracles, but we believe in miracles because we believe in Christ. Nor do I think that our reluctant acceptance of the supernatural has in itself anything inherently sinful.

If truth slips through our fingers because of our trembling eagerness to grasp nothing but the truth, is that a sin? Is such a soul to be put in the same category with the scribes and Pharisees of old, who, with the evidence of Christ's divinity before their very face and eyes, refused to do him homage because they hated him, because they loved darkness rather than light, their deeds being evil? If we had known and loved Lazarus, if we had seen him die, if we had placed our hand against his cold, sunken cheek, if we had committed him to his sepulcher, and if, then, at the voice of Christ, we had seen him emerge, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, no one could have convinced us that Christ had not raised him from the dead. But now we say, "It happened so very long ago." The reality of the event fades out, as a bird flying from us dwindles into a speck and at last disappears in the sky. It is hard nowadays to swing Christianity into the ordinary man's consciousness miracle-end to. We let that all go. We come to Christ; we sit at his feet; we accept the revelation which he makes, in his words and in his character, of the Fatherhood of God; we try to shape our lives by his. And there gradually forms in our minds a conviction of his divinity. The deeper we press into the secret of his unique personality the

more credible become the records of his supernatural birth and his resurrection. The miracle would be that such a man should be born and should die like all the rest of us. Such truths cannot be demonstrated; but the probability of them being established in the mind, we live according to them, and, little by little, we arrive at a certainty which amounts to a demonstration.

We climb the mountain of truth, not on its precipitous side, but by gradual ascent. The *rationale* of true discipleship is described in our Lord's own words: "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy Word. Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee." How gradual the way by which these first disciples attained to the thought of our Lord's divinity! First they belonged to God; that is, they were lovers of the truth. Then God by his providence and Spirit brought them within the reach of Christ. Then Christ manifested to them God's name or character as a loving Father. Then they kept the Word; that is, tried to live as if God were their Father. And then, as the ultimate achievement, they gained a glimmering conception of the divinity of Christ. Our best faiths do not come to us overnight; they result from slow accretion.

Now, nothing but the actual resurrection of Christ can adequately account for the events that followed his death, the change in the spirit and character of his disciples, and the consequent rise of Christianity. Every other theory breaks down; and while the evidence from hearsay becomes weaker with the flight of years, the certainty which comes from reasoning back from the effect to the cause is intensified through the lapse of time. The greater and more enduring the result the more real and transcendent seems the cause. As solid masonry gradually displaces trestlework in a railroad, so, while the supernatural events in the life of Christ grow shadowy and dim as we gaze at them through the many intervening years,

yet we are reassured of their reality in a cumulative ratio as we behold the unfolding of their mighty effects in human history—in the state, in the home, and in the individual life.

Taking a single sample of the effects of the resurrection, it would be difficult indeed to account for Peter's subsequent character and conduct except on the ground that he had seen the risen Lord. We know nothing of the details of that first meeting between Christ and Peter after the resurrection. Paul alludes to it in the words, "He was seen of Cephas." When the two disciples returned from Emmaus they were told by the rest, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." After Peter's shameful denial of Christ what tenderness and delicacy our Lord shows in granting him this interview apart from the other disciples! He follows his own rule: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." What a hallowing influence must this private interview with the risen Lord have had over the whole of Peter's after-life! Timid before, chased by a driven leaf, fickle and impulsive as his own Galilean lake, like seafaring men easily scared by the supernatural, shrieking with terror as he beheld Christ walking on the waves, a raw recruit under fire taking to his heels in the garden without standing on the order of his going, turning white at the servant-girl's implicating question; afterward, the man of rock, he trembles not when Christ predicts his martyrdom, he looks with steadfast gaze into the hollow eyes of death, and challenges the sanhedrim in the blunt words, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." Proud and self-willed before, frequently remonstrating with Christ, contradicting him, trying to manage him, quarreling for the first place at the table, walking on the sea so as to beat the rest, claiming that though all the rest should be offended he would never be offended; afterward humbly saying, "Thou knowest all things [as much as to say, "I don't know anything"]; thou knowest that I love thee." No longer is he the young fisherman, girding himself and walking whither he

would, but the serious apostle, acquiescing in wholesome restraints, carried, often against his own will, whither his Lord would have him go. *Independent.*

THE SLEEPERS WAKENED.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation. This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland to this very day there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens; and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail, Easter morning! flowers, flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I hear it say, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose and it seems to whisper, "I am the Rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Flowers, flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers, flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers, flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning. "Glory be to the Father, and to

the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Oh, how bright and how beautiful the flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ and his religion, that brightens our life, brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the church, brightens everything! You who go with gloomy countenance, pretending you are better than I am because of your lugubriousness, you cannot cheat me. Pretty case you are for a man that professes to be more than a conqueror! It is not religion that makes you gloomy, it is the lack of it. There is just as much religion in a wedding as in a burial; just as much religion in a smile as in a tear. Those gloomy Christians we sometimes see are the people to whom I like to lend money, for I never see them again! The women came to the Saviour's tomb and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Saviour's tomb, and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and the stark and the dead must come forth. I care not how labyrinthine the mausoleum, or how costly the sarcophagus, or however beautifully parterred the family grounds; we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we close with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be retuned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting—waiting for the resurrection, waiting! And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.

My friends, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has

risen so his people will rise. He is the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He is "the first-fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your loved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy—on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave; and, while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. Christ is "the first-fruits of them that slept." If I should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world you would say, Alexander, Cæsar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah, my friends! you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these—a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chalons, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death.

He carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea—an abandoned ship plowing through immensity. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God! in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his scepter shall be broken and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus is "the first-fruits of them that slept."

Now around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me this morning and say, "If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this and how is that?" and you ask me a thousand questions I am

incompetent to answer; but there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say, "I won't believe anything I can't understand."

Why, putting down one kind of flower-seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower-seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike—are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain why the oak-leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of his omnipotence on a rose-leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about every-day life you cannot answer.

I find my strength in this passage: "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You can go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn: when he was in China his foot was amputated; he lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated; he is buried to-day in Greenwood: in the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies; in the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into the dust, and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable; an animal may eat the vegetable, men eat the animal; in the resurrection, that body distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's Word: "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the

resurrection, that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth and they will cry, "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption, surrender them now in incorruption." Hundreds of spirits hovering about the crags of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

All along the sea-route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the "City of Boston" perished. Found at last. There is where the "President" perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the "Central America" went down. Spirits hovering —hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and orators come forth—wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash! go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of a wheel or a clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across mountain and ocean, the earth will give one terrific shudder, and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend and Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air,

and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life; all faces, all ages, all conditions gazing in one direction and upon one throne—the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, Christ 'the first-fruits of them that slept,' Christ's rising a promise and a prophecy of the rising of all his people, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you some things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

You need have no doubt in regard to your resurrected body that it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist, and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel, and batter and bruise it here and there, and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations; but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms.

Nor can we doubt that it will be a perfect body. There you will see the perfect eye, after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand, after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic, after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body. *Christian Herald.*

THE SOUL'S EASTER.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

AMONG all the bright Sabbaths of the round year the brightest is that which commemorates the most thrilling fact in the history of the human race—Christ's triumph over the power of death and the grave. Easter bells ring from church towers, Easter flowers make the house of God fragrant, and Easter hymns are pitched to the most jubilant key. All this is very beautiful and inspiring; but there are multitudes of people who profess and call themselves Christians who need something more than flowers or songs or Easter sermons. Their daily lives are not very joyous or vigorous; it is gasping for breath rather than a growth in grace. There is not much bloom or fragrance in their religion. Their spiritual pulse is low; their spiritual joys are about as few and scanty as sunshiny days are in Alaska. The most that they can honestly say for themselves is, "Well, I think that I was converted some time ago, and I am a member of the church, and I hope that I am a Christian." They are like the conies, "a feeble folk"—with little muscle in their faith, little ring in their devotion, and little power in their influence on those around them. What these people need to have is a genuine *Easter for their souls.*

1. The Easter message to them is: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, and not on things of the earth." We seldom get better things than we seek for; and you, my good friends, may be grubbing away—like Bunyan's man with his muck-rake—among the straws and rubbish while there is a crown in the air above you. What you need is first to look higher and then strive to live higher. Set your mind on something better than merely getting *on* in the world, and aim at getting *up*,

which is infinitely more important. Adding dollar to dollar in your income, or adding room to room in your dwelling, or round to round in the ladder of social promotion, is not the true mark of the prize for the Christian. There is a loftier realm of spiritual life—of which the risen Christ is the center—that you should strive to rise into. This need not make you a visionary or a sentimentalist, or any less a practical, every-day Christian. You may make these every-day duties in your business, in your shop or study, in your home or elsewhere, the stages in your climb upward toward Jesus Christ. Dr. Maclaren has wisely said that "no man is so well able to perform the smallest duties here, or bear the passing trouble of this world of illusion and change, as he to whom everything on earth is dwarfed by the eternity beyond as a hut is dwarfed beside a palace—and is *great* because it is like a little window a foot square through which infinite depths of sky with all their stars shine in upon him." So you may make your every-day duties—even the simplest and the plainest—to be the rounds in that ladder by which you attain to "the things above."

2. In order to attain this higher and stronger and sweeter and really happier life you must honestly desire to possess it. Sick and tired of being what you are, you must yearn for something better, and this must voice itself in prayer. Probably you have done but little praying, especially in secret, and what you have done has been from the throat and not from the heart. If you want to be lifted into the warm, pure atmosphere of fellowship with Christ you must use the wings of fervent prayer. Lay hold of the promises of divine strength. There is a prodigious *lift* in the prayer of faith. When I once kneeled beside Spurgeon at his family altar and heard him pour forth a most wonderful prayer, I discovered one of the secrets of his power. He was laying hold of God with what the old Scotch doorkeeper called "close grups." Then, my friend, *seek* those things that are above, strive in fervent prayer after them, and you may be sure that the risen Christ will

manifest himself to you as he did to his disciples in the evening of that Easter Sabbath in Jerusalem.

3. As you look searchingly into your own heart you will probably find that a great many besetting sins have found house-room there. A cleaning and clearing out is necessary if you would have the Master dwell there. You must make a fresh surrender of your heart to that loving Lord, and that will amount to a *reconversion*. Peter got such a reconversion, and what a different man it made of him! No more bragging and cowardly skulking now! Peter, after his baptism of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, was as superior to the Peter in Pilate's courtyard as an athlete is to a sickly child. He had, indeed, risen into Christ—into a close and vital and victorious union with his Lord. It was a prodigious lift that hoisted the sleeper in Gethsemane and the coward of Pilate's court up into the heroic thunderer whose single sermon converted three thousand souls. Oh, if this Easter season could see a thorough reconversion and reconsecration of God's people, what a pentecostal power our churches would attain! What a new liberality in giving and new zeal in working! What a new revelation of the risen Christ to an ungodly world! for assuredly that world never will be converted by men and women who are gasping for life themselves. Even such a soldier of Christ as Charles G. Finney confessed that he sometimes found that his preaching had no power to awaken or convert souls; he seemed to be firing only blank cartridges. When he put himself into close connection with Jesus Christ and sought a fresh baptism, the currents of spiritual power flowed again mighty and irresistible. On a certain morning Dr. Horace Bushnell told his wife that he had had a revelation made to him. When asked what it was he replied, "The gospel." He said that the glorious core-truth of the gospel had broken upon him as an inspiration from heaven; he had got a spirit-illuminated conception of Jesus Christ. From that time onward he rose from doubts and partial glimpses into a freeness and fullness of communion with God such as he had never enjoyed before.

Something similar to this in kind, though not in full degree, has happened to tens of thousands of Christ's people. They have realized their low estate and begun to "seek those things which are above." Instead of grieving and thwarting the Holy Spirit, they have prayed to be filled with the Holy Spirit and have sought a fresh baptism. Instead of leaving their Christian lives in the condition of yonder cathedral up on Lafayette Avenue, where for twenty years there has been a mere foundation and no edifice on it, they have laid hold of "*building up themselves* on their most holy faith, . . . in the love of God." They have added to their faith courage, meekness, temperance, patience, and the other graces that beautify the Christian. A happy and a glorious Easter will this one be to all of us who get a new vision of the risen Christ, and prostrate ourselves in humble adoration at his feet, and cry out, "Rabboni, Rabboni!" Then shall we set our hearts, lifted into a new atmosphere, on things above, and reach an actual *higher life*. We shall know more of what it is to live by Christ, in Christ, for Christ, and with Christ, till we reach the marvelous light around the throne in glory.

Independent.

THE SEVEN WORDS OF JESUS ON THE CROSS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. J. CH. RIGGENBACH, PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN BASEL, BY REV. J. B. RUST.

Woman, behold thy son! . . . Behold thy mother!—JOHN xix. 26, 27.

IN these words Christ recognizes the bonds of human affection. He sanctifies them. Yes, he establishes new ones. He continues to create the most intimate unions, like those made at the foot of the cross, between persons who are not bound by family ties. Oh, how our earthly relations would be vivified, purified, renewed, refreshed, and sanctified, if we would permit the Lord Jesus to say to us, "Behold thy father, thy

mother; behold thy son, thy daughter; behold thy husband, thy spouse; behold thy man-servant, thy maid-servant; behold thy master, thy mistress!" If we were to accept from the Lord what he grants our neighbors—that is, if we would not allow ourselves to be hindered by their faults and shortcomings, through which we conceive a dislike for them, and would remember why the Lord has intrusted them to us, and would study our conduct toward them—do you think there would be so much bitterness and division, so much selfishness, faithlessness, pride, and jealousy among mankind as there is at present?

The words of Christ—"Behold thy son, . . . thy mother!"—only display their full power when we call the fact earnestly to mind that they were spoken on the cross.

And what do they say? In the first place, that our neighbors as well as we, and we as well as our neighbors, being mutually directed to one another, belong to the people for whom Christ had to die upon the cross. We are of the multitude of sinners who have been and are conceived in sin, and hence are not authorized to expect them to be free from faults and transgressions. And again, we must not forget that it is the crucified Christ who says to us, "Behold thy son! Behold thy mother!"—or whosoever among thy neighbors it may be—and that he wants to remind us that he died as well for them as for us, and that therefore we are to labor that they may be edified and may come to an understanding of his sacred deeds of mercy. We must have a care that they be not driven away from our side by some offense, and must watch our own souls that we receive no offense from them. Behold your son, your mother, your neighbor, for whom Christ died as well as for you! What do you owe him, as well as yourself, for this?

Oh, what a duty of sacred love and holy watchfulness springs out of this for us! Here the hatred of father and mother, of wife and children, yea, of one's own life, must introduce itself—that hatred of everything only human, wickedly

human, in them and in us; of everything with which they may hinder us in faithfulness to Christ. All this we must hate and abjure for the sake of Christ; yes, for the sake of our neighbors, in order that we may truly love them in him; that we may be lovingly interested in their souls' salvation as we are in our own. This does not exclude humility linked with patience. But as heartily patient as we are, so relentlessly determined we must be to battle against everything in us and in them that is not of God. Oh, how much idle complaisance to flesh and blood, how much deceptive talk and false silence to please men, would cease, if we would become filled with the truth that the Saviour of sinners calls from the cross, "Behold thy son, thy mother, thy neighbor, for whose salvation I suffer!" Do not ruin one for whom Christ died.

IMMORTALITY.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE BY REV. JOHN H. BARROWS.

BUT nothing has pierced the darkness of the grave with so swift a gleam of faith in the life beyond as the impulse that is born of love. All happiness springing out of human affection has an instinctive, and—is it not?—a divinely begotten horror of death. The great French artist Poussin has pictured for us the happy Grecian shepherds finding, even in Arcadian forests, the dread reminder that earthly joys are not perpetual. A great critic, the late Charles Blanc, thus describes the scene: "In a wild, woody country, the sojourn of the happiness sung by the poets, shepherds walking with their loves have discovered, under a thicket of trees, a tomb, with this half-effaced inscription: '*Et in Arcadia ego*'—'I too have lived in Arcadia.' These words, issuing from the tomb, sadden their faces, and the smiles die upon their lips. A young woman, leaning upon the shoulder of her lover, remains mute, pensive, and seems to listen to this salutation from the dead. The idea of

death has also plunged into reverie the youth who leans over the tomb with bowed head, while the oldest shepherd points out with his finger the inscription he has just discovered. The landscape that completes the quiet and silent picture shows reddened leaves upon the arid rocks, hillocks that are lost in the vague horizon, and afar off something ill defined is perceived that resembles the sea."

Even those whose lives are a carnival of sensual pleasure, and the theater for the display of every glittering vanity, shudder at the icy destroyer who sweeps away the banqueting-house of the soul as an Alpine glacier crushes the rotten timbers of a Swiss chalet. But innocent or holy love, whether of friend, mother, or child, not only rebels at death, but has in it the instinct of immortality. By loving love grows greater and demands continuance.

RISEN WITH CHRIST.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

SEEK the things above. That is the first thing. It is your privilege, your possibility, and your duty to reach the highest, holiest, and happiest life that divine grace can impart to you. Just what happened to the disciples when they sought and obtained the "power from on high" may in no small measure be your experience if you will seek a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit and make a fresh and full surrender of yourself to Christ. That will be a reconversion. What a different man Peter is in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles from the crude, inconstant Peter in the Book of John! No more vain boastings and cowardly lies now! Peter on the day of Pentecost is as superior to Peter in Pilate's courtyard as a stalwart man is to a puny, stumbling child. He had risen with Christ and into Christ. He had been baptized into a clearer illumination and lifted into a close, vital, and victorious union with his Lord. It was a prodigious push that carried the sleeper in Gethsem-

ane and the coward in Pilate's yard up to the heroic thunderer whose sermon converted three thousand souls. Something similar to this in kind, though not in degree, has happened to thousands of God's people. They have awakened to their low condition. Instead of quenching the Holy Spirit, they have come to Jesus on their knees in honest confession, and have sought a new baptism. They have begun to clear out the sins that have monopolized most of the house-room in their hearts. They have sought a reconversion, a fresh quickening from on high. New light has burst in, new strength has been imparted, new joy has been kindled. They have flung off the grave-clothes and "put on Christ." Now they can sing with Charles Wesley:

> Thou, O Christ, art all I want—
> More than all in thee I find.

THOUGHTS PERTINENT TO EASTER-DAY.

EASTER concludes what Christmas begins. The December festival celebrates not only the infancy of Jesus, but the childhood of Christianity; while the festival of spring commemorates the triumphs of his manhood over death, and the survival of spiritual life in a world hostile to its existence and expansion. With the coming of cold and frost a babe is born, like a timid flower springing up in winter, prophetic of unfailing summer; and with the return of warmth and verdure the grave surrenders its divine guest, and with his resurrection the highest hopes and purest graces of human hearts revive and flourish. It is then that multitudes forget for a time their humiliations and their cares, their degradations and their losses, in the consciousness of exalted fellowship with the triumphant Christ, and in the glorious expectation of endless personal felicity. Then a thrill is experienced such as nature may be supposed to feel at the approach of the vernal equinox; for then, rising superior to the senses, which discern no signs in the stillness

and silence of unnumbered graves but of corruption and decay, faith grasps and rejoices in the truth of immortality. Let patriotism have its high days and freedom its monuments, and let the triumphs of navigators and generals be annually observed; but surely, beyond all these, a season that stands for as much to the race as Easter does may well be remembered each year with songs and flowers and with every mark of gratitude and of loftiest jubilation.

REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER, D.D.

THINE, O death, was the furrow; we cast therein the precious seed. Now let us wait and see what God shall bring forth for us. A single leaf falls—the bud at its axil will shoot forth many leaves. The husbandman bargains with the year to give back a hundred grains for the one buried. Shall God be less generous? Yet, when we sow, our hearts think that beauty is gone out, that all is lost. But when God shall bring again to our eyes the hundredfold beauty and sweetness of that which we planted, how shall we shame over that dim faith that, having eyes, saw not, and ears, heard not, though all heaven and all the earth appeared and spake, to comfort those who mourn!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MANY of you, nay, most of you, know full well what it is to have a sepulcher in the garden of your lives. You know the shadow that it sheds over all the pleasant alleys and the bordered paths. You need not be told how it changes the place for you into something other than it was. But there is another aspect. Not a spot in all the inclosure brought to Joseph of Arimathea so enduring joy as the very place he had builded for sorrow. And the sepulcher in your garden may do the same for you. It may be a resurrection spot for your soul. Out of this sorrow which wraps you round you may rise into a purer and serener day. The rolling of the great stone to the door may mark the finishing and hiding away of

one portion of our Christian life, and the rolling away of that stone on the third morning may be the commencement of a higher and more consecrated one. And if this be the case, then the sepulcher spot in your days will be the most blessed of all. Its joys will reach farther, shine clearer, endure longer, than any belonging to the hours when your garden knew no tomb. Using your sorrow, it may teach you, as it has taught many, how to say:

"Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep."

REV. G. L. WALKER, D.D.

SEE THE LAND, HER EASTER KEEPING.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and garlands hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted—
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

EASTER HYMN.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

Tune: "Jerusalem, the Golden."

Oh, glorious Easter morning!
Oh, day of peace and light!
One precious name adorning
With lilies pure and white;

A gladsome message bringing
Of love that knows no fear;
The sweetest anthem singing—
"The risen Christ is here."

He comes with gifts of healing
For wounded hearts that mourn;
A sunlit path revealing,
A world with pain unknown.

He comes with life eternal,
With hope and joy and peace;
Oh, happiness supernal,
When want and woe shall cease!

He gave his life for others,
Alike for you and me;
He counts us as his brothers—
All one, no bond nor free.

The bands of sin are broken;
The poor and the oppressed
Hear the sweet gospel spoken:
"Come unto me and rest."

Oh, glorious Easter morning
  Oh, day of peace and light!
One precious name adorning
  With lilies pure and white;

A gladsome message bringing
  Of love that knows no fear;
The sweetest anthem singing—
  "The risen Christ is here."

New York Observer.

EASTER REFLECTIONS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Up and down our lives obedient
Walk, dear Christ, with footsteps radiant,
Till those garden lives shall be
Fair with duties done for thee;
And our thankful spirits say,
"Christ arose on Easter day."

EASTER BELLS.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Ring, hallowed bells of Easter,
  From spire and turret ring,
And herald to the listening earth
  The coming of the King;
The King who comes in glory,
  The King who comes with state,
Who yesterday was lying
  The slain of scorn and hate.

Ring, joyous bells of Easter,
Death hath not conquered Life;
Victorious is our risen Lord,
And finished all his strife.
From Calvary's mount of darkness,
Lo! starry lilies bloom;
For by the cross we conquer
And fearless face the tomb.

Ring, merry bells of Easter,
The winter-time is past;
The birds return to build and sing,
The flowers are here at last,
Sweet tokens of our Father,
Whose kindness ne'er forgets
To send us back the snowdrops
And sow the violets.

Ring, solemn bells of Easter,
With many a thrilling chord,
In sign of their triumphant life
Who now are with the Lord.
Forever free from sorrow,
Forever free from sin,
Our dear ones in the blessed home,
Who safe have entered in.

Ring, glorious bells of Easter,
Beyond the farthest star;
Send out your wondrous message,
The jeweled gates unbar!
For lo! the King is coming,
The King of life and love,
And earth is glad in all her coasts,
And heaven is glad above.

Christian Intelligencer.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens—and earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

LIFE IN CHRIST.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same.
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Historical.—The special recognition, on some particular Sunday, of the children of the church, has marked the practice of some churches long before any general observance of "Children's Day." A noteworthy practice has been the recognition each year, in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, of which Dr. R. S. Storrs is pastor, of all the baptized children who have that year reached the age of seven, by the public presentation to each of a bouquet of flowers and a Bible. It was suggested to the Centenary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1865, to establish a Children's Fund for the aid of the Sunday-schools, and appoint a day for the gathering of the offerings. In 1867 the Universalist Convention recommended a day for the dedication of children in all the churches; and in 1868 the Methodist General Conference recommended "that the second Sunday in June be annually observed as Children's Day, and that in Sunday-schools efforts be made for the collection of an average of five cents for each child enrolled." This seems to give the Methodists the honor of beginning the regular observance of the day. In 1880 the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Sunday-schools by Robert Raikes was observed by many denominations in England and America on one of the Sundays of June; in 1881 Children's Day was recommended by the London Methodist Ecumenical Conference; and in 1882 the General Conference of the Evangelical Association appointed the last Sunday in June to be Children's Day. In May, 1883, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church appointed a Children's Day, but recommended, after the Methodist example, the second Sunday in June. The National Council of Congregational Churches the following October made the same recommendation; and other denominations have joined in the observance, and the day has become one of the most widely known and most joyfully observed of Christian festivals.

The founders of the day desired to furnish a fitting occasion to increase the gifts to the Children's Fund, especially for the cause of education; and so to furnish a bond of connection between Sunday-school scholars and the higher institutions of learning in the church, and also to educate and elevate the young by presenting to them attractively the truest ideals of character and life.

The celebration has been marked by large gatherings of the children in the churches, which are adorned with flowers for the occasion; the singing of special hymns and anthems; the preaching of sermons to children, and about them to parents, teachers, and guardians; and the baptism of children.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

A SERMON BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.—MARK x. 13–16.

1. LET us describe the sin of hindering young children from coming to Christ. First, I may say of it that it is very common; it must be common, or else it would not have been found among the twelve apostles. The immediate disciples of our Lord were a highly honorable band of men; despite their mistakes and shortcomings they must have been greatly sweetened by living near to One so perfect and so full of love. I gather, therefore, that if these men, who were the cream of the cream, rebuked the mothers who brought their young children to Christ, it must be a pretty common offense in the church of God. I fear that the chilling frost of this mistake is felt almost everywhere. Have we laid ourselves out for the conversion of children as much as we have done for the conversion of grown-up folks? What! do you think me sarcastic? Do you not lay yourselves out for anybody's conversion? What must I say to you? It is dreadful that the Cainite spirit should enter a believer's heart and make him say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But tell me now, if you did care for the salvation of souls, would you not think it too commonplace a matter to begin with the boys and girls? Yes; and your feeling is shared by many; the fault is common.

I believe, however, that this feeling, in the case of the apostles, was caused by zeal for Jesus. These good men thought that the bringing of children to the Saviour would cause an interruption. He was engaged in much better work: he had been confounding the Pharisees, instructing the masses, and healing the sick. Could it be right to pester him with children? The little ones would not understand his teachings, and they did not need his miracles; why should they be brought in to disturb his great doings? Thus in these days certain brethren would hardly like to receive many children into the church, lest it should become a society of boys and girls. Surely, if these come into the church in any great numbers, the church may be spoken of in terms of reproach! The outside world will call it a mere Sunday-school! I remember that when a fallen woman had been converted in one of our country towns there was an objection among certain professors to her being received into the church; and certain lewd fellows of the baser sort even went the length of advertising upon the walls the fact that the Baptist minister had baptized a harlot. I told my friend to regard it as an honor. Even so, if any reproach us with receiving young children into the church, we will bear the reproach as a badge of honor.

The apostles' rebuke of the children arose in a measure from ignorance of the children's need. If any mother in that throng had said, "I must bring my child to the Master, for he is sore afflicted with a devil," neither Peter nor James nor John would have demurred for a moment, but would have assisted in bringing the possessed child to the Saviour. Or supposing another mother had said, "My child has a pining sickness upon it—it is wasted to skin and bone; permit me to bring my darling, that Jesus may lay his hands upon her," the disciples would have said, "Make way for this woman and her sorrowful burden." But these little ones with bright eyes and prattling tongues and leaping limbs, why should they come to Jesus? Ah, friends, they forgot that in those children, with all their joy, their health, and their apparent inno-

cence, there was a great and grievous need for the blessing of a Saviour's grace. If you indulge in the novel idea that your children do not need conversion, that children born of Christian parents are somewhat superior to others and have good within them which only needs development, one great motive for your devout earnestness will be gone. Believe me, brethren, your children need the Spirit of God, else they will go astray as other children do.

Also, no doubt, this feeling that children may not come to Christ may be derived from a doubt about their capacity to receive the blessing which Jesus is able to give. Upon this subject, if I were at this moment to deal with facts alone, and not with mere opinion, I could spend the whole morning in giving details of young children whom I have personally conversed with, some of them very young children indeed. I will say broadly that I have more confidence in the spiritual life of the children that I have received into this church than I have in the spiritual condition of the adults thus received. I will even go further than that, and say that I have usually found a clearer knowledge of the gospel and a warmer love of Christ in the child-converts than in the man-converts. I will even astonish you still more by saying that I have sometimes met with a deeper spiritual experience in children of ten and twelve than I have in certain persons of fifty and sixty.

Capacity for believing lies more in the child than in the man. We grow less rather than more capable of faith; every year brings the unregenerate mind farther away from God, and makes it less capable of receiving the things of God. No ground is more prepared for the good seed than that which has not yet been trodden down as the highway, nor has been as yet overgrown with thorns. Not yet has the child learned the deceits of pride, the falsehoods of ambition, the delusions of worldliness, the tricks of trade, the sophistries of philosophy; and so far it has an advantage over the adult. In any case the new birth is the work of the Holy Ghost, and he can as easily work upon youth as upon age.

Some, too, have hindered the children because they have been forgetful of the child's value. The soul's price does not depend upon its years. "Oh, it is only a child!" "Children are a nuisance." "Children are always getting in the way." This talk is common. God forgive those who despise the little ones! Will you be very angry if I say that a boy is more worth saving than a man? It is infinite mercy on God's part to save those who are seventy; for what good can they now do with the fag-end of their lives? When we get to be fifty or sixty we are almost worn out; and if we have spent all our early days with the devil what remains for God? But these dear boys and girls—there is something to be made out of them. If now they yield themselves to Christ they may have a long, happy, and holy day before them in which they may serve God with all their hearts. Who knows what glory God may have of them? Heathen lands may call them blessed. Whole nations may be enlightened by them. O brethren and sisters, let us estimate children at their true valuation, and we shall not keep them back, but we shall be eager to lead them to Jesus at once.

2. Secondly, concerning this hindering of children, let us watch its action. I think the result of this sad feeling about children coming to the Saviour is to be seen, first, in the fact that often there is nothing in the service for the children. The sermon is over their heads, and the preacher does not think that this is any fault; in fact, he rather rejoices that it is so. Some time ago a person who wanted, I suppose, to make me feel my own insignificance wrote to say that he had met with a number of negroes who had read my sermons with evident pleasure; and he wrote that he believed they were very suitable for what he was pleased to call "niggers." Yes, my preaching was just the sort of stuff for niggers. The gentleman did not dream what sincere pleasure he caused me; for if I am understood by poor people, by servant-girls, by children, I am sure I can be understood by others.

Parents sin in the same way when they omit religion from

the education of their children. Perhaps the thought is that their children cannot be converted while they are children, and so they think it of small consequence where they go to school in their tender years. But it is not so. Many parents even forget this when their girls and boys are closing their school-days. They send them away to the Continent, to places foul with every moral and spiritual danger, with the idea that there they can complete an elegant education. In how many cases I have seen that education completed, and it has produced young men who are thorough-paced profligates and young women who are mere flirts! As we sow we reap. Let us expect our children to know the Lord. Let them read their first lessons from the Bible. It is a remarkable thing that there is no book from which children learn to read so quickly as from the New Testament; there is a charm about that book which draws forth the infant mind.

Another ill result is that the conversion of children is not believed in. Certain suspicious people always file their teeth a bit when they hear of a newly converted child; they will have a bite at him if they can. They very rightly insist upon it that these children should be carefully examined before they are baptized and admitted into the church; but they are wrong in insisting that only in exceptional instances are they to be received. We quite agree with them as to the care to be exercised; but it should be the same in all cases—neither more nor less in the cases of children. I thank God that the most of those dear children who have been added to this church could stand a rigid examination in doctrinal matters and would bear favorable comparison with the older folks; but still it seems to me a very hard thing that a high degree of knowledge should be expected of them.

A very solemn person once called me from the playground after I had joined the church, and warned me of the impropriety of playing at trap, bat, and ball with the boys. He said, "How can you play like others if you are a child of God?" I answered that I was employed as an usher and it was part

of my duty to join in the amusements of the boys. My venerable critic thought that this altered the matter very materially; but it was clearly his view that a converted boy, as such, ought never to play! What foolery, brethren! I will say no more.

Do not others expect from children more perfect conduct than they themselves exhibit? If a gracious child should lose his temper or act wrongly in some trifling thing through forgetfulness, straightway he is condemned as a little hypocrite by those who are a long way from being perfect themselves. Jesus says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

3. And now let us notice, thirdly, how Jesus condemned this fault. First, he condemned it as contrary to his own spirit. "They brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased." He was not often displeased; certainly he was not often "much displeased," and when he was much displeased we may be sure that the cause was serious. He was displeased at these children being pushed away from him, for it was so contrary to his mind about them. The disciples did wrong to the mothers; they rebuked the parents for doing a motherly act —for doing, in fact, that which Jesus loved them to do. There was also wrong done to the children; sweet little ones! what had they done that they should be chided for coming to Jesus? Besides, there was wrong done to himself; it might have made men think that Jesus was stiff, reserved, and self-exalted, like the rabbins.

Anything we do to hinder a child from coming to Jesus greatly displeases our dear Lord. He cries to us, "Stand off. Let them alone. Let them come to me, and forbid them not." Dear gray-headed friend, who art so strict and good, I must get you to stand back a bit and suffer that child to come to Jesus; for I do not wish the Lord to be displeased with you. And you, good Christian sister, who have curdled a little in

your temper, I must beg you be quiet, lest the Lord should be displeased with you, as he will be if you forbid the children come to him. So, you see, it was contrary to his spirit.

Next, it was contrary to his teaching; for he went on to say, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Christ's teaching was not that there is something in us to fit us for the kingdom, and that a certain number of years may make us capable of receiving grace. His teaching all went the other way, namely, that we are to be nothing, and that the less we are and the weaker we are the better, for the less we have of self the more room there is for his divine grace. Do you think to come to Jesus up the ladder of knowledge? Come down, sir; you will meet him at the foot. Do you think to reach Jesus up the steep hill of experience? Come down, dear climber; he stands in the plain. "Oh, but when I am old I shall then be prepared for Christ!" Stay where thou art, young man; Jesus meets thee at the door of life; you were never more fit to meet him than just now.

Once more, it was quite contrary to Jesus Christ's practice. He made them see this, for "he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." All his life long there is nothing in him like rejection and refusing. He saith truly, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

4. Let us take the hint which Jesus gives to those who would come to him: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." How I wish that all my congregation would come and receive Christ as a little child receives him! The little child has no prejudices, no preconceived theories nor opinions it cannot give up; it believes what Jesus says. You must come in the same way to learn of Christ. I fear you know a great deal—throw it out of the window. You have made up your mind about a great many things—unmake your mind, and be as wax to the seal before him.

A child believes with an unquestioning faith which makes

everything vivid and real. Believe just so! The child believes in all humility, looking up to its teacher and receiving its teacher's word as decisive. Believe in Jesus just so! Say, "Lord, I am a know-nothing; I come to thee to be taught. I am nothing; be thou mine all in all." When a child believes in Jesus it cares nothing for critical points. That is the way you must come to Christ. You that have always been inventing religious conundrums; you that for many years have been readers of the last new novels in modern theology—for they are mere novels, and nothing better; you that have addled your brains with the vain thoughts of vain men, come to Jesus as you are, and believe what Jesus says because Jesus says it. Take Christ at his word, and trust him; that is the way to be saved.

"But I have no merit," says one; "I have no preparation." Neither has a child. I never find children troubled about being prepared for Christ; I never hear of such a thing as a child worried about qualifications for grace. A child is a sinner and knows it. That is the way to come to Christ. Come as a sinner, knowing that you are such. Say, "Jesus calls me, and I come; Jesus died for me, and I trust him." That is the true way to come to Jesus. O friends, instead of thinking yourselves fitter for Christ by growing bigger, grow smaller! Instead of getting greater, get less. Instead of being more wise, be more completely bereft of all wisdom, and come to Jesus for wisdom, righteousness, and all things. Those of you who have never looked to Christ and lived, do unto Christ, I pray you, just what these dear children did: he called them, and they came, and were folded in his arms. Come along with you! Do you half wish you could be a child again? You can be. He can give you a child's heart, and you can be in his kingdom newly born. May it be so, for his name's sake! Amen. *Religious Telescope.*

SERMON TO CHILDREN.

REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., NEW YORK.

. . . It is not expected that a child-Christian, eight, ten, twelve years old, will be just the same kind of thing as a man or woman Christian is. An apple-tree eight years old is not so large and does not bear so many apples as one that is thirty years old; but a little apple-tree is an apple-tree all the same, and a little Christian is a Christian all the same. And what we are so anxious about is that you children should *begin* by being Christians. That was what made Joseph and Samuel and Daniel so good and great *men*—they *began* in that way; got a capital start when they were boys. So did Polycarp, President Edwards, and Robert Hall.

It is like learning to walk when you are children. It is the only time when you can learn to walk with any expectation of ever being able to walk decently. Supposing you had been kept in your cradle till you were twenty or thirty years old, or till you were sixty, and your bones had become stiff and your legs like sticks; funny work you would have made learning to walk, wouldn't you? It is just that kind of work that a man makes of beginning to be a Christian when he has gotten grown-up.

We have a way of saying that it is hard teaching an old dog new tricks; but start with him when he is a puppy and you can do almost anything with him and teach him almost anything. It is just so with boys and girls. If there is any man here sixty years old that is not a Christian it is not probable that he will ever become a Christian. It is a sad thing to say, but it is true. Now that is not because he would not like to be one, it is not because he does not believe in being a Christian, but because he has gotten so stiff in all his ways of feeling, thinking, and acting that it is next to impossible for him to begin to be anything different from what he has been so long.

You boys know how it is in rolling a stone down a side-hill. The stone may be so small that a baby's hand would start it rolling or a baby's hand be able even to stop it if taken hold of as soon as it has commenced rolling; but when the stone has been rolling over and over, ten, twenty, forty, sixty rods, nobody can stop it; all the boys take care to keep out of the way of it, and it goes on rolling and rolling till it reaches the bottom—down and down till there is no more down. And this being a Christian is such a wonderfully simple thing, if taken early, that no little boy or girl here needs to think that any hard stint is being set for them.

Being young does not make it hard to be a Christian. It is just that that makes it easy. Supposing, now, I am talking to a little twelve-year-old and he says to me, "What is it for me, a little boy, to be a Christian? I would like to be one, but I don't know what it means." He goes on to say: "I don't feel that I am very wicked. I don't do right always, but I am sorry for it when I do not. I get angry with my seat-mate at school sometimes, and scratch him or pound him, or put a bent pin in his seat for him to sit on; but then I am ashamed of it, and we make it all up afterward. What have I got to do in order to be a Christian?"

Well, my dear little fellow, there are two things I want to say to you, and one is: I would not wonder if you are a Christian now. The way you have been speaking makes me think it may be so. I judge you have had a good Christian father or mother. And if you have had, why, then, it is perfectly natural for you to have become a Christian, and so early in your life, too, that you never knew when it came. Having started right, you will not have to turn around and go in the other direction. You are like the little plant that pushes up in the soil until it pricks through into the light, and then keeps on growing in just the same direction that it followed before it came into the light. When these little people that have grown up in Christian homes commence asking questions about these matters I do not consider that it marks the beginning of

their Christian life; it simply denotes the time when the crust of the ground begins to crack and to let through the tiny sprout that, all unknown and unfelt, has been pushing up underneath —not begins then, only commences to get into the light then.

And the other thing I want to say is this: my little friend, how old are you? "I am twelve, sir." And you want to know what this being a Christian is, and what a boy-Christian or a girl-Christian has to do? Well, most likely you suppose I shall name to you some great thing that you have to do. Probably you expect that there are some long, hard things out of the Bible that you will have to believe.

Do you know what kind of a boy Jesus was when he was twelve years old? You tell me that all you know about it is that, as we read in the New Testament, he obeyed his father and mother and went into the temple and tried to find out as much as he could about God and what God wanted of him. Now, my little man, to be a Christian is to be like Christ. You are a child yet. We do not expect that you now will be like what Jesus was after he became a man. For you, a boy or girl, to be a Christian will be for you to be as nearly as you can like what Jesus was when he was at your age. That is one reason why it is worth so much to us to have a Jesus that began in the cradle and gradually grew up. If we had a Jesus that was already a man when he came, and hadn't stopped to be a baby and a boy, we should hardly have known what to say to the children about these things; we might have had to say that only grown-up men and women could be Christians. But now we have Jesus all the way along, from eighteen inches up, so that we can say to any one, "You can be a Christian by being as nearly as you can like what Jesus was at your age." We are not told of any great things that he did at your age (twelve years), and he probably did not do any great things; nor of any great things that he believed—he probably did not believe any great things. We only know that he obeyed his parents and went into the church to learn about God and what God wanted of him. I do believe that

this will make the matter plainer than it was before to some of our little men and women who want to be Christians, but who are making a good deal too hard work of it.

You have watched a great grown-up tree covering itself all over with blossoms in the summer and loaded down with bushels upon bushels of glorious fruit in the autumn. A grown-up tree can do that, and it is a miserable tree if it doesn't, and good for nothing but firewood; but a little tree cannot bear bushels upon bushels of fruit—it would break it all down and tear it all to pieces. So a grown-up Christian ought to do great things, or at least a great many small things; but a little Christian can do only little things—little leaves on a little tree, little apples on a little branch.

And let me say only this one word more: that the little things that a little Christian does are not overlooked any more than the larger things that an older Christian does. I remember even now the pleasure that my father used to take in the first scanty fruit that appeared on his young fruit-trees. It seemed really to mean more to him than the more abundant crop that grew on trees that were older. And it seems as though the Heavenly Father might feel in something the same way about his little fruit-bearers. At any rate, small things are not overlooked. I have read the story of a little fellow who, having but one cent to put in the plate, was desperately afraid it was too small to be counted. You can imagine, therefore, his joy when the minister read out, "Our collection to-day amounts to fifty dollars and one cent," and the little fellow was all right. Small things are counted. Quite as appropriate to the day is this story of the little girl who, one cold, windy, wintry night, waking up as her mother went through the chamber, said: "Mother, I asked God to take care of some poor child to-night, and I told him that to-morrow I would try to hunt her up, and that I would help take care of her, too." Little works, little thoughts, little loves, little prayers for little Christians, and larger and larger as the years grow. *New York Evangelist.*

A CHILDREN'S SERMON.

REV. ALBERT DONNELL.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, . . . even the Spirit of truth.—JOHN xiv. 16, 17.

CHILDREN, in these verses our Lord Jesus, who we know was one with God, and was God himself, tells us that he will pray God the Father, and that the Father, in answer to the prayer, will send us the Spirit of truth, or the Holy Spirit. This brings us face to face with the question, How can Christ be God and the Father be God and the Holy Spirit be God, while at the same time God is one, and not three? In other words, what is the mystery of the Trinity?

Thirteen hundred years ago St. Gregory, in writing to another bishop, said that the Bible was like a river that an elephant can drown in and yet a lamb can ford. What he meant was that while a lamb—a little child—can believe all the truths taught in the Bible, still many of these truths are so deep that the most learned—the great men, those with the largest minds—will lose their faith if they insist on understanding the truths before they believe them. This mystery of the Trinity is one of the deep things that a child can believe and yet the most learned cannot understand.

Do you ask what reasons there are why you should believe that Christ is God, the Father is God, and the Holy Spirit is God, and still God is not three, but one? I answer that we can believe it because the Bible teaches it.

1. The Bible teaches that the Holy Spirit is a personage as truly as the Father or Christ. It does this by speaking of the Holy Spirit as we would speak of a person. In one place it tells of a man and woman who lied to the Holy Spirit. We know that we cannot really tell lies to a thing; when we lie it must be to somebody—to a person. Then we are told not to grieve the Holy Spirit. You know we cannot grieve a thing;

grief is something that only a person can feel. And there are other passages that speak of the Holy Spirit as we would speak of a person; so we see that the Bible teaches us that the Holy Spirit is a person.

2. The Bible teaches that the Holy Spirit is God. You remember that the apostles were told to go everywhere, baptizing in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. You see that this puts the Holy Spirit on an equality with God the Father and God the Son. You also remember that St. Peter told Ananias that when he kept back part of the price of the land he lied to the Holy Spirit; and then, before he had finished speaking, he told him he had lied to God. So St. Peter called the Holy Spirit God. And there are many other passages from which we learn the same thing.

3. The Bible teaches that God is one, and not three. Jesus said, "The Lord thy God is one Lord." Paul says, "God is one." And all through the Bible it is taught that God is one, and not three.

So you see that though the Bible does not explain how it is, still it teaches that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit all are God, and yet God is one, and not three. Now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be and abide with you!

SOME TELLING FACTS AND FIGURES.

EDWARD T. BROMFIELD, D.D.

Two years ago, when I began to investigate the subject of Sabbath-school missions in its relation to home evangelization, I felt appalled at the array of facts before me. It seemed that so far from the Sabbath-school making steady advances, it was really losing ground. From every point of view there stood out in bold relief the fact that the school population was growing faster than the Sabbath-school enrolment. That is

the fact still, but it is offset by another fact, namely, that the Sabbath-school is steadily lessening the gap. It will not be long before we shall reach the point where the increase in Sabbath-school enrolment will exceed that of the school population. The tide is turning in favor of the Sabbath-school.

The school population of the United States in 1890, reckoning the school age as between five and twenty inclusive, was, in round numbers, 22,500,000. The average annual increase for the preceding ten years was about 413,000. Supposing this proportion of increase to have been maintained during the past three years, the school population in 1894 should be in the neighborhood of 23,700,000; it is more probably 24,000,000. Of these about 3,000,000 are Roman Catholics and 21,000,000 Protestants.

The total enrolment in Protestant Sunday-schools in 1893 was a little over eleven millions, including teachers and adult scholars. About one fourth were over twenty-one, leaving the Protestant Sunday-school enrolment in the neighborhood of 8,300,000.

Deduct 8,300,000 from 21,000,000, and we have an army of 12,700,000 Protestant young persons of school age outside of the Sabbath-school. Add a similar proportion from the Roman Catholic school population, and the total swells up to 14,500,000.

What are the churches doing to bring these young people into the Sabbath-school? Through various denominational and undenominational agencies the Protestant churches brought in during the past three years a yearly average of 397,097 enrolled members, teachers and scholars, of all ages. Deduct one fourth of these as being over twenty-one, and we have an average annual increase of 297,823 from the school population into our Protestant Sabbath-schools.

The statistics for 1890 show an average annual increase for three years preceding 1890 of 160,936, on the foregoing basis of reckoning, as against an average annual increase of 297,823 for the three years following 1890. In other words, the Sab-

bath-school enrolment has increased from about forty percent. to about sixty percent. of the gain in school population.

During the past three years the earnest and well-directed labors of the friends of the Sabbath-school have produced signal results, and a decided advance has been made all along the line.

Figures are sometimes eloquent and soul-moving. And in this case they mean a great deal more than tongue or pen can express. We now know that in the dark and toilsome journey there is light ahead. The army of God is moving on to victory. America is to be won and held for Christ.

Evangelist.

THE RELATION OF THE CHILD TO THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND THE CHURCH.

REV. J. J. BERNHARDT.

In order to put this subject into a sufficiently clear light we must consider *three* main points:

1. The condition and relation of man to God in his original state.

2. Man's condition and relation to God after his fall.

3. The plan of salvation that God prepared through Jesus Christ.

As God created man, he made him in his own image and likeness. In what this image, in the most extended sense, consisted we can probably not wholly understand; so much, however, we plainly learn from the Scriptures: that the natural and moral image of God is to be understood. The former consists in his intellectuality and immortality; the latter in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness. Therefore was he capable to hold intimate communion with his Creator, and found perfect joy and happiness in his society. He lived in love—in love to God and in a subordinate love to the creatures of God. Moreover, the Lord God, to show his sovereignty

and to test man's obedience, gave him a law; to keep and live, or violate and die. Man fell. He did not continue holy in his probationary state, but through the cunning and deception of Satan was seduced and led to unbelief and disobedience, and has by transgression fallen under the sentence of death. He has lost the moral image of God, although he yet bears fragments of the natural image. Adam, our progenitor, from whom we all come, is a fallen being; we are, therefore, naturally sinful and morally corrupt beings and children of wrath.

> Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
> Corrupts his race and taints us all.

This ancestor generated a son like unto his own image. Adam as a sinner, and therefore mortal, begets a sinner and mortal son. There is here now no difference; they are all sinners, and have come short of the glory of God. But God has in his infinite mercy devised and prepared a plan of salvation for fallen, sinful man. He gave his only begotten Son out of love to become a propitiation for the sins of the whole world. God is manifested in the flesh; therefore he became like unto his brethren, that he may be merciful and be a true high priest before God, to atone for the sins of the people; and he has appeared in the world as Christ the anointed for the threefold office of prophet, high priest, and king, in which he delivers us from our threefold misery—ignorance, guilt, and bondage. Although we are placed in more favorable relations to God, and he in his Son is friendly toward us, yet this does not change our nature. We are still, notwithstanding, servants of sin, and children of Satan and heirs of death. The merits of Christ do not prevent the evil, and do not recall nor suspend it; but it is a remedy, and must be accepted and used as a free, open fountain, in which the sinner must be washed and his robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. This truth has reference to all without exception. "Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

From the foregoing it is easy to conclude in what relation the

child stands to the kingdom of God. Still we are asked continually, What will become of our "innocent" children that die in infancy? In reply we have only to say that the Holy Scriptures know nothing of such an occurrence. All the world is guilty before God. Of *innocence*, in the sense of the absence of depravity, no man can boast. Long ago has this been lost, through the first transgression—*the fall of man*. But if the questioner means children that die before they actually and knowingly commit sin, then the Scriptures have sufficient answer. And we will here let the great Master who is the Saviour of all mankind, but especially of believers, speak. He says, "Suffer little children to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of God;" that is, *out of such consists the kingdom of God.* "Therefore, verily I say unto you, Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." It might be asked how children obtain salvation. In Christ Jesus salvation is not only accounted, but imparted to man. Just as salvation must be accepted by adults through faith, so is salvation imparted to infants without faith, as it shall be necessary for them. As every man through sin has inherited spiritual death, so is also the susceptibility of spiritual life implanted through the righteousness of Christ and obliging grace of God. This St. John plainly teaches when he says, "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." Again: "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" or, as the original text says, "enlighteneth every man when he cometh into this world." If children that were brought by their mothers to the Lord were incapable of receiving the blessing, the great Friend of children would not have laid his hands on them to bless them. It was not useless, as perhaps the disciples thought. So are the prayers for children and the laying on of hands by pious preachers, teachers, and parents not now in vain if at all done in faith.

Now, since the children belong to the kingdom of God and are in favor with God, it cannot be gainsaid that they also belong to the visible church. It is the duty of the church to receive

children of Christian parents, through holy baptism, into their midst. Through holy baptism we cannot take up children into the kingdom of grace; but into the visible church, into the congregation of God's people, we can and should receive them. Through baptism the child should be introduced into the family of God. It should develop its life from the beginning under the influence of grace. A child born into this world is already in the kingdom of grace, and has a right to the church—a right of membership through baptism to the church—and the church has a right to the child. It is self-evident that baptized infant children cannot be counted as active and capable business members of the church; but they ought not to be looked upon as members on probation either, only in the same sense that we are all on probation before God. Children are the lambs of the flock. Christ said to the church, "Feed my lambs." The lambs belong to the sheep and the sheep to the shepherd. Should not, then, baptized children be intrusted to the church, and be recognized as members of the same? Should they not be considered as belonging to the church till they, through wilful and sinful and God-dishonoring conduct, make themselves unworthy and forfeit their church-membership? Should we not with all diligence endeavor to keep our children in the church—to nurture them, train them; that they may be efficient co-laborers in the Lord's vineyard and be prepared for the inheritance of the saints in light? We should, then, not let our children stand outside of the church until they become actual sinners, and then preach repentance to them and call them out to the mourners' bench. *Evangelical Messenger.*

CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH.

REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., LL.D.

As I was approaching a church where I was to worship that day I met a troop of children going away from it. Wonder-

ing why they were leaving before the service was commenced, I asked the meaning. The explanation was a sad one:

"The Sabbath-school begins at half-past nine and closes just before the time for the church service, and this is the Sunday-school going home."

"Going home!" I exclaimed—"the children of the Sunday-school going away from the church?"

"Oh yes; the Sunday-school is the children's church; they do not want any other."

Pursuing the inquiry, I learned the habit of the children to be this: if the school is held after the service the children stay away from church and come to the school; if it is held in the morning they attend the school and run away from church. This is the practice in the cities.

Probably no such evil prevails in the country, where the church and the school are held in such connection that parents and children may enjoy both. But the subject is one that demands vigorous and judicious treatment. The life and soul of the church and school are involved in this question. Doubtless the primary idea of the Sunday-school was to teach the young who are outside of the ordinary means of grace: in the highways and hedges, and not in the Christian houses, the abodes of virtue, piety, and intelligence. These schools for the ignorant and neglected were so useful that they were established for children of the church also, and proved to be greatly useful for them, as well as for the others.

When they became so popular that parents neglected the duty of teaching their children at home, and the Sunday-school teacher was substituted for the mother in giving Bible instruction, the evil was obvious, yet very difficult to cure. The Sunday-school is better than the teaching children would get from thousands of mothers. The balance is largely in favor of the Sunday-school. But the parent who dispenses with the thorough instruction of his children at home because a teacher in the school will put questions to them from a series of Bible lessons is doing a sad wrong to those for whom he is

responsible. The home is above the church in this regard. The father is prophet, priest, and king in the religious order of his house—the patriarch who must be faithful to his trust and see to it that his household walk in the way of the Lord. The children should attend Sunday-school, also, for the sake of others even more than for their own sake. But the highest of their privileges and the richest of their blessings is the church in the house. The Sabbath is not long enough for the many *services* some of our friends try to crowd into it. It becomes to many a day of dissipation; to others, of weariness. It ought to be a day of rest and refreshment to body and soul. It is something far different to the young woman who goes to church three times, to Sunday-school twice, and to prayer-meeting once. Such excess of religious exercise is inconsistent with the design of the Sabbath; a weariness of the flesh that is not an acceptable sacrifice.

So with the children. It is even more important that religious exercises should not be made irksome and burdensome to them. Too much of a good thing is bad for them. I would not require them to be all the livelong day in a treadmill of religious work. They will be disgusted and hate the service, which should be always attractive to them and a delight. It is a serious question with ministers how to make the pulpit useful and pleasant to the young. Preachers with the gift of talking to children—a gift not so rare as is often thought—sometimes give a brief discourse to the children before the regular sermon. The objection to that practice is that children take it as their portion and dismiss the sermon that follows from their attention altogether. Now the art of talking to children does not consist in baby-talk or little stories or poor jokes. A man need not be a mountebank in order to interest the young in what he is saying. Children are not fools. If a man is simple in his words and earnest in his manner, children will hear with attention and get instruction from a sermon that is designed for the whole people. And the wisest and best of the congregation will be more interested in

a discourse that the children understand than in profoundly abstruse dissertations which darken truth instead of making wise the simple.

Children should be educated in and into the church. Whatever our theory may be of the spiritual relation of the child to the church, this is certain and true: that children should be consecrated to God from their birth. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. We should assume this as the normal state of the case and treat the child accordingly. He should be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His first intelligent lesson should be of God and worship. The happiest hours of child-life should be in learning of the way to God through Jesus Christ. And so sweetly adapted is the child-mind to the gospel and the gospel to the child-mind that they cheerfully coalesce, and the babe's milk is not more palatable and nutritious than is the bread of life to the new-born soul. No one can say how soon a child may intelligently apprehend the divine truth. Many saints of God have no memory of the period in their early lives when Christ was not dear to their hearts. When they were born from above they do not remember any more than they can recollect the moment when they first breathed the breath of life. It is not so with all; perhaps not so with the most. But the true theory of the gospel is that children should be brought up on it, as their daily food; be nurtured by it; renewed by the Holy Spirit, and made heirs of salvation. Parental fidelity in the judicious use of the means of grace will be followed by these results. We ought to expect them while we labor and pray for them.

New York Observer.

CHILD CONVERSION.

EDWARD JUDSON, D.D.

BECOMING a Christian is like crossing a river. The Jordan is, indeed, often used as an emblem of death, heaven being the Promised Land. As the old hymn says:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But the Jordan may be justly used, also, as a type of conversion. The Promised Land had to be taken by force, and this sets forth the conflicts of the Christian life. Becoming a Christian is crossing from bank to bank; passing from the worldly country to Immanuel's land. Now, if we follow a river up beyond its affluents we find it keeps getting smaller, and at last it is only a silver thread winding through the meadow. You have to part the grasses to find it. Like Jean Ingelow's streamlet,

A tiny bright beck it trickles between.

Only a step will take you across, and you may even pass from bank to bank without knowing it.

Child conversion is like that. The change of position is imperceptible, but there is a world-wide difference in the ultimate result. Now suppose a person does not cross that river near its source, where it is so slender that the grasses touch each other above it; in other words, is not converted in childhood, but travels along down the stream on the wrong bank, pursuing the natural course of the worldly life. By and by the river becomes wide and deep and arrowy. He says at last to himself, "I must cross the river." He plunges in. The current twists him, and bears him down. He struggles on. He buffets the waves. At last he gains the opposite shore. Drenched and panting, but full of joy, he clambers up the bank. There he meets a person who crossed the river when it was a tiny stream, and has been traveling down the right bank in Immanuel's land. These two people are sure to misunderstand each other. The one who forded the stream lower down will have a long and stirring experience to relate of the anguish he endured while wrestling with the flood; of the joy which he felt upon arriving at the bank, and which he can

scarcely find words to express. The other, who crossed the stream near its source, will reply, "I never experienced anything of that kind. In fact, I hardly know the exact time when I crossed the stream." Then the other may say, "Then you never have crossed the stream at all." "But," the answer will come, "I seem to be on the same bank you are on. I am conscious of forgiveness. I am living the Christian life. I love the people of God. His Word is sweet to my taste." "Well," the other will say, "that makes no difference. Unless you have passed through experiences similar to mine you are not a Christian."

What a mistake this is! The fact is that many of the best Christians in our churches crossed the stream in early childhood and so cannot tell you the exact date of their conversion. Those who are converted in maturer life and have such wonderful experiences to tell are prone to bring with them into the church worldly habits; they are less docile, more worldly-wise. Happy the church in which children are growing up whose second birth follows close on the first! Blest the garden in which these tender plants are springing up like willows by the watercourses! *Sunday-school Times.*

UNCONVERTED CHILDREN.

S. E. WISHARD, D.D.

HEAVY burdens rest on many parental hearts. The children have not turned their feet to the testimonies of God. Childhood and youth have passed, and the duties of life are confronting these unconverted ones, who yet have no adequate conception of what is before them. Sons and daughters are stepping out from the home roofs without having settled that question which determines their well-being in all the future. It is no marvel that great solicitudes weigh heavily upon the hearts of their Christian parents. The wonder is that these

anxieties have been so long in coming; that we have let slip those golden opportunities that ought to have determined long since the safety and usefulness of the children. How often Christian parents feel perfectly secure in reference to their children and quite at ease concerning their spiritual life while they are in the home, and only wake up to their danger as they go out to make homes for themselves!

While trying to point a soul once to the Saviour, the mother, who sat near, interposed, saying, "I do not want my daughter to be troubled about such questions yet; she is young enough to wait awhile." The child was probably fifteen years old. Parents frequently entertain such thoughts without giving expression to them. And deep down, far below this thought, is that parental habit of carelessness in reference to unconverted children. At length the hour for parting comes. It must come, for this is God's ordering—that new homes must grow out of the old. Then the dream of ease, the habit of indifference, is dispelled. The solicitude long slumbering, or perhaps repressed, wakes up. We discover that "the better hope" is the only good.

Dr. Holmes was asked when the training of a child should begin. "A hundred years before it is born," he replied. This is a strong way of putting the truth that the training of children should begin with the training of their grandparents. Though Dr. Holmes has been credited with both wisdom and originality in his saying, the truth is much older than the genial talker. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them" (Ps. ciii. 17, 18). The covenant of God with his people recognizes that nurture that comes down from parents to children through the fidelity of God's people. This involves that training of our children while in parental arms. This was the training in the life of Moses which, with the blessing of God, made him what he was to the Hebrew people and to all the

world. The commission of Pharaoh's daughter to the mother of Moses—"Take this child away, and nurse it for me"—in its deeper significance is God's commission to every Christian mother.

It must be the surprise and sorrow of many Christian parents that so many years have passed with so little diligence in the nurture of the children; especially that there has been so little prayer for them. Prayer is the one resort. For nothing but the power of the mighty Spirit of God can regenerate the soul of a child even. The new creation is his work. The prayer, the holy living, the instruction, the patient "line upon line, line upon line"—these are ours; but the work of regeneration is God's. We are absolutely dependent upon him to do that work in and for them which must be done.

We have great need, also, to be much in prayer that we may not be left to put barriers in the way of the conversion of our children. Our own indifference, our inconsistencies in the presence of those whom we so much desire to help, may retard or prevent the work of God.

There are seasons of special blessing, times of refreshing from the Lord, when the heavens are bowed and God is moving among the people, silencing the scoffer, awakening the careless, and leading the thoughtful into life. How unspeakably important that the children should be brought under the preaching of the truth! In every time of true and genuine revival the children should have a place in the awakening.

Family arrangements, school and office duties, should be so adjusted that the largest benefits may come to the children. "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Let the children hear. Let them see the Word of God lived out in our lives. We may not let the conventionalities of fashionable society crowd the children away from the house of God. If their places are vacant in childhood they will be vacant in after-years. God wants our children, but the world, the flesh, and the devil stand opposed to their spiritual life.

We should not join in the treachery that may rob them of eternal life.

Whatever mistakes we have made we should at once correct as far as possible, repent of our sins, and ask God to give us the grace of fidelity in the future. God will heal the backslidings of his people in this regard, and honor his covenant. "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." *Herald and Presbyter.*

CHILDREN'S DAY.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

JUNE is the month of roses. It is also the month of daisies, buttercups, and red clover, the time when nature is at her best and is putting forth all her energies to make herself attractive. The songs of happy birds wake us up in the early morning, and the days are long, bright days. And now June becomes in reality the banner month of the whole year, because the wise, good Christian ministers and their people selected it for the time in which the children should have their special Sunday.

It was a beautiful thought to give the children one Sunday for themselves. It shows that older Christians are in full sympathy with the children; that they, too, wish to keep their hearts young and fresh. George MacDonald says: "Then only a man is growing old when he ceases to have sympathy with the young. And that is a dreadful kind of old age. When we are out of sympathy with the young then I think our work in this world is over."

You all know how young hearts go out toward those older persons whose smiles are attractive and whose words are kindly. They are in full sympathy with the young, and you young people recognize the fact whenever you are with them.

Hawthorne, who was a very reserved man with people in

general, said, "If I value myself upon anything it is in having a smile that children love." An incident in the life of the Duke of Wellington also shows how he appreciated the joys and sorrows of children. He was walking one day in his usual road, when he heard a cry of distress. He walked to the spot, and found a chubby, rosy-faced boy lying on the ground and bending his head over a tame toad, and crying as if his little heart would break.

"What is the matter, my lad?" asked the duke.

"O sir, please, sir, my poor toad! I bring it something to eat every morning. But they are going to send me off ever so far away to school; nobody will bring it anything to eat when I am gone, and I am afraid it will die."

"Never mind; don't cry, lad. I'll see that the toad is well fed, and you shall hear all about it when you are at school."

During the summer and fall the lad received five such letters as this one:

"STRATFIELDSAYE, July 27, 1837.

"Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harries that his toad is alive and well."

Such kind hearts have lived in every generation, but it is only within a few years that the older Christians have come into such perfect love and sympathy with children's needs as to set apart a Sunday for their especial benefit. Those who planned the grand day seem to enjoy it as much as the little ones, for the churches are full of grown-up people, many of them with silvery hair and wrinkled faces; but many of the wrinkles seem to be smoothed out by the happy, fresh looks that come over them when the children's voices are heard taking a prominent part in the worship. We older ones can testify that Children's Day has benefited us in many ways, and is the Sunday of the whole year which we enjoy the best.

Now that you are so well remembered and cared for, dear children, we trust that you will feel that you ought to do all that you can to help us old folks make the world better.

There is a great work to be done in the world for Christ at the present time. No generation of children have had as much done for them in every way as you are having done for you, and you are being fitted to do that work that is so much needed.

Most of you will have a very happy Children's Day, we trust; but there will be many of Christ's little ones who will have to be at home on beds of sickness and pain, and cannot go to the Lord's house and worship him among the beautiful flowers and loving friends who will make everything so attractive. Remember such ones. Carry them flowers and some sweet, helpful words, to make the day less burdensome to them. There may be others obliged to stay away, who have not suitable clothes to wear, because of their poverty. Seek out such and overcome any hindrances in their way that you can, so that as many as possible of Christ's little ones may gather together in his courts on that especial day.

New York Evangelist.

LYRIC FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

THIS is the day of beauty,
The sweetest of the year;
The June is full of roses,
The heart is full of cheer;
To God the loving Father,
To Jesus his dear Son,
And Spirit all-prevailing,
We offer praise, each one—
The praise of hearts and voices,
The praise of song and flowers;
For Jesus came to save us
And bless this world of ours.

He is our Elder Brother;
Sweet Mary's Son was he;
The Lily of the Valley
Our Saviour came to be.
He was the Rose of Sharon,
In Nazareth he grew,
Himself a flower of sweetness,
So loving, kind, and true.
Oh, could we all have seen him,
He would have loved us all;
However low and lowly,
However poor and small.

He walketh in the gardens
Of his own realms to-day,
So near his golden palace,
Where flowers have no decay;
And oh, I think the sweetest
Of all the flowers therein
He gathered from the desert
Of this dark world of sin.
Oh, cherub happy children
In myriads are there;
He sent his angels for them,
His royal home to share.

O happy land of children!
Who would not wish to go
And see the flowers that faded
Out of this world of woe;
To dwell with Jesus ever
Where death no more can come?
Ah, poor neglected children!
He brings them safely home.
The babes of our own households,
In darkness laid away,

He calleth to his mansion,
And cherubs all are they.

What can we do for Jesus
On this sweet day of flowers?
What can we do for Jesus
To bless this world of ours?
We gather at his altars,
And first our hearts we bring
To him who died to save us,
And we his praise will sing;
We've gathered flowers for Jesus,
And here we lay them down,
To tell how much we love him,
Our King with throne and crown.

And gold, a little handful,
We put in Jesus' hand,
To build him towers of learning
And grace in every land;
And every little giver
Shall have a sweet reward
When Christ makes up his jewels
And speaks the welcome word:
"Come, all ye blessed givers,
Who helped my cause and me;
Go with me to my Father,
And crowned you all shall be."

Oh, come, let us sing of His beauty
Who giveth the flowers their hues,
And all through the night-time distilleth
Upon them the brightest of dews.
In beautiful June,
With our hearts attune,

We come with his banners above us;
His work shall be ours,
This Sabbath of flowers,
Who promiseth ever to love us.

When we go to the land where he dwelleth,
And look on the seed scattered here,
We shall see in his kingdom triumphant
The fruit and the glory appear.
In beautiful June,
With our hearts attune,
We come with his banners above us;
His work shall be ours,
This Sabbath of flowers,
Who promiseth ever to love us.

Go, then, ye happy children,
And love him more and more!
He holds a cup of blessing,
And in it he will pour
All joy and pleasure for you;
And from this day of flowers
Ye all may work for Jesus
And bless this world of ours.
Oh, may the King of children
Be crowned of all his own;
On this sweet day of beauty
Be every heart his throne!

HYMN FOR CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

Ten thousand thanks, O Lord, be thine,
For flowers to crown this summer land,
For dews to fall and sun to shine,
For birds to sing and airs so bland!

But more we thank thee for the flowers
That bud and blossom in the home,
Like song-birds, making glad the hours,
Wherever straying feet may roam.

Fairer than all these flowers of June,
The children at their work or play;
Sweeter their song, with hearts in tune,
Than wild bees' hum or skylarks' lay!
Lord, bless them with June's wealth of life,
Grown golden for the life above!
Make strong to win in hours of strife,
And crown them with thy saving love!

Anon.

FLOWERS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

Everywhere about us they are glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;

Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

LUCY LARCOM.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are;
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free.
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.

I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Here sit I, as a little child:
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome,
I bow my head before.
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sealike glimpse of thee.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

BEN JONSON.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

THE FOUNTAIN.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Strive: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet, far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears—
May never repay your pleading—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

THOUGHTS PERTINENT TO CHILDREN'S DAY.

CHILDREN IN THE CHURCH.—Ought there to be a place in the church for children who have given their hearts to God? is one of the vital religious questions of the day. We do not mean to ask if there is a place in the church for an occasional child—one lamb among a hundred sheep. There always have been such sporadic cases, and the church has not often seriously objected to admitting the rare, precocious little saint. But the far more practical question is, Ought there to be room in the bonds of church-fellowship for the great mass of average boys and girls who, by judicious training and careful Christian nurture, may be induced very early to give their hearts to God? Aye, we believe with all our heart there ought to be such a place. We believe that before many years there will be such a place in every true church, and it will be just as much ex-

pected that many young children will form part of the membership of every church as that there will be gray-haired men and women there. REV. F. E. CLARK, D.D.

TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.—But do they not have a Sunday-school? Yes, and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday-school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm dissevered from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honor to the zealous, devoted Sunday-school teacher! He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday-school never was ordained to be, and never can be, a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary. Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nestling-place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews? How do they spend the Lord's day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday *Times* or *Tribune* or *Herald*, you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports and fashion gossip and wretched scandals of those Sabbath-breakers while you are listening to the sermon. Then keep the secular desecraters of holy time out of your doors, and take all of your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ. REV. T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

THE CHILDREN AT CHURCH.—The children should have a part in public services. By enlisting their activities we shall incite them to attendance, for children love to go where they can use their powers.

What part? They can sing. They love to sing. They should be taught to sing the standard hymns of Methodism, and for that reason our *Scholars' Quarterly* prints a few such each quarter. I venture that if our Sunday-school scholars

were taught the old tunes in the *Quarterly*, and encouraged to sing them with the congregations, this inducement alone would secure the attendance of scores. It is a most short-sighted policy to deprive children of opportunity to learn in the Sunday-school—the very place where they should be taught them—the hymns of public worship, for the sake of that so-called "enterprise" in Sunday-school management which rushes the schools at railroad speed through all the new Sunday-school music put upon the market. It is a species of enterprise that is striking the death-blow at congregational singing and alienating the children from church services.

Many of the children can read sufficiently well to take part in a responsive service, which would further enlist their activities. If nothing more is done, let the Sunday-school lesson or the home reading for the lesson for that day be read responsively by minister and children or congregation. This may look like innovation; but in the name of common sense we must do something.

Then, children are the best of listeners if they can only understand what is said. What child does not love to hear the nursery rhymes and fairy-tales told over and over again? I would not ask impossibilities of any man, and if a minister says he is too old to learn new ways, or that children's talk is not his forte, I am not finding fault with him; but of one thing I am sure: the ministry of other churches are alive to the needs of the age, and the pastor who does not want to see his young people dropping around to hear Brother A, of the Baptist, or Brother B, of the Methodist Episcopal churches, on Sunday evening, must learn to talk to the young folks. And the young minister who neglects studying methods of conducting children's meetings as a part of his preparation is sure to be "left."

J. F. COWAN.

THE TRUST OF CHILDHOOD.—One of our present recollections of childhood is that it was a time when we were confident to be taken care of. We took no thought for raiment but to

wear it when it was provided. We went to sleep without anxiety; no distraction came into our dreams; we did not spend our dream-hours in carrying impossible burdens up interminable hills. It was but a moment from "good-night" to "good-morning," and the new days always blossomed out in original freshness and sparkle.

The quietude of our young years was due, more than we thought of then, to the fact that we had a father and mother to go to when in trouble. They used always to help us out of our little difficulties. When the child comes in from outside the first question he is likely to ask is, "Where's mother?" He may not want her for anything particular, but he wants to know she is there. Having father and mother under the same roof makes the child sleep more quiet at night.

And so among the larger difficulties that throng and swarm around us as we move along into older years there is nothing we need so much as to feel that there is some one that stands to us in just the same relation now as father and mother used to stand to us years ago. That is the first idea of God we want to have formed in us when we are little, and the last idea we want to have of him as we move out and up into the place prepared for us in the Father's house on high. The first recorded sentence that Jesus spoke called God his Father, and his last recorded sentence on the cross called God his Father. REV. C. H. PARKHURST, D.D.

FORWARD! FORWARD!—Israel journeying through the wilderness had God's angel for signal-officer. When the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle the children of Israel went onward in all their journeyings. To-day the pillar of Providence is moving, and commands "Forward!" to our church's Sabbath-school missionary work.

Calls have come from twenty States and Territories for men to gather the children in. From the everglades and orange-groves of Florida; from the rice-fields of South Carolina; from the pine-forests of North Carolina; from the Southern Empire

State of Georgia; from the mountain region of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee; from the northern peninsula of Michigan; from the western and northern portions of Wisconsin; from the white harvest-fields of Minnesota; from Iowa, Indian Territory, and that Territory born in a day—Oklahoma—and "the Strip"; from the Black Hills of South Dakota; from Colorado's cañons and plains; from the wastes of New Mexico; from the vast plains of Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and "the land of the fruits and flowers"—California—are seen God's cloud and fire, onward moving and beckoning us—Forward!

As we look and listen we hear with our hearts the cry of myriads of children pleading for the bread of life. What response shall the Presbyterian Church and its Sabbath-schools make to this lifted signal? The offering of Children's Day will measure our love, our gratitude, our appreciation of the divine movement of Providence and of the grand and awful time in which we are living.

Let every one, then, give as God has prospered him, and additional Sabbath-school missionaries will go forth to many a wilderness, and the solitary place will be glad for them and blossom as the rose. Not for payment of debt, but for means of a forward movement, I plead for money.

JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D.

RALLYING DAY.

Historical.—In 1885 the Sunday-school Union and Tract boards of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolved to observe the third Sunday in October as Good-Tidings Day. The time was appropriated for a general gathering together of the Sunday-school forces, which had been more or less scattered by the summer vacation, and the inauguration of a new and united forward movement for the fall and winter. While not attaining the strength of some other appointed days, the effort has not been without practical results even outside of the denomination in which it began. In May, 1893, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church recommended that "a united effort of all the Sabbath-schools shall be made, beginning the first week of October, to bring, by personal invitation, children into these schools, thus training our young people to be witnesses and workers for the Master." In conformity with this recommendation, September 24, 1893, was observed in the Presbyterian churches as a Rallying Day for teachers and scholars, and the month following was devoted to the united movement. Rev. Dr. James A. Worden, Presbyterian superintendent of Sabbath-school and missionary work, issued to the Sunday-schools explanations of the meaning of the new day, reasons for its observance, and suggestions as to making it successful and helpful. It is reported that the observance has become very general in several denominations, and its utility is apparent even to the most conservative minds.

THE OCCASION, AND WHY.

JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D.

RALLYING Day? Another special Sabbath? For what purpose?

I answer, first: *To rally all the enrolled members of the Sabbath-school.* To reunite the forces which have been scattered

during vacation; to hasten tardy feet toward the sanctuary; to restore every straying lamb; to ask every officer, teacher, and scholar to answer to the call of the roll on the last Sunday in September.

I answer, second: *To begin a fresh effort for new scholars.* To enlist the entire school in an unselfish endeavor to win the youth yet unreached; to begin a new campaign for Christ by going out into the streets and lanes of the city, even into the highways and hedges, and compelling the last child outside to come into Christ's school, and never relaxing such effort on this line if it takes all autumn and winter.

Rallying Day may be less beautiful than other festivals, but what it lacks in flowers it makes up in usefulness. Others may be appropriate; this, in one form or another, is indispensably necessary. It may be wanting in poetical sentiment, but abounds in practical religion, for it gathers the lambs into Jesus' arms. Rallying Day brings us back to the first principles of our work, which a poet has thus described:

Some lambs are missed from Jesus' fold,
  And straying far from home,
'Mid forests dark and streams so cold,
  The little lambs now roam.

Some gems to deck our Master's crown
  Are buried now on earth;
Rich gems, whose luster sin doth drown,
  But still of priceless worth.

Some harps are needed in his choir,
  Harps struck by infant hands;
And tongues to sing with youthful fire,
  To swell the hymning bands.

To seek those lambs and lead them back,
  To find each sin-marred gem,
To guide them to the heavenly track,
  Fit for Christ's diadem;

To tune their infant tongues to sing
Redemption's song in heaven—
This is the work our loving King
To us on earth hath given.

To multitudes of Christian teachers September seems a seraph with a trumpet loudly calling to duty. They recognize it in the footfalls and greetings of friends hastening home from ship and shore, from over continent and over sea, from lake and mountain, and from quiet resting-place; they hear it in the glad shouts of children trudging to school, and in the songs and cheers of students traveling to college, and in the welcome sound of the busy wheels of trade. To him who hath an ear to hear, these sound like a trumpet, and they say: "Rest-time is over; the hour for action has struck. Your Lord vouchsafes another year or month, or, it may be, one more short week. The field is ready; sow thy seed."

Some one has said, "There is tinder in us which needs to be quickened by sparks;" and so by these divine sparks love is kindled into a flame—love for our Saviour and for his lambs. Time and absence have not chilled our ardor. Who now does not long for the coming of the first day of the week, that he may again see his scholars, may with them pray and praise, may to them whom the Lord has committed to him break the bread of life? Who does not long for the prompt refilling of all the classes, and for the presence of all his own scholars? Who does not mourn the absence of even one? These soul-longings are the origin of Rallying Day. It furnishes an appropriate occasion for concentrating thought and effort upon the realization of the teacher's desire and ideal.

Lost Scholars.—An uncounted host of young people who once were scholars in the Sabbath-school have dropped away. The causes of this unspeakable loss are many and varied. But I am certain that among the principal causes is *neglect of these scholars punctually to return after summer vacation, and the neglect of the school and of the teacher to bring them back.*

If a long time elapses after the scholar has been absent, during which no strenuous effort is made to induce him to return, he unavoidably suspects that no one particularly misses him or cares for his return. Hence he easily gives up membership in a school which is indifferent to his presence or absence. How can you better assure the absentee that you *do* miss him, that your heart sorely feels his absence, than by a heartfelt effort to have him return on Rallying Day! One such lapsed scholar restored is ample reward for all trouble and labor.

HOW TO GET THE MOST GOOD FROM RALLYING DAY.

1. Let us begin September 1st *a prayer-league of all Sabbath-school workers.* The simple condition of membership is that all agree each morning to pray for every Sabbath-school officer, teacher, and scholar in our church. Jesus said, "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 19). Pray daily, especially that all may receive the special anointing of the Holy Spirit.

2. *Commence preparation for Rallying Day early in September.* This preparation consists in distinctly announcing that the entire month will be devoted by officers and teachers to visitation of all scholars not yet returned to the school. In many cases the superintendent will issue a printed invitation to every member of the school to be present on that day. A special program adapted to the occasion should be arranged with appropriate hymns, Scripture reading, and short addresses, not omitting the *roll-call.*

3. A committee of earnest teachers should be appointed to prepare plans for *a thorough canvass for new scholars.* If such a canvass has been made in past years, some *new* method of securing new scholars and of winning the young people outside of the school may be devised by prayer and patient thought. The report of the plan adopted by the committee

may be made to the school on Rallying Day. Whatever plan is adopted, the coöperation and assistance of *the scholars* should be sought and obtained.

ANTE-RALLYING-DAY THOUGHTS.

We are told that there will come a day when all work done in the name of Christ is to be tried, to see what manner of work it is. As there can be no doubt about this, nor any doubt as to the standard of requirement, might it not be well for us, as workers in the name of Christ, now that we are looking forward to another Rallying Day, when the key-note for the winter's work is to be struck, to remember these two facts, and plan accordingly ?

Some one has said that in order to lift up successfully one must be on a higher level himself. If we superintendents are to give a good lift up to our schools this winter, then, would it not be well for *us* to get firmly planted on a higher level than ever before ?

Surely a sincere, prayerful endeavor to realize these two facts of ultimate testing and a given standard will be helpful in attaining to that higher level to which to lift the school.

Fellow-superintendents, let us eliminate whatever, as a means to an end, does not make for the results we shall want to see recorded in the clear, searching light of that day; and let us esteem very lightly whatever does not conform to the sure standard by which the work is to be tested and tried.

Presbyterian Banner.

VACATION RESPONSIBILITIES.

ROBERT C. OGDEN.

A vacation from ordinary occupation is a sacred trust. In the Christian theory every superior possession brings added responsibility. A vacation is a possession to be accounted for

the same as money, talent, education. Therefore it may not be used merely for personal ease and enjoyment. All *that* is incidental; its real and high purpose is the upbuilding of mental, spiritual, and physical forces wherewith the possessor will enrich the service which humanity and Christianity alike demand shall be rendered to mankind. Officers, teachers, and scholars of our Sunday-schools must remember this. If they have been thus inspired by high resolve while enjoying the free life of rural relaxation, our schools will be the richer and more efficient for the impetus which the opening autumn will bring. If, however, the vacation has been taken in the happy-go-lucky fashion so widely prevalent, and the results are merely a record of empty frivolities, that have impoverished and not increased the vital forces of Christian work, the results to the Sunday-school will be sad indeed; and instead of the expected clusters of rich experience that should grace the harvest-home of the school, there will merely be contribution of dead and fruitless leaves. A lost vacation is a sad loss. A vacation *is* lost that fails to add strength to both mind and body.

The sea stretches before me dark, gray, and sullen as I write. The coast-line to the southward is misty and indistinct; the outline of York Cliffs is vague in the light fog, and Agamenticus lifts its head into the clouds. The sky is heavy, and rain falls not far away. But many miles distant the dreary waters are no longer gray. At the horizon's edge is a broad line of bright silver, and across it the reflections of the clear-white sails tell when the stately vessels are passing. And so I am reminded that above the clouds the sun shines bright and clear.

The serious observer who loves his fellow-men looks out upon life's sea, and finds clouds and storm, haze and darkness, obscuring much that he wishes could be seen bold, clear, and beautiful in the golden light of truth and righteousness. The night lingers darkly even over the church itself. But Christianity has no use for the pessimist. He that lifts up his eyes and looks afar may find the light that presages the dawn of the golden age. There are signs that purity and nobility are

more than ever regnant in some human hearts—the reflex of the mind of Christ. And not the least of these signs is that in the crowds that are now thronging the vacation resorts in the mountains and at the sea are many, neither frivolous nor careless, who are remembering to account to God and man for the benefits of blessed vacations. Their barks are sailed in the white light of earnestness. Their course may be traced by the reflections from the clear-white sails of consecrated character. Blessed is the Sunday-school that welcomes back in the autumn the inspiration of many such.

As I cease writing the distant light grows broader and brighter. I fancy it gives me a Rallying-Day message of hope and courage for the schools, soon to reassemble throughout our church.

OUR MODEL SABBATH-SCHOOL.

J. S. PHILLIPS.

Now that the summer conventions are over, and we return with note-books hastily filled with rich experience and helpful suggestions, we begin to cast about for something practical. So many ideals have been painted, which shall we follow? or, after all, what is a model Sabbath-school?

We have listened to volley after volley on "The Model Superintendent" and "The Model Teacher"; but who has attempted so great a subject as "The Model Scholar" or "The Model Janitor," who sometimes has more to do with the success or failure of a Sabbath-school than any one else? Yet all these must enter into our ideal. Then, in brief, our model is a Sabbath-school in which every one from janitor to superintendent knows what his duty is, and does it, and each has confidence that the work of the other will be well done. The primary teacher does not feel responsible for superintending the school—there is a man or woman elected to perform that duty—but she has a class of innocent children to lead to

Christ. The intermediate or advanced scholar does not owe it to the school to become a teacher until he is elected or called upon; but, that which is of greater moment, he owes it to himself to be a good scholar, and to come promptly with a well-prepared lesson, bringing as many others with him as he can. The janitor is not responsible for the work of the librarian, or the kind of books which fill the library, but for a properly ventilated room, the kind of coal that fills the heater, and promptly to call the world to righteousness with the gospel bell. The superintendent is commander-in-chief.

UNITED MOVEMENT FOR GATHERING IN THE NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D.

Need of this Movement.—There are many families in every neighborhood who, for various reasons, attend neither church nor Sabbath-school. Some of these are alienated from the church, and even from Christianity. They are estranged from the pastors of the churches. They are in danger of going on from indifference to Christ to infidelity, and of being poisoned with the literature of unbelief, and, more commonly, with the taint of utter worldliness.

In our large towns and cities houses are continually changing occupants—the stranger is ever within the gates. Many new residences are going up. Somebody with an immortal soul lives or is going to live in those houses. With these come and go the children and youth. The parents are not acquainted with the ministers or church-members, nor these with them. These parents may have been confessors of Christ where they came from. If neglected now they may drift away, for the world and worldlings never neglect them. Some of them are careless. They allow their children and young people to do as they please on the Sabbath. Yet they would

be well pleased with any one showing a genuine interest in their offspring. The worst want their children to be better than themselves. Some would send their children to Sabbath-school if for no better reason than to have them cared for, an hour or two, by some one whom they could trust. Others would be delighted to have their children in a respectable Sabbath-school, and to have them make the acquaintance of respectable Christian people. Few, unless for want of clothes, will refuse to send their children to Sabbath-school.

There are in every community or neighborhood many young people who once attended Sabbath-school, who have drifted out of it. Their teachers neglected to visit them when they were absent or sick; their teachers were irregular in their attendance; their teachers moved away, and their class was broken up; they had some grievance or irritation against some one in the school, etc. For these and for other causes they have left Sabbath-school. They are hard to win back, but they can be won. Perhaps some lapsed ones from your own school might be discovered and brought in.

There are in almost every neighborhood poor people who imagine that the church of Christ and the Sabbath-school are luxuries not for them; in plain English, that the church does not care for poor people who can pay nothing, and who cannot dress as others do. These people are often intelligent and proud, and they are morbidly sensitive to any appearance of slight or neglect. They will never forgive a display of contempt.

These and many more classes of non-attendants at church or Sabbath-school can be reached only by Christians going to their homes, removing these prejudices, winning their confidence, and by the might of Christian love compelling them to come in, and to bring or to send their children and young people to the Sabbath-school. Systematic house-to-house visitation alone can save them. This was true in Paul's day; he describes himself as "teaching you publicly, and from house to house" (Acts xx. 20). The good shepherd must go

after the lost sheep until he find it. Of course this visitation includes searching out and conversing with these people wherever they may be found—at home, on the street, in their stores, shops, places of work, etc. But nothing can be substituted for this actual, personal visitation.

Who are to Do It?—It will be indispensably necessary to secure the Holy Spirit in special power to arouse Christian workers to renewed consecration to Christ. Canvassing for scholars, house-to-house visitation, is a work crucifying to the flesh, and demanding not merely self-denial, but a love for perishing, immortal children and youth which will bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things, and never fail. *Nil desperandum, sub Christo duce.* It is not necessary to add that this can be obtained only by prayer.

Generally, Christian ladies, by their gentleness, tact, and perseverance, are best qualified for this difficult and delicate labor. Every Sabbath-school has in it ladies who have this heroism for Jesus, which, if properly appealed to, will lead them into this toil, which often requires as much faith, hope, and love as zenana work in India or missionary campaigning in Africa. Some of these Christian ladies are now Sabbath-school teachers. Others there are who, for a variety of reasons, cannot teach on the Sabbath, yet, if allowed to work at their own time and in their own way, would consent to act on the canvassing or visiting committee.

How is this Work to be Organized?—There should be a regular conference of the visiting committee. At this meeting a map-sketch of the entire district or field of work should be shown. In almost every school can be found some young man or woman who could prepare such a map. Localities of special interest and need could be pointed out and described. If possible this general field should be divided into subdistricts, one of which could be given to each member of the committee. A map of the subdistrict could be given to the canvasser of that district. Much information could be collected concerning the people residing in each subdistrict.

The precise principles and methods of work should be explained. There should be no attempt at proselyting from other churches. The predilections, former connection, and denominational preferences of the families visited should be sacredly regarded. If any are found preferring any other church or Sabbath-school than your own, report name and address and circumstances to the pastor of that church or the superintendent of that school. If no preferences are expressed, or if they prefer yours, cordially invite them to your church and school.

A careful record should be kept of all families visited, not only giving the names of all the family, but their religious condition, as far as possible. Blank-books carefully ruled for the purpose should be furnished to the canvassers.

Before starting pray that you may be endued by the Holy Spirit with wisdom, love, and zeal. As you enter each house breathe a silent prayer for Christ's presence and help. Use the utmost gentleness and skill in conversing with each member of the family. Let your dress and address recommend your religion. Do all without pride or ostentation, in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves. Carry with you printed cards of invitation to your church and to your Sabbath-school, having on them the name and address of your pastor, superintendent, etc. Go forth armed with a selection of the best tracts. Carefully read these tracts yourself, that you may know how to adapt them to each family. Do not shoot your bullets into the tree-tops. Carry these tracts in an envelope, to keep them fresh and clean.

Remember love alone wins. Never argue. Reveal your Saviour to people in your walk and conversation. "Men persuade themselves with little difficulty to scoff at principles, to ridicule books, to make sport of the names of good men; but they cannot bear their presence—it is holiness embodied in personal form which they cannot steadily confront and bear down."

At the meeting of this committee reports should be given of

the work done and of its instructive incidents. Some of these reports should be given to the entire church at its weekly meeting. *Herald and Presbyter.*

RALLYING DAY.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER.

If a continuous service from boyhood in one place as a Sunday-school superintendent entitles me to address my fellow-workers as brethren, I take that privilege now, at the urgent call of my personal friend Dr. Worden, to emphasize the importance of the order of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to observe the month of October as a special season for the building up of our schools. With this object in view Dr. Worden has fixed the last Sunday of September as "Rallying Day." We are asked by our chief to fall in line with that great company of fathers who beckon us onward.

Summer days scatter the flocks. Those who climb mountains, and drift over seas, and dream through holidays, are often overtaken by the mists that fall and thicken about them. They will not come back except we hunt their footsteps and go after them. Wishing them safely back will not bring them. They may be out a long time—a year, ten years, a lifetime—and never be able to see the way but for a ready messenger to help them set their feet again in the direction of home.

There are others who are out of the way—old as well as young, rich as well as poor—in the perils and confusions of this hurrying life, to whom the Bible class would be a comfort, protection, and inspiration. Many a full-grown man might be able to keep his feet, or be lifted up when down, by the sympathy and interest of such an association, and by the wise counsel and friendship of a faithful teacher.

What do you say to a general, united, enthusiastic, immediate uprising throughout our church, not only for the upbuilding of Sunday-schools for the young, but for Bible classes

for adults, until every man, woman, and child shall have an inviting place and needed helps to study the great Book of God?

THE USE OF RALLYING DAY.

REV. E. M. FERGUSSON.

MANY Sunday-schools of late years have set apart one Sunday in the fall as "Rallying Sunday." To prepare the program for such an event, secure the speaker, train the participants, and conduct the advertising campaign, means hard work for somebody—generally the superintendent; and many superintendents who have heard of the plan have dismissed it from mind, feeling sure that the results would not be commensurate with the labor. All will, of course, admit that a well-planned program will be a benefit to the scholars, and it is quite desirable that the school shall distinguish itself occasionally in the eyes of the church and the community. But are these sufficient reasons for introducing Rallying Day into our Sunday-school?

The proposition may be viewed in another light, and in that light Rallying Day, or some analogous occasion, when the whole actual and possible membership of the school can be gotten for once together, is seen to be not so much a profitable task as a solemn duty and a notable opportunity. It gives the Sunday-school a chance to correct its own past mistakes.

In every Sunday-school household, "however watched and tended," there are some vacant chairs. These chairs were once occupied by scholars more or less regular in attendance, who have now joined the army of the lapsed. Statistics gathered recently by church, township, and district visitors corroborate what we have all observed ourselves—that these losses are largely due to the carelessness, often amounting to gross unfaithfulness, of the teacher, to the backwardness of the church in providing teachers for vacant classes, and to the want of tact and the lax administration of the superintendent. It is

the duty of every Sunday-school so to perfect its methods that scholars will not lapse; and, if this should unfortunately happen, to keep a light in the window and a welcome waiting for the lapsed scholar; and to do something active and wisely planned to bring the wanderer back to the fold. A heartily worded Rallying-Day card, followed up, wherever practicable, with an earnest personal invitation, affords a large opportunity to retrieve past errors, and makes it easier for the high-spirited child to reconsider the hasty determination, and to enter the familiar doors once more.

And when the day comes, let school and class combine to make it a day of the truest Christian hospitality. Let the past on both sides be forgotten. Let these returning friends be lovingly, but not obtrusively, watched for, and let them be made to feel that here from week to week a love is shown, a work carried on, a gospel preached and practised, in which they have been foolish indeed not to have had a part. So shall we truly rally our Sunday-school forces for Jesus; and so, with his Spirit's blessing, shall it be a day of angelic rejoicing over wanderers returned. *Herald and Presbyter.*

SABBATH-SCHOOL KITE-STRINGS.

REV. HOWARD AGNEW JOHNSTON, PH.D.

I WAS once going down one of the inclined planes that reach from the hills of Cincinnati to the lower city; and on looking from the car-window I saw a kite pitching and darting in the most obstreperous fashion, tugging at the string that held it as if desiring to be free. At last the string broke, and the kite fell to the ground a jumble of broken sticks. On that same day I was crossing the canal on the bridge by the city hospital, where I noticed a boy standing with a kite-string in his hand, and triumphantly gazing off into the sky. I followed that string up toward the clouds, where a magnificent kite was

splendidly sailing in the heavens. Then I thought to myself that boys and girls are like those two kites. There are some who are restless under the ties and influences that bind them to the home and to the Sabbath-school. They want to be free, failing to realize that what they call freedom is the way to destruction. They are ever shirking their obligations, or evading them, or breaking them; and in the end they fall to the earth with characters torn and bleeding and blackened and broken. Then there are some who see how these cords of precious influences are real blessings, and they take them and tie them to their heartstrings, and rejoice to be led by them in the pathway of noble rectitude and integrity, of kindly helpfulness and sweet gentleness. And in the end they develop characters strong and beautiful, that grow like unto that of Christ himself.

Boys and girls, young men and young women, honor the Sabbath-school kite-strings. They mean priceless blessings to your souls. *Herald and Presbyter.*

HOW TO MAKE RALLYING DAY A SUCCESS.

JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D.

1. PREPARE your school. Announce and explain the object of Rallying Day, and precisely how you expect to celebrate it.

2. Prepare your teachers. Many superintendents send to each officer and teacher an encouraging letter, requesting them a week or more before Rallying Day to visit their scholars, especially any who may not have returned since vacation, trying to secure the presence of every one.

3. Have suitable music and hymns ready. If practicable have one or more new hymns for the occasion. "O sing unto the Lord a new song."

On the day, the reading of portions of God's Word responsively, hearty singing by all of the familiar hymns, brief and earnest prayers, will make the opening and closing worship fresh, exhilarating, joyous.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

1. Let the secretary (or superintendent) call the roll of the school by classes. Each teacher can respond as his or her class is called by giving (1) total number of scholars enrolled, (2) number present, (3) number absent. If carried out in an appropriate manner this roll-call will have a wholesome effect upon both teacher and scholar.

2. Two or three brief addresses on subjects connected with Rallying Day—such as the power of punctuality, regularity, and perseverance in school duties, or reasons for performing Christ's work in the most thorough and businesslike method—will make the best service for the occasion.

3. A plan should be matured, and exhibited on Rallying Day, for a new and thorough canvass of the school's field for all children and youth now outside of Bible schools.

Some Boards of Publication and Sabbath-school Work furnish blank-books for canvassers, containing hints as to how to canvass; also cards of invitation.

Let us begin aright our autumn work for our Lord. Jesus himself is with us; let us realize his presence in our hearts and in our school.

CATCH THEM YOUNG.

REV. GERARD B. F. HALLOCK.

THAT saintly man, Ashbel Green, at the close of his successful life, said: "If I had my ministry to go over again I would give more attention to the children." Dr. J. G. Holland, thirty years ago, said: "We can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture than by adult conversion—a thousand times more." Bishop Simpson, of blessed memory, with almost prophetic vision said: "I am satisfied that the day is coming when, in our church, and in all churches of the world, we shall look chiefly to the conversion of children, and as a

comparatively rare instance to the conversion of those in maturer years." Indeed, what a flood of light and encouragement pours over all our efforts for the young as we study God's Word and the experience of men! The work is worthy of, and, contrary to far too common an impression, demands, the choicest talent.

Not long ago we overheard a young lady talking about her brother, who had just entered the medical profession. She confessed that he was not much of a physician yet, but he had gotten far enough along to doctor babies!

Whether the undertakers and the mothers agreed in the verdict is not ascertained; but this we know, that little lives go out so easily and so quickly that of all people babies need the best of professional skill; and we are glad to see that they have it. The application to our Sunday-schools and all forms of work for the young is obvious. For is it not true that it is our too-often-neglected primary departments which need and are entitled to the very best of all the teachers—the choicest to be had? Children are impressible. They believe what is told them. Thoughts of God, of Christ, of eternity, of right or wrong, move them more quickly and abide longer in their fresh young souls than in the more hardened natures of adults. There is wise strategy in winning them to Christ while they are young.

There is an old story about a little fish which cried out to the man who had caught it, saying, "Let me go; I am too small to be worth much; wait until I'm larger!" "No, no," said the man, as he put the fish in his basket; "if I wait until you are larger you will not bite the hook." The junior departments in our Sunday-schools and Christian Endeavor Societies are designed to catch them young; to hook and to hold them while they are small. It is true wisdom which teaches us to care diligently, with all affection, reverence, and intelligence, for the children while they are impressible and plastic, and to remember that the most painstaking labor bestowed upon them is ever richly rewarded. Wisest engagement for any of us is

this of winning little lives into the ways of peace. It has been said that in the world of childhood all posterity lies before us. Work for the children is, indeed, work for all time to come. Here the future is in our hands; and to mold them to the love and service of God is to mold the unending ages.

Then, too, there is no grander monument we could raise to our own memories than through the children educated in the fear of God and to walk in his ways. We all wish to be remembered. The desire is natural. Here, then, is a region where our work is everlasting. For the children are immortal, and the good written upon them will endure to shine forth in lives of brightness for ever and ever.

Herald and Presbyter.

REAWAKENING.

The hearts of many, pastors and people, are at times especially burdened with desire for a revival of interest in religious work—a quickening of the church and the conversion of the impenitent. Here and there a revival spirit is manifest to a greater or less extent, and reports reach us of church-awakenings and the ingathering of souls. In these favored places hope revives and joy reigns.

It is quite likely that in the most of these places the revival has come after a period—it may be for years—in which no revival has occurred. A *re*vival means a reawakening after a season of decline in spiritual life, or at least of considerable inattention to the labors and harvests of religion. It is quite possible for a church to manifest what has been called a constant *sur*vival to such a degree as in the nature of the case to preclude what has been commonly designated a revival. The old-time revivals almost invariably came as reactions from seasons of spiritual lethargy and death such as are far less common to-day than formerly; albeit there are communities in which grave relapses from faith and works exist.

Evangelists of to-day experience a disadvantage, so to speak, as compared with the old-time revivalists, who usually

found conditions more favorable to the phenomena of revival than generally exist to-day. There never was a time when the churches in general were so near to the manifestation of a constant survival as to-day. The Master has fewer avowed enemies than formerly. Christianity is not so much rejected to-day as received with qualifications of the old-time teachings. These qualifications may not in all cases be according to truth; but the old-time teachings were not always according to truth. Many a man who, fifty years ago, would have confessed that he was not a Christian will hesitate to do that to-day, and if pressed for an answer will declare himself a Christian in his understanding of the term. It is easier to get such a confession to-day than formerly, but it is harder to secure the phenomena of a general religious "revival." There is both more of the Christian spirit in society and also more general activity in the churches.

A vast multitude of organizations exist in connection with the church that formerly had no existence. The energy that used to be pent up, and let out through the vent of revival meetings, is now drawn on continuously in a hundred different ways. Whether tested by the amount of money given for religious and benevolent work, or by the degree to which time and strength are consumed in religious and reformatory work, we believe it will be found that the churches generally nowadays do not allow the conditions to be produced which were usually back of the old-fashioned "reformations."

And yet to any church may, and doubtless should, come increase of spirituality, involving a corresponding decrease of worldliness. This let Christians devoutly pray for, and by godly lives and examples seek to hasten.

Morning Star.

RALLYING DAY AND AFTER.

EDWARD T. BROMFIELD, D.D.

BOTH in city and country the close of summer marks a turning-point in the year. How natural that with the subsidence

of the enervating heat and the settling down of people to ordinary ways—with the coming back of energy to mind and body, and the call to earnest thought and action in life's battle—the churches and Sabbath-schools should summon their forces together and take fresh note of the calls of Providence and duty. This "turning over a new leaf," this careful survey of the field, this reunion of comrades, this planning for a fresh campaign, may be made an occasion of great moment to many souls, and of a great revival of zeal and activity in the Master's service.

The program of exercises for the Sabbath-school on Rallying Day should be of the simplest kind, but at the same time so comprehensive as to bring to the front the various working-forces of the school and church. It would be well to point out what the school is doing or trying to do to extend the kingdom of Christ; what it has contributed to the various mission boards; how many new recruits were brought in during the year; how many joined the church; how many recited the catechism and received Bibles. Brief reports of this kind, not forgetting a special report from the Young People's Society, which on this occasion should be invited to join in the services, would be in order. The selections from Scripture should be read responsively. Spirited hymns and melodies should be chosen. The pastor should give a few specially prepared counsels, and if possible good speakers from a distance should be invited to speak on special topics. Everything should be done to give emphasis to the thought that this is a joyful and a good day—a day of special dedication of time and service for carrying the gospel invitation to outsiders and bringing in new recruits to the school.

But Rallying Day is only the first page of a chapter of what should be hearty and joyful work in coming weeks and months. Canvassing for new scholars is to many persons a disagreeable duty. A little time spent in a comparison of methods and the relation of experiences will give zest to the work. A division of labor will often make it light, and good fellowship will often

make it pleasant. There was more meaning than we sometimes see in the act of our Lord when he sent forth his disciples "two and two," and in the wisdom with which he selected for each his companion in toil. Nor should the canvassing be merely perfunctory in character—a call, a question, a timid invitation, a retreat. There must be wise persistence in well-doing; an effort to discover the hindrances and to overcome them if possible. In some cases a little personal interest or a little help in clothing will work wonders. To win souls we must often "lay siege to them." But what joy is there not in the winning! If angels in heaven rejoice, we who in a mundane sphere are also permitted to be messengers of salvation may rejoice likewise. And this joy of soul-saving—who can describe it? *Presbyterian Banner.*

A RALLYING DAY FOR THE CHURCH.

EDWARD T. BROMFIELD, D.D.

If it be a good thing to call the forces of the Sabbath-school together at this season of the year for a united movement, why is it not equally proper to rally all the forces of the church at the same time for the same purpose?

It may possibly be objected that the spirit of Rallying Day should be perennial, and that to make one special day in the year the occasion for a fresh start is to dwarf the importance of all other days. Such an objection does not take into account that peculiarity of the human character which needs the help of special celebrations to emphasize truths which otherwise might lose some of their power over us.

Let, then, the advent of the autumnal season be signalized by the rallying of all the church's interests and institutions—the prayer-meeting, the missionary associations, the ladies' societies, and all branches of church-work. Let the pulpit catch the enthusiasm. Let the pews be filled. Let Zion "awake," "put on strength," and "perform her vows."

Where are our young men? Where are our older boys? A teacher writes: "They drift away from us somewhere between the ages of twelve and eighteen, and very many of them never come back. How shall we keep them while we have them?" Let the church bring all her influence to bear upon young men and lads to prevent their drifting away! Let her summon them to Rallying Day!

Christian Endeavorers, will you not join in this celebration, calling your members together, speaking with one another of the Sabbath-school, of your experiences in its service, of the methods by which its usefulness may be increased, and praying for its prosperity?

The will of God is heard in these great spontaneous movements in our church. When the hearts of multitudes are being influenced by one great spiritual thought and purpose, the people of God should nowhere stand aloof. Let them take up the word and pass it on! Let them swell the shout, the song, the chorus, till the old earth echo and reëcho the "joyful noise," and the very mountains "break forth into singing"!

There is urgent need, on all hands, for the rallying of God's forces to meet the enemy at our gates.

HARVEST-HOME SERVICE.

Historical.—The early history of the Hellenic races often brings out the fact that, though professing descent from the gods, they are found in possession of customs belonging to an older civilization. Our veneration for the fathers of New England must not allow us to suppose that they created an institution wholly new. The *May-flower* had for its passengers liberty-loving Englishmen, separated only so far as conscience commanded from their native land. The seed of many an organism, ecclesiastical, civil, and social, often thought to have been original, they brought with them, to be planted in a new soil and developed in its environment as a new variety. While we forget not the seed, those new conditions had a force, rarely enough considered, in determining their action in church and state, in which opinions and practices, which some professed to love still as they left old England, seem to have been lost at sea.

It is an undisputed fact that the thanksgiving day which the English colonists brought with them to Plymouth, Salem, Boston, and Hartford was *a religious day*, not of *annual* recurrence, but proclaimed, as occasion arose, for victories, rains, harvests, and all providential deliverances. This thanksgiving day they had observed in England. The Puritans, when forced to give up the keeping of Christmas, Easter, and saints' days on account of the sacrilege attending them, chose fast and thanksgiving days in their stead, and consecrated them entirely to holy uses. They spent the time in their churches. It was a Sabbath. There was no feasting, nor any family gathering. So if you think the Pilgrims were altogether a "solemn folk," remember that they developed our Thanksgiving day out of this strictly religious day of their fathers. It is our purpose briefly to show how this transformation came about.

In the autumn of 1621 the Pilgrims had their first holiday season. The occasion is so important that the passage from Mourt's "Relation" is given in full: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governour sent foure men on fowling, that so we might after a more speciale manner rejoyce together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labours, they foure in one day killed as much fowle,

as with a little helpe beside, served the Company almost a weeke, at which time amongst other Recreations, we exercised our Armes, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest King Massasoyt, with some ninetie men, whom for three dayes we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed fine Deere, which they brought to the Plantation and bestowed on our Governour, and upon the Captaine and others. And although it be not alwayes so plentifull, as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so farre from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plentie."

This has been generally termed the "first autumnal Thanksgiving day" in New England—the inauguration of the harvest festival. That it was a harvest festival cannot be disputed, but the passage itself shows that it was not a day of religious thanksgiving to God, such as they observed at other times. It was not a day set apart for worship, but a whole week of festivity. No religious service is spoken of, and it is doubtful if any was held, other than their customary morning devotions. The Sabbath exercises which bounded the week might have been specially permeated with a thanksgiving spirit, but this season was not ordered as were thanksgiving days. The Pilgrims had come to Plymouth as a church, and as such they followed the practices of separatist congregations in England. *They* named thanksgiving days by a vote of the church. There the authority was originally vested in all the New England colonies, though at an early date it was, for convenience, transferred to the State—first to the General Court and afterward to the governor and council; in Connecticut to the court in 1639 and to the governor and magistrates as well in 1655. Prior to 1639, in Connecticut Colony, the Hartford and Windsor churches appointed their own days. In 1638 Windsor kept Wednesday, October 3d, Hartford, Thursday, October 4th. Until the time of Governor Andros it was the prerogative of the churches through their ministers to move the civil authorities for the appointment of a Thanksgiving day; but the royal governor took the matter into his own hands, and royal governors since have followed his example. We cannot imagine the church of John Robinson moving for the keeping of Plymouth's festival week as a religious service. They would surely have been shocked at recreations during a religious season. Bradford relates how, on the Christmas day following, most of the new-comers excused themselves from going to work from conscientious scruples, whom the governor found at noontime "pitching ye bare" and "playing at stoole-ball." He thereupon confiscated their "implements" and bade them keep their houses if they made the keeping of the day "a matter of devotion," in which action he mirthfully justified himself by the claim that it "was against his conscience that they should play and others worke." It was this very mingling of sports with religious services that they had condemned in England. They would not have tol-

erated ball-playing on one of their *religious thanksgiving days;* but we have no doubt the governor himself and the doughty captain, after having been satisfied with goodly venison, watched approvingly the victors in games of stoole-ball during that festival week. Those who say this was the "first autumnal Thanksgiving day" need not be so hard on those who prefer foot-ball to stoole-ball. The Pilgrims did not keep it as such, but they were unconsciously inaugurating *influences* which would eventually transform the character of their ecclesiastical thanksgiving day.

The theory has been advanced by some that this festival week was suggested by the "Feast of Ingathering" known in Jewish history. All harvest festivals, whether among Christians or heathens, must be the same in essence. Only in respect to its intent and duration could this of Plymouth be compared to that in which worship and sacrifice were the burden of its ritual. John Robinson makes an extended reference to the Jewish feast as kept by Ezra, and finds only a solemn religious character attaching to it. The Pilgrims would not have patterned a festival after that and omitted its essential religious features. They were not cutting their cloth after any ancient fashion-plate.

It is more probable that this festival week had a kinship to the harvest-home of England. The gathering in of the harvest was the main thought in the celebration; so it had been in England. It corresponded in point of duration. Richard Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall," says of the English harvest festival, "Neither doth the good cheer wholly expire (though it somewhat decrease) but with the end of the weeke." There was no bringing home, with much ceremony, from the field, of the last shock of corn, fantastically arrayed in brilliant finery; no "blessing of the cart" or "kissing of the sheaves"; no harvest-song so familiar in the fatherland.

> Here's a health to the barley-mow;
> Here's a health to the man
> Who very well can
> Both harrow and plow and sow.

They had no taste for ceremonies, and their surroundings in the wilderness were not suitable for them. Still they exhibited the worthier and more sensible elements of their English harvest-home. The master and servant had the old-time fellowship at the feast, and the new-time guest, with his royal crown of eagle feathers, was a most fitting lord of such forest bounty. Their "hockey-cake" was of the proper sort, and the goose, if not of aristocratic lineage, was much to their liking. Surely if this occasion is to be judged by analogy it had affinities with old England. But it seems most likely that this harvest celebration—though it may have been suggested by harvest customs in their native land—arose naturally

in the midst of their circumstances as the occasion demanded. It was an inspiration. Its significance is rather in its idea.

Herein is the charm of that festivity: it displays the brighter side of our forefathers' characters. Religion had its place, but they were not averse to recreations and amusements. They looked with sad concern, no doubt, upon the mature faces of their children, and sought to cheer them by joining them at play. That festival week was the first time they had dared to take from their labors for merrymaking. The grand hunt of the four prime shots was an event. The muster of the military, before the admiring eyes of wives and sisters, was an appropriate laudation of soldierly duty. Hospitality to their Indian friends was a winsome lesson to those savage hearts. So the Pilgrims, because they believed in social pleasures, from their poverty of time kept that royal feast.

There was something prophetic of the Thanksgiving dinner of their descendants in the occasion. The provisions must have been bountiful, for there were about one hundred and forty persons, including the ninety of Massasoit's company, who were entertained for three days. Rare opportunity was afforded the Pilgrim mothers of the households, into which the colonists were divided, for the arts of cooking. All had their share of the supplies. Various kinds of sea-food were at hand; oysters the Indians brought them as desired. Ducks of the choicest varieties, highly prized by the epicures of the present day; geese that would have done honor to the Michaelmas feast of England; game of tempting flavor, from roasted venison to broiled partridge; and, above all—*facile princeps* of the New England feast—the turkey, of which they found a great store in the forest, and which they thus early crowned queen of their bounty, to which their descendants have been loyal, if they have failed to imitate them in other respects—these all garnished their tables throughout the harvest week. Kettles, skillets, and spits were overworked, while thus their pewter plates, spoons, knives, and skewers, which were kindly assisted by their fingers, made merry. Nor were these meats without the company of the barley-loaf and the cakes of Indian meal more highly prized than wheat-fed millions can imagine. As to the abundance of their vegetables we have the poetic testimony of the governor himself—for his excellency wrote poetry, the lines of which were measured, not by dactylic or iambic feet, but by the twelve-inch rule:

> "All sorts of grain which our own land doth yield
> Was hither brought, and sown in every field;
> As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans and pease
> Here all thrive, and they profit from them raise.
> All sorts of roots and herbs in gardens grow—
> Parsnips, carrots, turnips, or what you'll sow,
> Onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes,
> Skirrets, beets, coleworts, and fair cabbages."

They had a taste, too, for what they called "sallet herbs," and the pumpkins climbed their cornstalks as they have ever since. Wild grapes they had, and we can almost detect the smack when we read their words "very sweete and strong," whose sweetness might have added strength on opportunity. The fact is that, though we know so little of the home life of the Pilgrims, we know enough to warrant that their harvest festival was worthy of its Indian guests, and altogether creditable to their descendants.

The occasion was unique, and not in itself adapted to be perpetuated in such proportions. As the peach-tree puts forth its tinted bloom before its abiding foliage, so this harvest festival, which was not the Puritan thanksgiving day, was the bursting into life of a new institution, the promise of autumnal feasts to come.

Rev. W. De Loss Love in Religious Herald.

A FARMER'S SONG.*

JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.

Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks,
And look well to thy herds:
For riches are not forever;
And doth the crown endure unto all generations?
The hay is carried, and the tender grass showeth itself,
And the herbs of the mountain are gathered in.
The lambs are for thy clothing,
And the goats are the price of the field:
And there will be goat's milk enough for thy food,
For the food of thy household;
And maintenance for thy maidens.

PROV. xxvii. 23–27.

THE Revised Version of this section of the Book of Proverbs is so printed as to suggest that these eleven lines form a brief but complete song. There is a slight and intentional break in the continuity of the verses in this part of the chapter. The eleven lines make five verses; but they stand apart like a statue, detached from all that goes before and from all that succeeds and surrounds. They have the wholeness and independence of a finished product, as though they formed a

* A sermon preached in Westbourne Park Chapel, London.

single hymn in one of our usual collections of song, and could be identified by a specific number and a special heading.

A slight examination of the text shows that as the life of a tree or of a child determines the shape of the oak or of the boy, so the poetical completeness and literary finish of this Scripture is due to the life breathed into it by its author. It is a creation, and has the individuality of its creator impressed on it. It is like a sonnet, for it has one idea and beats with one emotion. It is a picture, and one formative purpose appears over the whole canvas. The scenery is rural, vivid, and interesting; the grouping of the successive figures is orderly and firm—orderly with the logical sequence of life, and firm with the coherence and sharpness of outline due to the mastery of soul over body.

It is a psalm, though found in the Book of Proverbs; and although it does not match the peerless shepherd-song in sylvan loveliness, pure, calm, and soaring hopes, yet it is like it in its key-note of trust in God, its love of nature and life, and its rural beauty.

We are not so familiar with this farmer's song as with other odes in this book. Cooped up in great cities, stirred and absorbed by the excitement of an industrial era, we have neither time nor desire for the homely music of this rural harper. The strong feeling, dramatic picturing, and passionate appeals of the pathetic poem on drunkenness have struck responsive chords in every reader's heart. Few of us forget the ruined field of the sluggard, with its nettles and weeds, gaping walls and broken gates, and the companion picture of the lazy sleeper turning over and over in his sloth till he is aroused by the attack of want as a weaponed warrior breaking into his bedroom to punish him for his idleness. But we have given scant attention to the rustic singer who tells us of the farmer's risks, notes the succession of the farmer's crops, sets open the door and shows us his well-ordered household, and seeks both to quicken industry and inspire faith in the farmer's God. True, the song springs clear and clean out of the natural soil

of the farmer's life, but it travels to the very steps of the throne of the Eternal Father. It is, indeed, a simple pastoral, and might be regarded as the farmer's *vade-mecum;* but surely it is also a gospel, a gladdening message for him as he drives the plow over the field or counts his sheep on the hills; and, like all God's gospels, it has a warning word to drive out the lassitude that comes of bad seasons and the despair that sets in after misfortune. Commonplace as the theme doubtless is, yet the Hebrew poet sings in order that with us "the melodies may abide of the everlasting clime"; and we, carrying his "music in our hearts," may "ply our daily tasks with busier feet," because our "secret souls this holy strain repeat."

It can hardly be doubted that this is the song of a man of the soil, a son of labor, who describes the farmer's life not from the serene heights of observation, but from the realities of personal experience. He is the child of a pastoral people; a member of a community that found the "ox" and the "ass" mentioned twice in the great "Ten Words," and again and again in the subsidiary regulations for their social life, and to whom farming was so central an interest that they held and taught that "the profit of the earth is for all," and even "the king is served by the field." He was a Hebrew yeoman, industrious and reflective, wise and godly, with a quick eye for the beauty of ever-varying nature, and a strong love for the simple economies and deep content of the farmer's life. He was a poet. The words he selects are pictures, vivid metaphors. The state of the flocks is to be seen in their "faces"; in the "look" of the eye, the poise of the head, the firmness or weakness of step. He notes the succession of the months; the carting of the hay, followed by the fresh, green, new crop; the lambs slowly manufacturing garments for winter wear; the goats giving milk for the daily subsistence of the house.

It is in that last touch that the interest of the singer centers. The human is supreme. The home gives to the fields their meaning, to the cattle their service, and to the farm its beauty.

He is no dreamer lost to life in admiration of the "common countenance of earth and sky," but a brother man with soul enough to see the poetry of ordinary human lives—lives far more akin to drudgery than to romance. To him the man at the plow and the maidens milking the goats are children of God, with hopes and fears, with love and sorrow; living on the farm and by it, and getting through it their education and discipline, their wealth of happiness and character; and therefore his poem does not recall the skilful handling and elaborate treatment of Virgil's "Georgics," but the sympathy, humanity, and faith of the Ayrshire plowman. He is the Robert Burns of the Hebrew singers, who

> . . . In his glory and his joy
> Followed the plow along the mountain-side,

and sang to his comrades of his labor, with the desire to lighten their burdens and perfect their trust, assured that

> To mak' a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos sublime
> Of human life.

The pastoral is an instruction. Therefore it begins by telling the farmer to "be diligent to know the state" or condition —the general "look"—of his "flocks." Poetry is practical. "Every great poet is a teacher, or he is nothing," said Wordsworth. The poet's business is with life—the making of men's feelings more sane, pure, and permanent, the gift of new and wider horizons of thought and higher moods of emotion, the stimulus of will, and the increase of achievement.

Still the exhortation, though energetic, is pensive. It is in a minor key. Life is full of change. Seasons vary. Times are bad. Fortune is fickle. Prosperity is a winged bird; and be it never so beautiful, and the cage in which you have locked it never so secure, it may fly away. Acres covered with corn call aloud for the reaper, but the only response is

the ceaseless, drenching rain. The farmer sighs for sunshine, and he gets for answer

> The death-dumb autumn's dripping gloom.

Even the "diadem"—the token that separates the king from his people—does not continue from generation to generation. The brightest honors fade. The fine gold dims. Wealth decays. With the one touch of passion that makes the poem—the one outleap of the flame of feeling—he says, "And surely the crown of the king"—the most distinguishing possession—"does not last." "Make hay," therefore, "while the sun shines." Give heed to "littles." Consider well thy "small cattle," the sheep and goats. It is in the little economies that the battle is lost or won. It is the alertness that takes time by the forelock that gains the prize. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Seize and use the present moment. Very homely counsels, indeed, are these, and read like quotations from *Poor Richard;* but then the happiness of life depends upon the steady practice of the every-day virtues of carefulness, industry, and promptitude. Three fourths of our life is on this low level, and the way we behave thereon settles at once our present happiness and the quality and worth of the remaining fourth. "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much."

He will be likely to acquire two other qualifications on which the farmer's well-being depends: "the open eye" and the dedicated will. According to the Hebrew poet the successful husbandman must give heed to know the "look" of his cattle, and "put his heart into his work for his herds." He is a doctor, and must go about his fields swift to note the changes in the condition of his sheep and goats as soon as they occur, and supply that physicianly aid which will ward off disease and keep them in full health. "A horse requires more care than a child," said a coachman to me; and certainly the farmer who has not what Carlyle calls an "open eye" will not be likely to have a productive farm.

Do not despise your work. Do it well. Be a whole man to it while you are at it. Israel's great men did not think it beneath them to inspect their flocks. The patriarchs were shepherds and cultivators of the soil. Job was a shepherd. Moses was a shepherd. David looked well after his flocks. Gideon was accosted by God when he was threshing wheat. A great and noble life does not depend on rank or place, but on purpose, faith, love, character, and service.

But it is in the latter part of the song that we find the good news. If the first verse enjoins carefulness, wisdom, alacrity, and devotion, and the second enforces the practice of these virtues on the ground of the uncertainties of the farmer's life, then the three verses following console him with the assurance of the bounty of God, and the indefeasible and incomputable compensations of nature and Providence. This "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," begins with a rural harvest-scene, where, after the plentiful ingathering of the hay, one sees the new grass starting forth and covering the meadows again. For the earth is not dead after its first yield; the second crop appears, and, when the fodder of the mountain-slopes has been gathered in and the barns are filled with plenty, the husbandman still has his lambs with their warm wool for clothing, and the goats, some of which may be sold for the rent of the field, while the rest supply the milk needed for the maintenance of the house.

So the life of agricultural industry has better guaranties than the crowns of kings. Husbandry is more secure than the treasures of the great. Nature is exhaustlessly reproductive. Let men have free access to and free use of it, and its cultivation will be a sure source of support for the family and a source of progress for the nation. "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread." Mother Earth cares for her children. The landscape of the farm is full of divine feeling and rich in suggestions that inspire calm and quicken industry. It throbs with the tender heart of God. It is alive. In its simple and steady processes it reveals the Father's care for

his child, and invites him to steady and healthful toil, in obedience to its laws, and to calm-bringing trust in him in response to his love.

> . . . The dim, green-mantled earth
> Warm cherished every floweret's birth.

"The grass growing on the mountains," "the year crowned with goodness," are all guides to "the paths of God"—the paths that "drop fatness," that drop "upon the pastures of the wilderness" and make "the little hills rejoice on every side."

So the spirit breathed throughout this song is that of trust in the great loving and superintending Farmer, the Husbandman-in-chief, who never forgets his children, and to whom our common lives, with their daily toils and sorrows, their faith and hope, are unspeakably dear. It links our humble working-life with the will and the work of the Eternal, and assures us of the care of the Highest for the shepherd on the hill and the plowman in the field and the milkmaid at the stall. It anticipates—dimly, it must be confessed, but really—the assurance given us by Jesus that our Heavenly Father knows what things we have need of before we ask him; and that we may leave to him the care of our lives if only we will care first for his kingdom and his righteousness. Let not your heart be troubled. Believe in God, believe in nature, and do your duty; and the farm life, with its regular round of duties, its simple loves, its high thoughts, its wise economies, its immediate touch of earth, its charming gossip, its pleasant human interests, and its many windows through which we may catch sight of the face of God, will yield us all we need for a simple, manly, godly life.

The farmer is credited with an exceptional gift for grumbling. That verdict lacks proof. Some of the most serene and trustful souls I have known have grown up in goodness and service by the aid of agricultural industry. Ruskin says that "supposing all circumstances otherwise the same with

respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will always be found to have more faith in God than the other." The husbandman is close to the heart of nature, lives in touch with God, and so, more than many, shares his deep content, his tranquillity, and builds up a character of hardy independence, of kindly considerateness for his servants, and of helpful ministry to the poor. May our study of this song make our spirit more trustful, our characters more strong, and our lives more sunny!

"HARVEST-HOME."

J. BYINGTON SMITH.

THE "harvest-home" we sing with cheer,
Now that abundance crowns the year;
The God of harvests now we praise,
To him our thanks a tribute raise;
For he our anxious care relieves
While reapers home come bringing sheaves,
Till filled are cellars, barns, and bin,
With harvests which are gathered in.

The seeds, which were by handfuls sown,
Were into richest harvests grown;
And reapers reaped the golden grain
While binders followed in their train,
And wagons each with heavy load
Were seen along the homeward road.

Of old, the reapers of the grain
Over the fields went not again,
But what was left the gleaners had,
So gleaners were with reapers glad;
And reapers, too, must corners leave,
For gleaners also these receive.

This was not something very rare
Of Boaz' field when Ruth was there,
For reapers oft let handfuls fall,
Nor greedy they to gather all;
And well were still this law in force,
And elsewhere in the reapers' course
The handfuls now were lying round
On purpose that they might be found,
Or other reapers be inclined
E'en sheaves of grain to leave behind.

Then all these fruits and ripened grain,
Which often leaves and chaff remain,
Remind that we should let appear
Not leaves alone, but fruit, each year,
And store the soul and heart and brain
Not just with chaff, but ripened grain.

And as by fruits we each are known,
Sow seeds from which the fruits are grown;
And if not known by dress we wear,
But rather by the sheaves we bear,
Should gather up some sheaves each day,
And waste not precious lives away;
And be prepared, like shocks of corn,
To hail the resurrection morn,
That when for us the reapers come,
Angels shall shout the "harvest-home."

Watchman.

AT HARVEST-TIME.

One of the Saviour's most solemn parables is concerning the harvest-time of life, of which he says plainly, "The harvest is the end of the world." Throughout the realm of nature this is a cheery, joyous season. On every side the fair earth

is yielding her most precious and life-preserving products. The sound of the gleaners cutting, cradling, stacking, and binding the golden grain, the threshers separating wheat and chaff, the sweet breath of garnered hay and corn—the combined gifts of field, orchard, and garden—bring welcome promise of abundance and good cheer for the coming months, when neither sign of leaf nor verdure will show above the frozen and snow-clad earth. So much, ah, so much depends upon the harvest-time! If the corn-field, the vineyard, and the orchard show but a meager supply as the result of the kind of seed sown in the spring; if meadow and garden yield but indifferently, only partially filling the high lofts and wide bins which should be filled to repletion, how serious the outlook for man and beast! It was for the future—the long, barren months to come—that the farmer plowed, sowed, and planted when the year was young; and if at the end—at harvest-time—an insufficient showing proves lack of care on his part he will share the blame and shame of an unprofitable servant indeed.

In language so clear that the unlearned and the young can understand, the Saviour, in the parable of the wheat and the tares, shows that all along the journey of life mankind are sowing seed of some kind, which at the end of life is going to produce a harvest, the sure outcome of the kind of seed sown. Nature is inflexible in certain results, founded and fixed by the great Creator of nature and her laws. What the farmer sows he will be sure to reap. Never yet since the world began have men gathered grapes from a bush of thorn, or figs from a tuft of thistles. And every one throughout Christendom who is old enough and intelligent enough to read the Bible must know and understand that he occupies the place of a sower who will ultimately reap whatever is sown in the heart as to religious or irreligious belief, as to faith in Christ as a Redeemer, or as to indifference concerning the final condition of the soul. *Christian at Work.*

THE GLORIES OF AUTUMN.

EVERY season of the varied year possesses beauties and attractions peculiar to itself. Autumn is the sober season. Decay has struck the world. A mysterious blight, a subtle and pervasive poison, is in the atmosphere; the black death has come to the vegetable world. The cold breath of autumn withers the flowers of summer and clothes nature in subdued colors. But the agencies of change, decay, and destruction operate gradually. A sudden transition from the warm glow of summer to the chill and frosts of late autumn would oppress and overpower the human race. To prevent such a calamity the march of the seasons is gradual. The approaches of autumn are so slow as to be imperceptible to the senses. Autumn creeps upon us stealthily; there seems to be no difference from day to day; the change is so slow that we are bound to believe there is no change at all. But as the blasts of November come we are startled to find that autumn is already far advanced in its course. It has come to stay and to complete its work of destruction. Though slow in movement, its work is sure and complete at length. There have been a hundred miniature autumns to round out the one grand season; for each day has been a little autumn, and each tinged a little more deeply with sober hues than its predecessor, until we come to the fullness of the season confronting the great and terrible winter period of ice and snow.

The early autumn is extremely enjoyable. Traces of summer yet linger on the landscape. The white frosts have barely touched the late flowers, which yet glow upon their stems. But there is a tonic in the air. We feel stronger, and the system begins to realize a fresh elasticity. The oppressive heat is no more; there is a new pleasure in being abroad in the fields of nature. Though indefinable, the change can be felt, and is always enjoyed. While early autumn is delightful, we are inclined to think the best of it is found midway in late October

and early November. When the season has become pronounced and settled there is a ripeness in everything. The leaves die and the fruit falls; they die and drop because they have run their course. They tell of completeness and perfection as well as of decay. We are thoughtful, but yet not sad. Autumn wears no weeds in coming to the goal. Her robes of red and gold are put on—a sort of royal attire. It is the crowning of the year.

The beautiful landscape at this season—the blending of field and forest, of hill and vale, of the green in the meadow and the gold and scarlet on the hillside—is a delight to the eye. New England is rich in such pictures. We see them everywhere. In passing the high midlands on the Massachusetts Central the scene is unsurpassed. Nature has outdone herself in the beauty, variety, and grandeur of the picture. No painter for the World's Fair or for the palaces of kings has spread such a canvas, or given such beauty in distribution and color. Every tint that could add attraction is there. The combination of whatever is rare and rich is simply marvelous. At a distance of ten or fifteen miles looms in solitary grandeur the ample proportions of Wachusett, capped by its tower, and with the white village glittering high up on the shoulder. The distant mountain is sear and sober, but the eye takes in, at the same glance, the huge forests stretching miles and miles away, in which the dark green of the pine and hemlock is contrasted with the gold of the chestnut, the rich red of the oak, the vivid brightness of the maple, the fire of the sumach, the brown stubble of the grain-field, and the green of the meadow, brightened into emerald by contrast with the colors about it. The picture is magnificent. The great Artist has painted some of his most remarkable works in solitary places. They are not removable to the great art galleries. Whoever would enjoy the sight must get out of the turmoil of the world by going where they are. They admit of only pilgrim worshipers who are prepared to take staff and scrip and to put off their shoes in the presence of this manifestation of God in his mar-

velous works in nature. New England is rich in her hills. There is no such scenery anywhere else. Is it wonderful that her children become attached to the soil? The prairies have wealth; New England has what no money can buy.

Zion's Herald.

HARVEST-SONGS.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

On earth we sang harvest-songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barracks were filled; you know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest-song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying, "Harvest-home! harvest-home!"

THE HARVEST-MOON.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasseled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O Moon of the year in her prime!
Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender—
Earth hath not a holier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow
Hath wakened to life and to death;
From the grave that was cerement and burrow
Hath risen to passionate breath.

It hath laughed in the sunlight and starlight,
  Hath thrilled to the breeze and the dew,
And fallen, to stir in some far night,
  And all the old gladness renew.

O Moon of the harvest's rich glory,
  Thy banners outflame in the sky,
And under thee men write the story
  That cries to the heavens for reply—
The story of work and endeavor,
  Of burden and weakness and strength;
The story that goes on forever,
  Through centuries dragging its length.

And thou, ever stately and golden,
  Thou Moon of the latest year's prime,
What sight thine eye hath beholden!
  No grief to thy pathway may climb,
As over the fields that are reapen
  At evening, and level and shorn,
Thou pourest thy splendors that deepen
  The rose and the silver of morn.

Harper's Bazar.

AN AUTUMN HOMILY.

D. L. G.

Once more in the procession of seasons imperial Autumn has come, and Nature arrays herself in loveliest garniture to give her greeting. In half sadness we have seen Summer, with her tropical fervor and voluptuous ripeness, depart, her ruddy arms laden with sheaves of bearded wheat, and her sandals white with dust. The sunlight has been dimmer since; the winds pipe fitfully; the swallows and the singing birds follow their patriarchs to sunnier climes; the frost-rime whitens the late-blooming flowers; in the sedgy heath the

partridge whistles, and the brown pheasant drums from the copse; the acorns slip from their cups, and the chestnuts burst their spiny bolls.

> October's touch paints all the maple leaves
> With brilliant crimson, and his golden kiss
> Lies on the clustered hazels; scarlet glows
> The sturdy oak, and copper-hued the beech.
> A russet glory lingers on the elm;
> The pensile birch is yellowing apace,
> And many-tinted show the woodlands all,
> With autumn's dying splendors.

Infinite Truth reports himself, to them that have eyes to see, in "the things that do appear." The unconscious world without has been so made as strangely and solemnly to speak to the conscious world within. The poetry of nature is the religion of Christ. It is full of symbols and parables, speaking jewels in the ephod of the Lord. He who bade the crimson lilies step forth as the gentle satirists of earthly pomp, and the ravens and sparrows as eloquent preachers of an evangely of trust in God, has consecrated the year's fading-time as the revelator of human mortality. The heart receives its message as a truth of feeling. There is a *miserere* in the winds; a litany in the falling leaves; a supplication in the waters; the blue mists float upward as smoke from burial-urns. The earth is girt with brilliance, but it is the hectic brilliance of decay:

> This pomp that autumn beareth
> A funeral seems, where every guest
> A wedding-garment weareth.

"We all do fade as a leaf." To be sure, we witness no general decay to which the fall of the faded leaves is a true parallel. They have their "time to fall and wither at the north wind's breath"; but to every period of human life decay is common. The autumn fading rests on some when their days should be yet redolent of spring. It is not alone pro-

tracted years that dry up the heart and wither to its "sear and yellow leaf" the strength of man—their work is anticipated by sin and labor and disease. Some at the meridian of their years have left their prime in the past: the grape is rounded, but its purple dust is rubbed away; the cup is full, but the bead is dead upon the ripened wine. In infancy or youth or prime or age we are subject to the call that wrenches us from our frail supports and sends us shivering to the grave. There is no apparent change in the conditions of life about us, but its individuals ever change; and how brief a lapse of years suffices to consign a whole generation to the dust! O brother mortals, let us hear the threnody of the departing year as it hastens with gigantic footsteps to its wintry grave: "Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

After a while—a vanished face—
An empty seat—a vacant place.
After a while—a name forgot—
A crumbled headstone—unknown spot.

And yet the autumn is not a sad season, nor need mortality be a sad lesson. The gladness that perishes by any truth is a gladness that ought to perish. A joy put to flight by reminders of the tomb is scarce worth having in such a world as this. The fall of foliage is but the shredding away of old, outworn forms. They lived for the higher life they infolded, they drooped and died because their substance passed into the tree's enduring fiber; their beauty is lost, but found again in a nobler way—in the russet nut and golden fruit, or in the majestic timber, that by their ministry has gotten power to clothe itself in new foliage for a hundred summers to come. And so, their mission ended, the leaves fade, and, fading, spread joy-banners over hill and dale, and fall down musically as if in praise. If man makes of home, society, business, possessions, honors, his senses, and the things that minister to sense, the *all* of life, then when these decay and pass, his very existence

seems to expire. Life is utter loss; eternity a vast inane. But he who has recognized them as the perishable investiture of an immortal soul, and used them as purveyors to the divine being within, which *is* himself, can watch their decline and death with deep composure. He has them in the deposits their use has left in saintly character. Youth has gone, with its innocence and sunny dreams; mid-life, with its manly purpose and glowing ardor; the eye is growing dimmer; the limb loses its spring and roundness, the hand its cunning; and oh, how much has passed away with them! But they have been employed, and, fading in holy use, have left upon the deathless spirit the perennial beauty of the Lord its God.

All departures in nature are singularly glorious. When, the storm over, earth smiles and blushes through her tears, greeting the sunshine that pours its golden tide through the swept and garnished skies, the retiring cloud flings across its bosom the rainbow's seven-tinted, peerless splendor. When the day goes down into her western chambers to slumber, the soft clouds troop around and drape her couch with hangings dyed and stained with dazzling glories. When night would abdicate her throne she draws about her canopies of intenser darkness, and then on her ebon breast she loops and clusters her most gorgeous gems, and flings the stars in glowing handfuls, as largess to a slumbering world. The summer ends; the year prepares to double the Cape of Storms; flowers of the deepest dyes are abloom; the woods robe themselves in rare and sumptuous brocades—saffron and crimson, amber and russet, and darkest green; no humblest thorn or vine or bramble, no crumbling oak-bole, no lichen on a moldering wall, but nods in plumes of many-colored flame. So should life close with man: its season of decay the period of its rarest loveliness; the rich and venerable splendor of a spirit subdued, chastened, and enriched by loss; a character that combines wisdom and strength with sweetness and tolerance; a stately pillar wreathed with acanthus; and what is mortal of it, though ruined and

decayed by the wear of years, seamed and battered by the shocks of toil and moil and grief, glorified at the vanishing-point by "the light of the glory of God" breaking on it from beyond. *Herald and Presbyter.*

THE HARVEST-TIDE.

SUMMER is over, and the autumn has already yielded much of its promised store. Most bright, most beautiful and delightful have summer and autumn been to us. Those long festival summer days, so full of grateful fragrance and happy song, so rich with the glory of sunshine and blue sky, of shower and rainbow and golden cloud, all have gone into the storehouse of the all-devouring past. Yet we recall them, and their remembrance comes sweet as the dreams of childhood and home and love. Autumn possesses calmer beauty and deeper loveliness than the summer. Growth is completed. The fields are at rest, and their green is bordered with russet and gold. The apple-trees are laden with fruit worthy of Eden and reminding one of the forfeited home of the fallen race. Paradise is not wholly gone; rich morsels of precious fruitage still reward the man of well-directed toil. Its flowers bloom for us in summer; its fruits ripen for us in these luscious September days; its fragrance still lingers on the soft wings of the breeze that dances lightly over the fields which the Lord hath blest.

The ever-recurring miracle of the ages is now complete: the seed has grown into the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear. Sun, shower, breeze, kindly shadow, fervent heat, have performed the *will of Him* who is all and over all. And now we can look at our stores, and with him pronounce all very good. Every farmer who has plowed, sown, planted, guarded, and watched his fields, and finally gathered in the reward of his toil, has been so far a fellow-worker with God. In all the harvest-gatherings how much belongs to man! Were it not

for the farmer's skill and patient industry and care, no wheat or corn, no bread for the hungry, no shelter from the storm. And yet how little man can do! How futile all his efforts! How weak his strength and fruitless his skill! When God withholds the timely sunshine and shower, or when he gives the world to his "great army" of multitudinous rust-spores or other agents to arise and destroy, of how little account is all that we can do! The farmer is ever a man of faith. Were he not a firm believer in what he has not seen he would not turn a furrow or sow a grain. Why should he believe in a morrow, in a coming summer or autumn; in springtime or harvest, in growth or ripening? It is all of faith, whether we will or no. The harvest is God's testimony that he is the rewarder of them that diligently work with him.

What profusion of loveliness in garden and orchard, in field and forest, on the hills and waters; on these marvelous morning and evening skies—sunset sweet and heavenly as the departure of God's saints; dawns and sunrisings that foreshadow from the bosom of the solemn night the resurrection to eternal life! Not a step can we take that does not tell us some fresh story written in leaf or flower or tree—in the harmless gold of the buttercup, in blue and white of the asters and scores of other flowers, and in the perennial modest loveliness of green grass and white-and-red clover. Then there is the beauty of the wild berries—scarlet, blue, purple, amber, golden; all shades and shapes, fragrant, luscious, suggestive of nature's overflowing bounty to all that live.

Winter sends its messages from the north, and under cover of the night scatters hoar-frost to remind us of what is soon to be. The shortening days give us longer evenings for communings by the happy fireside and for the blessed companionship of books. Cool and bracing winds strengthen the frame for toil, and drive away the damps and miasmas that might endanger health. God has opened his hand liberally, and filled the hungry with good things, and satisfied the desires of all that live.

Can this panorama of life—these changing seasons, these days and nights so full of glory, these flowers that flourish and die—can these things pass before us year by year without stirring the deepest thought and feeling of our souls? Understand it, comprehend it, we do not, we never can. But we can at least perceive and apprehend a part of the excellent glory around us; we can trace the footprints and finger-marks of the divine Artist who never fails to combine the beautiful with the useful, and who seeks access to our hearts by every avenue of sense and reason, of faith and feeling. The light and power of God are on our fields, on our hills, in our valleys, wherever a tree grows or a seed germinates or a flower blooms; wherever the sea laves the shore or a brook laughs down the hillside into the lake; wherever herds graze or birds with fleet wing cleave the air.

Our barns and store-rooms where we bestow the fruits of our toil, our tables where we partake of the bounties of Providence, are constant witnesses to us of God's present working. If we cannot rise to the thought of the skill and beauty of the Lord as shown in the miracle of the passing seasons, we can find his wisdom and kindness in the provision he has made to meet our wants. The Infinite bends to the finite, and lifts it up into touch with himself. God takes us by the hand and leads us through a world full of himself. He asks our sympathy, and teaches us to see light in his light, and where there is darkness to leave that meanwhile with him.

For there is deep darkness even in this world where God is and which Christ has redeemed. In the midst of life we are in death, and in the midst of light the night is not far away. Singing gives place to sighing—oh, how soon and how often!—and pain comes to all with its dread questioning. The bloom perishes, the flowers fade, the grass withers, the leaves fall. Youth passes into maturity, and into age with its humiliations and infirmities. The agonies of sore sickness and death are too common to be forgotten for a single day. There is a key to all this mystery of passingness, of trouble, of pain,

and of death, and Christ holds that key. Pain he makes a teacher of wisdom, death he transforms into an angel of peace, and humiliation is the tearful prelude to exaltation. As clouds and rain, crashing thunder-storms, and the chill airs of many a night all contribute to the wealth and ripeness and glory of harvest, so do pain and sorrow and death ripen the human soul for the "harvest-home" of eternal rest.

Presbyterian Witness.

THE JOYOUS FESTIVAL OF THE LEAVES.

THE maples flung out their crimson banners weeks ago beside the northern lakes and on the sides of the mountains, but nearer home there is only here and there a splash of scarlet color on the trees, all the more startling because most of the foliage is still so brightly green. The woodbine burns like fire in the sunbeams, and the leaves of the sumach and the berries of the mountain-ash are red as blood. The fading of the leaf is not a saddening spectacle in our part of the world; it seems rather like a joyous arrayal of the trees for a festival of triumph. Their autumn magnificence is jubilant and imperial.

Like the red apples on the bough and the purple grapes on the vines, the glory of the leaf is the fair consummation of the vitality of the tree. The resplendent hues of the fading leaf are not the colors of decay, but of maturity. It is the process of ripening that paints them in all their splendor. Those that die untimely wither without splendor. A sharp frost, which kills the leaves, robs them of their magnificence. The beauty of the leaf is the rich culmination of its vitality, not the hectic of decay. This suggestion of the autumn leaf is certainly an inspiring one, not sad, but satisfying. It is not hard to die when life has become full-orbed and character is complete. Live holily if you would have your life's autumn glorious. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

The work of the leaf has been well done. It has assimilated the forces of the sunshine and built them into the bulk of the tree. When it falls its work abides. In every sturdy trunk remains an added ring as the record of the achievements of the season's leafage. Thus may it be with us. If faithful in our day and sphere we may leave behind us the enduring memorials of our noble living, grand endeavors, and patient endurance. The world is rich to-day with the results of the toils, sacrifices, and great thoughts of those whose bodies went to dust long ago. The leaf says to us, "You may so live that, being dead, you yet shall speak. No good labor is lost. Influence is immortal."

Soon the leaves will pass to make room for others. They have had their day. They are unselfish. They are willing to get out of the way when they have fully lived and their work is accomplished. They do not put on mourning, but, clad in joyous brilliancy of color, they wait to be plucked by the spirit-fingers of the frost, or to be more rudely torn from the bough by the wandering winds. The next generation must have its turn, and the old leaves gladly leave the places that they have faithfully filled. There will be more leaves than ever on the trees next spring. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever." The happy and triumphant old people are those who realize that the work of the world is to be done better than ever after they are gone, and are thankful to leave room for the abundant youthful workers who are more than enough to fill their places. The crowning glory of age is joy in the abundance, the ardor, the enterprise, and the daring of youth. The old man has not attained his ideals, but he can cheerfully pass onward, knowing that humanity will still pursue them with constantly increasing eagerness and faith. Life's loftiest summit is a Nebo from which we survey the Land of Promise which others are to enter and to conquer. *Northern Christian Advocate.*

AUTUMN.

MARCUS MARLOW.

HAIL, golden harvest days! Ye bring reward
To honest labor; tune glad hymns of praise
To Him who crowns the years with mercies. Ye
Proclaim God's faithfulness to all who toil
In faith and hope; who in the morning sow
Their seed, and ne'er withhold the careful hand
Till they receive the increase. Ye assure
This hoping, trembling, disappointed heart
That, though ofttimes e'en summer days are sad
With rain, though spiritual harvests be
Delayed, God's promises can never fail;
But to the waiting soul he shall appear,
And, like the mellow autumn sunlight, shine
In benediction on the ripened fruit.

HARVEST THOUGHTS.

REV. GEORGE ALFRED PAULL.

WHILE the harvest season marshals its reapers in the field it presents some pleasing though serious thoughts to all. It is a scene as old as the race—these waving fields of grain. Our Saviour saw them grow "white to the harvest" as he wandered with his disciples on the verdant shores of Gennesaret. His ancestor in humankind, the humble, gentle Ruth, gleaned after the reapers of Boaz in fields which, for similarity of appearance, might be these in our western clime. Grains of wheat fall from the wrappings of a mummy, which, when planted, reproduce the harvest which ripened under Egypt's patient skies so many centuries ago. And even further back we see Noah standing by the altar of his evening sacrifice waiting for the Almighty's reënactment of the order of nature

after its long and terrible interruption by the flood. It came in "the bow of promise" which shot athwart the eastern sky. By that symbol God entered into the harvest covenant with the human family, pledging himself that the waters should no more cover the earth, but that "seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter," should not cease while there was an earth to sow or reap.

So the seed was sown and the harvest came; and though four thousand times the tender grain has sprung up from the soil, that pledge has never once been violated. The harvest-fields form the tawny ocean which flows uninterruptedly from the diluvian age to this. And this is evident: that it is to the covenant faithfulness of God that we are indebted for the harvests of each year. Let that stand as the one first great condition of the harvest.

There is another. Place what value we will on the productiveness of nature, on the regularity, constancy, of the seasons, these things are worthless of themselves. The fact is, man's food will not come to him of itself. It is a peculiarity of all the cereals that they are never found growing wild; they cannot spring up spontaneously. Further, and curiously, they cannot prolong their existence without the care of man; they are never self-sown. A neglected field of wheat or corn may in the first year produce a few scattered stalks of half-filled ears; but soon even these disappear, and a few summers will suffice to obliterate every trace of grain. Thus undoubtedly is the sentence executed, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Life depends on labor—here we have the other condition of the harvest. Man may sow and man may water, but God alone gives the increase. But equally true is it that unless man plants and plows and reaps, seed-time and harvest avail him nothing.

Then comes our dependence on the harvest. In the many complications of human life, the far-reaching systems of trade, and the vast business of the cities, we may perchance overlook the simple thrift and slow gains of the husbandman. If com-

merce is good and industries flourish and money is easy, we forget our absolute dependence on the field. In the wealth and luxury acquired in other ways we fancy we could do without agriculture. But how? It matters not how many fleets bring wealth to our shores; we cannot grind our gold into flour. It matters not how precious are the ores from our mines; without the riches of the field they are as worthless as the dust beneath our feet. It matters not what costly fabrics our manufactories turn out; we must have food as well as clothing. So that back of all lies the harvest as the germ of life.

It has been well said that "starvation, which is often within a day's march of countless multitudes, is once a year within a month of all the human family." The supply of food—how far is it ahead of the demand? In this country not one year; in other countries not six months. That is to say, if the harvests of the world were a failure, in six months all Europe, Asia, and Africa would be dependent on America for the bread to put into their mouths, and in a twelvemonth America would lay herself down beside her sister continents and perish of starvation. The year's food only is grown in the year. Each year the world depends for subsistence upon something freshly given it which it cannot provide for itself. As the harvest approaches the wolf is at the door. Nothing stands between us and starvation but the harvest covenant of the ever-faithful God—"seed-time and harvest shall not cease."

Away, then, with our fancied independence! Our breath is in our nostrils. Back again to old-time simple dependence on the covenant-keeping God—back to the arms of our Father! We pray in the line of the harvest covenant when we say, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Illustrated Christian Weekly.

AN AUTUMN LESSON.

A LESSON of the autumn leaves comes strongly to him who looks beyond the fluttering and falling of the leaf. This has

been taught us by many, but by none better than by Gannett in his "Year of Miracle." Out of the death of the leaf comes life to other leaves. Not the least portion of the force in it is lost. It is garnered in another state and in new conditions, and may well be permitted to speak to us of a newer and fuller life for man. "The dying of the leaf is but part of the success, though it seems to be the ending." The same teaching comes from the fruit. Fruit, which we eat for the flavor and the juice, has a higher ministry than that of appetite. We overlook the seeds which hug together at the core. Yet the flesh of the fruit is of little account with that we throw away. There is no future in the pulp for the plant. Its future is shut up in the discarded seed. The prophecy, the mystery of continued life is there. The energy of the plant has gone into its growth and perfecting. Strenuously, through night and day, the plant has obeyed the design of God in it. Through storm and sunshine it has kept its individuality. It has not been changed into something else. The best conditions may have been withdrawn, but it has held on to its essential nature. It has responded instantly to good influences, putting on growth as nature became more kindly.

New York Christian Advocate.

SOUL-SATISFYING BREAD.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.—JOHN vi. 35.

OUR Saviour uses very simple figures. Think of his calling himself bread! How condescending, that the commonest article upon the table should be the fullest type of Christ! Think of his calling our faith an eating and a drinking of himself! Nothing could be more instructive; at the same time

nothing could better set forth his gentleness and humility of spirit, that he does not object to speak thus of our receiving him. God be thanked for the simplicity of the gospel! Again, our Saviour has taken metaphors of a very common character, so that if our hearts are but right we cannot go anywhere but we are reminded of him. We cannot sit down to our tables but what the piece of bread speaks to us and says: "Poor soul, you are so needy that your bread must be the gift of heavenly charity. Jesus has come down from heaven to keep you from absolute starvation; he has come down to be bread and water to you."

I. *The Lord Jesus Christ is to be received by each one of us personally for himself.* An unappropriated Christ is no Christ to any man. How is Jesus Christ to become a Saviour to me?

First, by *coming to him.* This represents the first act of faith. It means that I hear what Christ is, learn what God says he is, and assent to it.

Second, by *believing on him;* that is, we trust in him, and show the reality of our belief by the simplicity of our reliance on the great sacrifice.

Third, by *eating and drinking him.* We first put the food into our mouths; even thus Christ Jesus is received into our trust and belief. Then we proceed to masticate it; even in this way the believing mind thinks of Jesus, contemplates him, meditates upon him, and discovers his preciousness.

The two points about Jesus Christ which he says are to us meat and drink are his *flesh* and his *blood.* We understand by his flesh, his humanity; our soul feeds upon the literal, real, historical fact that "God was in Christ." The other point is his blood. This most clearly refers to his sufferings and to his vicarious death.

II. *Where Jesus is received he is supremely satisfying.* Hungering is no sham. Christ satisfies the highest and deepest wants.

Jesus Christ meets the hunger of conscience, of fear, of the heart, and the vast desires of our immortal nature.

This perfect satisfying of our nature is to be found nowhere else but in Christ.

All believers bear witness that Jesus Christ is satisfying bread to them.

Those who have once eaten and drunk Christ never seek additional ground of trust beyond Christ.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

REV. T. PUDDICOMBE.

Of the seven "I am" sayings found in St. John's Gospel this is the first and the most homely. The words, like many others which our Lord used, contain a picture.

I. *Bread is for the hungry.* The body is more than the mere tabernacle in which for a brief space the spirit dwells: it represents its unseen tenant, "the eyes of the mind"—you do not cease from seeing when the outward eye is closed. The mind requires food and exercise, or it will become stunted and powerless. So, too, the soul has its needs—its hunger—as is widely evidenced.

II. *Bread must suit the hungry.* To this great want of the soul Christ responds. This is the very bread we want, for—

1. It is given by Him who made us.

2. It is a living person. Right beliefs, good deeds, true churches—none of these will feed the Spirit. The living Christ alone can nourish us—is our bread.

III. *Bread must be taken by the hungry.* There is bread enough and to spare; yet how many perish with hunger!

1. We must believe that Christ is what he professes to be—living bread. However hungry, we should not give a second look unless we believed it was wholesome bread which was set before us.

2. We must take him as our bread; make him our own by faith and by prayer.

3. There must be imparted to us the grace and virtue which are in Christ; this, like the strength we gain from our food, is a divine mystery. Yet Christ does strengthen us; we have proved it.

HARVEST-HOME.

Most gratefully we gather
The fruitage of the year,
And offer our thanksgiving
With heart and voice sincere!
The sowing and the planting
Have brought their blest reward;
Lo! would we place our offering
Low at thy feet, O Lord—
Our harvest-home!

What wealth of treasure greets us,
To bless the labor done!
How hard the work and watching!
How sweet the triumph won!
What golden gleams of beauty
The ripened fruitage yields!
With songs of joy and gladness
We glean the fragrant fields—
Sweet harvest-home!

O Lord, when thou dost gather
Thy sheaves of golden wheat,
And from the worthless masses
Select the pure and meet;
When, all earth's harvests over,
Thine own is just begun,
Oh grant, our Heavenly Father,
We hear thy call, "Well done!"
Thy harvest-home!

Christian at Work.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Autumn days are already foretold by the cool nights, the chirping crickets, and an occasional day of that rare stillness of the air that we get at no other season. Every month has its own attractions, even the stormy March being to the hardy constitution a bold challenge to vigorous exertion. Spring, with its new life of vegetation, is full of rare delight; and summer, for those who can get away now and then from the vile city streets, has its glorious attractions of outdoor life in the mountains and by the sea. But in September and October come the days of nature's perfect peace; days so calm and cool, and yet so bright, that the very senses seem to rest. Have you ever closely observed the foliage of that season just before it begins to take on the autumnal tints? There is something strangely interesting about it. Though there has been no appreciable change of color, the appearance is wholly different from that of midsummer. The leaves are not lifeless, but perfectly mature, at their meridian; no longer growing, but not yet beginning to decay. The year itself in those two months is in the same perfect maturity; the fruits of the field and the orchard are ripe. The storms of the summer are passed; of the dark, leaden clouds of November there is as yet no suggestion, and from zenith to horizon the sky is serene. It is the time when, if ever, man should put away all needless care and worry, surrender himself to nature's quiet mood, and feel that life in and of itself is good.

Springfield Republican.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

Historical.—Our Thanksgiving day looks for its origin to the times before the Christian era; for among the laws given at Sinai (1491 B.C.) we find the injunction: "Three times thou shalt keep a feast unto me in the year," etc. (Ex. xxiii. 14–16); and the third of these is called "the Feast of Ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field." It began on the fifteenth day of the month Tisri, the seventh month—that is, fifteen days after the new moon in our October—and continued seven days, afterward adding the eighth day, which had anciently been the wine-press feast. It was called the Feast of Tabernacles, or booths, because during these eight days they dwelt in booths of green branches, in memory of their sojourn in the wilderness. It was the annual thanksgiving for the vintage and fruitage. The first and last days were Sabbaths, the eighth being kept as the great day of the feast. All the males were required to come to this feast, and God's special care was promised to their homes during their absence (Ex. xxxiv. 23, 24). Josephus ("Antiq.," viii., 4, 1) speaks of the eminence of this festival, and Plutarch calls it the greatest and most perfect of the Jewish feasts. There is no account of any invasion during this festival until after the coming of Christ, and his rejection by the Jewish people; but during its observance in A.D. 66, Certius, the Roman general, in the absence of the men, slew fifty inhabitants of Lydda. Every seventh year at this festival there was a public reading of the law (Neh. viii.), and the later Jews poured upon the sacrifices a libation of water and wine, filling the pitchers at Siloam, and singing: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation" (Isa. xii. 3); and at this feast our Saviour, on the last day of the feast, "stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink" (John vii. 37).

The Romans had an autumn festival not unlike in its original thought, held in honor of Ceres, the goddess of grain; and as Ops ("plenty"), the wife of Saturn, was goddess of crops and the harvest, the 19th and 20th of December, devoted to the *Opalia*, followed the *Saturnalia*, and had something of the same rejoicing in the bounties of nature, though disfigured commonly with heathen license.

The Saxons had a "harvest-home," and other European peoples

had similar festivals; and Christian gratitude early led to many public thanksgiving services. One of the most noted of these was that celebrated in Leyden, Holland, October 3, 1575, on the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from the besieging Spaniards.

This Leyden thanksgiving was yet fresh in mind when the Pilgrim fathers sojourned there in 1608–20, and probably influenced the customs which they established in New England. The writer of our chapter on Harvest-home (q.v.) gives the story of the first festival of rejoicing after the harvest in Plymouth Colony, which he distinguishes from the days of religious thanksgiving appointed later. There is indeed no record of formal religious thanksgiving in 1621, or of any observance the following year. There was a special thanksgiving observed in July, 1623, originally appointed as a day of prayer and fasting on account of prolonged drought and fear of the entire loss of the harvest. After the people had assembled to pray, rain fell in moderate but abundant showers, and the day of fasting was turned into rejoicing and thanksgiving. The records of Charlestown show a similar change of fasting into thanksgiving, February 23, 1631, on account of the arrival of a ship with food-supplies; and in 1630 a special Thanksgiving day was appointed for the arrival of Governor Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, with a reinforcement of eight hundred colonists; and Governor Winthrop appointed a day of thanksgiving, in June, 1632, because of favorable action of the British Privy Council toward the colonists, and invited the governor of Plymouth Colony to join him.

The regular annual appointment seems to have been a thing of gradual growth. There is record of official appointment of days of thanksgiving in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1632, 1634, 1637, 1638, and 1639, more than one day being appointed in some years; and in Plymouth Colony in 1651, 1668, and 1680, the form of the latter proclamation indicating that the day had then become an annual observance. Thanksgivings were at first for various special blessings—especially for the arrival of ships with provisions and new colonists—and were held at different seasons; but later they were in the late autumn or early winter, and in recognition of the harvests and fruits of the year. Similar days were appointed by the governors of the New Netherlands in 1644, 1645, 1653, and 1664, and by the English governors of New York in 1755 and 1770.

During the Revolution a day of thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress, and there was a general thanksgiving for peace in 1784. In 1789 President Washington, by request of Congress, recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the national Constitution. A second proclamation was issued by Washington in 1795 because of the suppression of the "Whisky Insurrection" in western Pennsylvania. At the request of Congress, Madison, in April, 1815, recommended a day of thanksgiving for

the restoration of peace with England. The official recommendation of the day, however, was mainly confined to New England, where annual proclamations were issued by the governors. The several religious bodies recommended days of thanksgiving, and various local customs prevailed in different parts of the country; but the day was not regularly recommended by the governor of New York until 1817, and its adoption by the Southern States was much later. In 1855 Governor Johnson, of Virginia, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving; but two years later Governor Wise, when requested to do the same, declined because unauthorized to interfere in religious matters. After Madison's Thanksgiving Proclamation in 1815 for peace, closing the War of 1812, Lincoln was the first President to proclaim a day of thanksgiving, when in 1862 he issued a proclamation recommending special thanksgiving for the victories of the year. In 1863 and 1864 proclamations of a national Thanksgiving day were issued. From that time on, proclamations have been issued annually by the several Presidents, as well as governors of the States and mayors of the principal cities; and custom has at length fixed the time for the last Thursday in November.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING FOR THE NEW WORLD.

THAT was a memorable thanksgiving when, in the early spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Palos, and hastened to meet the Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger of the new heavens and the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was his patriarchal faith that inspired him to weigh the earth and to travel the unknown seas.

Palos throbbed with excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the wave and streamed into the harbor. The bells rang. On landing, Columbus and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up solemn thanksgivings for the success of the expedition. Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the court. His journey was a triumphal march.

It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and

flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells, and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a viceroy rather than as an admiral, and requested him to relate to them the history of his voyage. He did so, surrounded by the Indians whom he had brought with him, with their gay plumes and offerings of tropic birds and fruits.

As he ended his wonderful narrative there arose a burst of music, and bore away to heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled and melted by the most marvelous tale ever told of human achievement. It was the chapel choir of Isabella.

"We praise thee, O God! We acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting."

The majestic Latin hymn swept on until it reached the sublime words: "Holy, holy, Lord God of hosts; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory."

The great audience was filled with ecstatic devotion. It was perhaps the most happy moment of Columbus's life—the first thanksgiving for the New World.

Youth's Companion.

THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Proclamation.

WHEREAS it is the duty of all Nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his Will, to be grateful for his Benefits, and humbly to implore his Protection and Favour: And whereas both houses of Congress have, by their joint Committee, requested me "To recommend to the People of the UNITED STATES, a Day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING and PRAYER, to be observed by acknowledging

with grateful Hearts the many Signal Favours of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a Form of Government for their Safety and Happiness."

Now, THEREFORE, I do recommend and assign THURSDAY the Twenty-Sixth Day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States, to the Service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be: That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind Care and Protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation;—for the signal and manifold Mercies, and the favourable Interpositions of his Providence in the Course & Conclusion of the late War;—for the great Degree of Tranquility, Union, and Plenty, which we have since enjoyed;—for the peaceable and rational Manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our Safety and Happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted;—for the civil and religious Liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge;—and in general, for all the great and various Favours which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

AND ALSO, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our Prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech him to pardon our National and other Transgressions;—to enable us all, whether in public or private Stations, to perform our several and relative Duties properly and punctually;—to render our national Government a Blessing to all the people, by constantly being a government of wise, just and Constitutional Laws, directly and faithfully obeyed;—to protect and guide all Sovereigns and nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good Government, Peace and Concord;—to promote the Knowledge and Practice of true Religion and Virtue, and the increase of Science among them and us;—and generally to

grant unto all Mankind such a Degree of temporal Prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

Given under my Hand, at the City of New York, the third Day of October, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand, Seven Hundred and eighty nine.

G. WASHINGTON.

THE HOME-GATHERING.

WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D.

For there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family.—1 SAM. xx. 6.

THERE existed in the family of Jesse a time-honored custom of observing a yearly festival, when all the children met in their father's house. Though mention is not made of the fact, we are led to infer that at this time Jesse, the father, was dead; for it is recorded of him, in a previous chapter, that he went among men for an old man in the days of Saul; and subsequently, when Saul saw that David's place was empty, and passionately demanded the reason of his absence, Jonathan answered, "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem: and he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother [he saith not his father], he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favor in thine eyes, let me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren."

Though his father and mother were in the grave, yet so long established was this usage of an annual gathering that the scattered children were summoned by the eldest son to meet at the accustomed time, in the old cottage in which they were born, to celebrate their domestic festival.

So it has occurred that the very season of the year which has invariably been consecrated to this observance has its appropriate influences to deepen the flow of domestic delights. When the earth is decked in its embroidered robes of green

and gold, when the trees are decorated with blossoms or richer fruits, when the birds are blithesome and the air is all balmy and serene, then are we attracted abroad. But when the birds have fled to a warmer clime, and the frost has locked up the streams, and the trees are bare of their foliage, and the harvests are garnered, and the fields are shrouded with the snows of winter, then the affections come home for food and shelter; and from the nakedness and cold of the world without we seek a covert at our own altars, and find our delights in the warm sympathies of domestic life.

> O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
> I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
> And dreaded as thou art.
> I crown thee king of intimate delights,
> Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
> And all other comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturbed retirement ever knew.

In quiet times we drop upon a quiet theme—home and its many blessings—as the occasion of devout thanksgivings to Almighty God. Like the light and air of heaven are these domestic influences; so accustomed are we to their daily presence that we pause not to pronounce upon their vital necessity. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun;" but so constant and invariable are those cheering influences of day that most men would first be reminded of their value by the consternation which would follow their total withdrawal. Born amid the affections of a Christian home, nurtured under its gentle dews and blessings, we go out and come in, lie down and rise up, but seldom recounting in distinct reflection our unspeakable obligations for such a grateful retreat. We say a Christian home; for it is Christianity alone which enriches home, with its virtues and endearments. Home is something more than a house in which to live, a place in which to be lodged and sheltered and fed; it is the sanctuary and seminary of the affections; and no-

where on earth can you find a place which deserves the name, or the praise we give it, save where the religion of Christ, by its direct or indirect influence, has nurtured into life those affections which give to home all its substantial value. The heathen are "without natural affection"; and surely it is no small occasion for thanksgiving to God that the lot of life has fallen to us in a place wherein those kindly instincts and feelings of our nature, to which paganism does rude violence, are protected, fostered, and strengthened by the gentle spirit of a pure religion.

There is a great variety in our household affections. Each has its separate beauty, all harmonizing in simple unity, as the primary colors, each distinct, blend together to form the brilliant light of heaven. We must apply the prism to the heart, and discover of what curious sympathies it is compounded.

The love of a father for a child—what singular combinations enter into its composition! Analyze, if you can, his great emotions when for the first time he feels his first-born's breath. Gladness he had felt before; but new joys play through his soul like a sparkling sea, and "the concealed treasures of the deep" are not so great as the comforts that unfold themselves in this new affection. Scarcely is the first emotion of gratitude expressed when sadness gives a tinge to his love; for he is full of awe, beholding how he stands related to an immortal spirit. Reverence is not a quality of filial love only; it belongs also to the descending affection of a parent for a child, who, strong man that he is, trembles at the thought that the shadow of his own earthly self must pass over the pure mirror of that unclouded mind. Pity, too, is an ingredient in the novel compound, for there is an uneasy sense that the being so weak and dependent will be exposed to a thousand ills from which it can be protected by no human arm. Pride, too, shall I call it? Yes, if we can conceive of a permitted feeling under this name which has no alliance with the meanness of sin. Name it rather the high pleasure which a parent feels either in anticipating or beholding the success or goodness of a son on whom

concentrate all his hopes; the reduplication of himself, for whom and in whom he lives. All this enters as another element into that strong love which imparts an impulse and a glow to his whole life.

In the love of a father for his children there is some measure of reserve, as if the full expression of it all were allied to weakness. But the love of a mother for her offspring knows no such exceptions. First of all, she gives her own life in proffered exchange for the life of her child, going within the precincts of death to purchase the priceless treasure, and ever after holding her own life as nothing in comparison with the welfare of her offspring. The full and vehement expression of her love, instead of being counted in her a weakness, is her very life and glory. He cannot destroy the love that that fond heart contained. The perfume of partial affection will forever linger among the scattered pieces of the shattered vessel. What the world casts out as worthless she will pity and love to the last, forgiving when the world only censures; and when the grave hides from the sight the miserable victim of vice, she shall sigh and weep, refusing to be comforted, because he is not. Oh, what were this world to us in the absence of her love who has been more than all the world to us—so gentle, so hopeful, so constant, so changeless!

Then the love of children for their parents has its own separate qualities. As parents are not dependent upon their infant children, but children upon their parents, the economy of nature makes it necessary that the love which descends to the helpless should be stronger than the love which ascends to the helper. Filial affection, beyond the simple impulses of instinct, is of slow growth. Weeds of waywardness and heedlessness and wilfulness hide its early beauty. Never can we appreciate our parents' love for us till we become parents ourselves; and the longer we live the more the feeling grows upon us, as if we wished to atone for our youthful impatience by a more just and grateful conduct. But, even in childhood, what a simple grace do we see in filial love—the compound of grati-

tude, reverence, and trust! The confidence of others may be won by slow degrees, but an affectionate child knows that its own parents are to be trusted with all the heart. They, as it were, put in the place of God, are the first objects of love, the first of faith. The image of two faces beaming with benignity grows into the very texture of the soul; and when other and more superficial impressions fade, the first picture becomes more distinct, so that we think and speak the more of our parents' virtues, rehearsing them to our children and children's children as our highest boast and glory.

The relation between the brothers and sisters has also its own distinct characteristics. Independent existences, yet similarly related to the same stock; nourished at the same fountain of life, sleeping on the same pillow, fed at the same table, their sympathies and affections become all intertwined and inseparable, like the branches of the vine on the side of their dwelling; they never can be thought of without calling to mind the common home and parentage in which they originated; and this becomes the guaranty of continued warmth and vigor. As there is a quality of manliness in the love of a brother, so there is a gentle beauty in the affection of a sister. Cast in a finer mold, with a nicer sense of the proper and the delicate, her influence begins over her associates of the rougher sex even in the nursery. Entering into a complete companionship of feeling, she speaks with such a soothing voice, and moves about with such a quiet grace, that she insensibly assimilates to herself the future man, who is now her constant associate; and blessed is he who has been favored by such gentle sympathies.

So much has been written in sonnets and romances of the love between husband and wife that many are tempted to think it only a poetical fiction. It is indeed a mystery that two beings born and bred in ignorance of each other's existence should in after years attain to such absolute confidence, so completely harmonizing into one life as to be the symbol which the Son of God has chosen to shadow forth his own love for his espoused

church. Infidelity may scoff at the tie, and vice stand abashed before its sanctity; but every heart that is right and true will be thankful to God for the relic of Paradise which, surviving the general wreck and ruin of the apostasy, has secured to us the sacred companionship which, softening the asperities of life, helps our better purposes by means of our domestic pleasures.

There is a special beauty in the relation between grandparents and their descendants. The young of animals, so soon as they cease to be dependent on their dam, forgetful of all affection, mix and mingle with the common herd. But the love of a human parent for his offspring travels down and spreads out with a peculiar tenderness on children's children. Those far advanced in years would not fear that they have survived their usefulness did they reflect how much of good they accomplish by being the object of respect, reverence, love, to the young.

These are the affections which combine to form the glowing lights of home. And shall we not be thankful to God for these transcendent delights of domestic life—for the happiness of parents and children, husbands and wives, brethren and sisters? This is a source of pleasure which belongs to the humble poor as well as to the more elevated in fortune, and oftentimes in larger measure. Adversity blows the larger affections to a brighter flame. This serene satisfaction cheers the cottage of the poor, while it ornaments the mansion of the rich. Of many a humble home the sons are "as plants grown up in their youth"; the daughters are "as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace" "within whose walls there is no complaining." Happy, yea, "happy is that people that is in such a case."

To the beneficent influence of Christianity are we indebted not only for the refinement and enlivenment of our domestic affections, but also for the security of the abode in which they grow. Home is neither an open bower nor a barricaded castle, yet it is our own vine and fig-tree, beneath which we repose,

with none to molest us or make us afraid. Here is nurtured the sense of independence in the individual man; each native peculiarity of character has here its space and quiet in which to grow. The tender child is spared the shock of care and apprehension; his parents seem to his eye to have the power of protecting him from harm; and sheltered from the anxiety and danger in that secure retreat in which God hath planted him, he quietly grows up into life. Though the illusions of childhood pass away, yet there is much of this very feeling which we retain with us to the last. We go forth to toil and come home for rest; we could not survive the steady pressure of cares, nor safely give up ourselves to the agitating passions of life; so there has been provided for us a still and retired abode, in which we may throw off the weight, and by the play of gentler affections renew our jaded strength. Here the aching head is soothed, the broken heart bound up; and here it is, when life wanes, that we retire to die. The heathen parent is buried alive by his own children, to rid themselves of the care of decrepit age; but God has given us a home not only to live in, but where we may die. Here, surrounded by weeping children, the beloved parent breathes his last. "May you die among your kindred" is the common form of Oriental salutation.

Not the least among the high praises of a Christian home is that it is the place for forming character. We call ourselves the instructors of our children; with less pretensions, they are our instructors also. The nursery is the best school for men as well as for infants. Jesus Christ took a little child, and placed him in the midst of his disciples, and said unto them: "Except ye . . . become as little children, ye cannot see the kingdom of God." Would you learn simplicity of character, look in the "open face" of your child. From the same sunny look read the beauty of humility. Go in the stillness of night into the chamber where your infant children lie in softest slumber, and there call to mind the innumerable forms of evil which beset them—the sickness from which no care of yours can pro-

tect them; the temptations from which no vigilance of yours can save them—then listen to the voice which comes from your heart, as well as from heaven: "Commit thyself and thine helpless offspring unto the Watchman who never sleeps."

"A family of children walking amid a thousand dangers, and often escaping, is one of the most striking proofs of a particular Providence that ever met my mind. To talk about the general laws of nature, immutable and unbendable to the interposing will of Deity—away with such metaphysical trash! It is very unfortunate that some of the great geniuses who have undertaken to enlighten the world by their infidelity were not married men. It would have done more to help them to digest the venom of their spleen than all the long volumes of rejoinders which have been written by metaphysical theologians. It is generally to be noticed that infidelity and misanthropy have an affinity for each other, and are often combined in the same heart."

A year rolls round, and it is fit that a family should meet together and recount their manifold blessings. Changes not a few may occur in a twelvemonth. Grateful acknowledgments should be made for God's protection and God's bounty. Are parents yet spared to bless you, they in the sear and yellow leaf of age and you in your maturity? Count it a special favor that they are continued to you at the period of your life when you are both able and disposed to appreciate the blessing. Now the pleasure is yours of honoring the hoary head and ministering to those who lived only to minister to you. Fail not to be thankful to Him who keeps the sparrow's children and yours.

It was a beautiful custom among the ancients to throw the gall of the nuptial sacrifices far behind the altar, as a sign and pledge that every bitterness should be excluded from the relation which was then consummated. Approaching the household altars with an oblation of united thanks for personal and family blessings, let every bitter thought be banished from the sweet and sunny charities of the domestic sacrifice.

It may be that the day which to most is one of particular pleasure, to some is one of irresistible sadness; and the very words here written, instead of cheering, have only pierced their hearts with many a poignant pang. They remind them of happy scenes which have gone, never to be renewed. The only homestead whither they were wont to go has passed into the hands of strangers, and its former inmates are now in that narrow house where there are no greetings and no welcomings. "The delights of which you have spoken," say these, "once were yours, but yours they are no longer." Recall the word. Scenes like these never fade; pleasure of this description can never die. What you have already felt and enjoyed can never be taken away from you. It is yours still, and will be yours forever. You have an invisible property in these remembered delights which death itself cannot steal from you. The form of your beloved parents may have moldered back to dust, but their memory and their love can never decay. You cannot rid yourself of their influence; no wave of oblivion can wash out the fond recollection of all they were and all they did. You have treasures garnered up in the past which gold could not buy. The spiritual can never perish. It was the virtue, the affection of those remembered but now departed relatives alone which you loved; but death never can touch these immortal qualities of their life. The mold may be broken up and thrown away, but the spiritual fabric which was cast therein never can be marred nor stolen; and the product of those scenes and relations lives in these grateful memories and kindly affections, which neither time nor bereavement can ever touch, and which even now are exerting their influence to make you better and happier. Count yourself, then, no more solitary; for the dead still live; their voices, their smiles, their example, their virtues, are still yours beyond the reach of vicissitude.

Perhaps the shadow of a more recent bereavement is on you. Some seat at your table is vacant; some bright and darling head, on which you were wont to put your hand with a blessing, is

pillowed beneath the winter's snow. Surely you will be thankful that religion has taught us how many mercies are mingled with our bereavements. When night comes, the different members of a family go to their separate apartments for sleep; the morning soon unites them, and waking or sleeping, they are one household still. So is your family separated for a season—a part are here, and a part are in the chambers of the tomb; but the bond is not broken, and soon the morning will come, when you shall meet again, face to face. The greatest blessing which religion has conferred on a Christian home is in making the affections immortal. Christianity assures us that beyond the narrow path of death our present fellowships are to be perpetuated in endless harmony. We meet around the home hearth at the yearly sacrifice, and then plunge anew into life's dangers and cares; but hereafter we shall meet in our Father's house in heaven, with welcomings and rejoicings that never shall cease. Who of us will not be thankful with such a prospect gilding his skies, and such a promise shining on his path?

We cannot close with anything more fitting than the lines of Charles Sprague on

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear;
Each chair is filled, we're all at home.
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all, all here!

We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour of guiltless mirth.
Death, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in, and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there,
And cruel ocean has its share.
We're not all here!

We *are* all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear;
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How lifelike through the mist of years
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold—
They're round us as of old.
We are all here!

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh then, that wisdom may we know
That yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
"We're all, all *here!*"

MAN AND HIS THANKSGIVING.

A SERMON BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, CHICAGO.

In the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.—Ps. xlii. 8.

More than two hundr and fifty autumns have come since Thanksgiving day made its appearance on this continent. What events and what scenery are included in that thought! To look forward and imagine an unfolding future delights all at some hour; but not less impressed is the heart that looks back. The mind may err in its picture of the future, but the past is so real that it can fill up the mind instantly, and carry the spirit away with its joy or pain. We are all dreamers indeed, but it is the reality that most affects us. The summers will come long centuries yet, but they cannot affect us like those that have already been here. We all bow most humbly to the facts. Facts are not stubborn things, only in a wide sense; but they are immovable in their sadness or greatness or beauty. When one speaks of two thousand years hence the mind can see or feel little; but when one speaks of two thousand years ago the streets of the Roman empire become full of people, and the hundred millions of Romans are moving to and fro under the rule of a Cæsar. All is as real as the events of to-day or yesterday.

In November, 1621, Governor Bradford sent out four men to gather game, that the whole colony might have a great dinner and rejoice together over the success of a year.

The picture of four men hunting for game to make a big dinner for a young nation is so small that the common mind can take it all in at a glance. It is not often that one is permitted to see a whole republic or empire assembled at one point and waiting for four citizens to come back from a morning hunt to bring the nation its dinner. That the huntsmen came back with a great load of birds and quadrupeds may be

assumed, for in the same year there was published a journal which said the woods were full of deer and the waters with geese and ducks.

So gratifying was that dinner that when the next autumn came the governor ordered a repetition of the feast, and he arose to this language: "Solemnize a day of thanksgiving unto the Lord."

Active at these repasts was John Bradford; busy also William Bradford, and very energetic and happy was little Miles Standish at the first dinner; but his young wife died before the second autumn had sprinkled its tints upon the hills. Very able to appreciate such a holiday was John Alden, for he was the youngest of the Pilgrims, having been only twenty years in the world.

This group our sun carried forward with a wonderful succession of mornings and evenings, winters and summers; starting and ripening the corn; making the wild rice grow for the ducks, and the young leaves and grass return for the deer. Knee-deep in water went the men who were attempting to shoot the aquatic birds. So rich was the soil that when some wild Indians shot arrows after the hunters it was difficult for the whites to find the curious arrows afterward, so thickly was the ground covered with autumn leaves.

Thus the autumnal splendor repeated itself; but the leaves did not forget to remind the Pilgrims of man's mortality, for on the second Thanksgiving morning they lay thick upon the grave of Edward Winslow's bride, and on the grave of Rose Standish. No Thanksgiving day came without bringing to many a house a flood of tears.

Not the least reason for thanksgiving is the everlasting kindness of the sun. Skeptical persons are not sure about the steadfastness of the saints, the Methodists thinking that a good man may fall from grace; but all men agree in the perseverance of the sun. It created hanging gardens for the kings of Babylon; it made the Nile valley a paradise for the Pharaohs; it made great fields of blossoms for the bees of Virgil; it made

lilies and vines for Christ; it swept along through countless centuries, and at last came to that Thanksgiving in November, and has carried it forward for over two and a half centuries. The Miles Standishes and the Rose Standishes die, but the sun never dies; it gathers in its white arms the children, and runs forward with them into another generation. I doubt not that many will thank God for railways and ships, telegraphs and libraries; but, after all, nothing so declares the Creator's kindness as that sun which creates all the Mays and Novembers. The inventions of the age lead the heart to man; but the long march of these autumns leads us to God. This day sprang up out of the richness of the fields in the summertime, and it will lose its religious quality if we detach it from this magnificence of nature.

In those two centuries and a half in which our people have been giving thanks only the last little group of years has been marked by the advent of great discoveries and inventions. In the first two centuries our ancestors came to their song of thanksgiving in the name of their own life on the planet. Those assemblages in 1621 and 1622 tell us that it is a wonderful thing to be a living and educated being, whether life is passing along among the inventions and arts, or in the New England simplicity of the seventeenth century. Man's greatness is within. When he is made strong by education he is great, whether he looks out upon a railway or upon only a field of wheat. With what joy did Miles and Rose Standish take their steps upon those autumn leaves long ago! Life is in itself so great and mysterious that it cannot be affected much by the accidents of science and art. When man is educated, a tree, a bird, a blossom, a note of music, can fill the soul to the brim. Singular enigma that the greater the mind the more easily is it filled to the overflowing; because under its touch the simplest thing expands into a measureless mystery.

It was the inner worth of the men of 1621 that made the Thanksgiving day come at all, and come so rightly. That group possessed a defective religion, but the substance of religion was

with them. The doctrines of election and hell and of God's especial care of their sect did not prevent the virtues of honor and friendship from growing in their hearts. Their education was fair, but not large; but its substance, too, was in their minds; and while a few men were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, all could estimate life and could write good letters back to old England.

In a half-dozen years after that Plymouth Colony was founded, that little band of citizens had established compulsory education, and the children of the four men who were sent out to shoot deer for a big dinner had to study Plato in the Greek and Tacitus in the Latin. The sonorous and sweet lines of Homer and Virgil lay closely alongside the yells of the Indians. Imperfection was present in all those hours; but yet those far-off hours assure us that now, as then, thanks must rise out of the heart that appreciates its life not only in the United States, but under the sublimer scepter of God.

It is not a good spiritual policy for us who are now living to thank God only for the material progress of our times; because these material things will soon give place to something better, and then our prayers and hymns will seem lost, and we who lived for them will seem to perish with them; but if we bless God for the sun that has held us in its arms, and for the autumns that have painted the fields and have set in mezzotint the sky and sea and land, then have we a worship which the future cannot take away from our souls or memories. To nothing better can far-off times ever come. As in this worship of life we can all run back and bend with Bradford and Standish in their prayers, and sit down with them at their feast, thus can the far future come back to us, and see in our religious acts and sentiments something good enough for their more golden age. Man's world changes, but human life may easily find an unchanging greatness. As the goodness of old Governor Bradford shines out through his irregular verses and distorted syntax, thus the merit of our race often is mingled with little defects, but still it may possess a beautiful and everlasting

part. As the game and fruits on the table in 1621 would be good for our table to-day, so their happiness would be all we could wish this week in our reunions at home, because man's happiness comes chiefly from the fact of a heart at peace with the universe. Man must, for the most part, give thanks for his life rather than for the field through which it flows.

We all ought to know whence the song of thanksgiving springs. It will not come this week from the fact that you live in this city, or by a great and beautiful lake; for the millions who live elsewhere will be just as thankful, and many of you had happy days before your homes were here. When one looks around in a city, and sees its forms of splendor, and joins in its many entertainments for the mind, one must not forget the fact that the heart came upon great hours when it had only the wild trees for its companions and the fields for its galleries of art. The magnificent churches, new in style and rich in organ and hymn, must not deceive us; for a poetess of the past says:

> How beautiful they stand,
> The oldest altars of our native land!
> Amid the pasture-fields and dark-green woods,
> Amid the mountain's cloudy solitudes,
> By rivers broad that rush into the sea,
> By little brooks that with a lisping sound,
> Like playful children, run by copse and lea,
> Each in its little plot of holy ground,
> How beautiful they stand,
> The ancient churches of our native land!

It is not the landscape that makes the painter. The passing soul sees the landscape—sees it with the eye of genii—and soon the canvas tells the tale—the twofold tale—that a cultured mind has passed by the valley or the mountain. Therefore comes the expression, "The poet is born, not made." His poetry is not put on him like gilt upon a stick; it comes out of him like a lily-blossom out of its folded leaves. Thus we are all born, not to be subsequently covered with gilt on the outside, but

born full of the joy of life; and that joy expresses itself in the spring, when leaves open, and in November, when they fall.

At first it seems incredible that David, or some other psalmist, should have been so full of delight with his world as to declare that all night a song should be with him, and that his prayer should rise also in the night to the God of his life. At first thought it would seem that he might have complained at living so soon in history. It seems wonderful that such thankfulness was possible to a man who had never seen the inventions of our century, and who had never spent a day in our Republic. But upon deeper reflection it now comes to memory that a great river of happiness ran through classic Athens and classic Rome; that Pindar saw smiles on the ocean; that the children in the Bible played games; and that the excavations of Pompeii revealed the toys of childhood. We are told of a Greek who died of joy on hearing of the success of his son. Thus joy has always followed the sun around the globe. We must conclude, therefore, that the great hymn of thanksgiving is not of local origin; it was not written in our prairies alone, but it was composed by the human soul when it first sat down and pondered over the mysterious visit it was making to this realm; and it has been sung ever since by each person who has reached the power of mind that is capable of a deep or sweet or sad thought.

This slumbering hymn or prayer simply broke out in 1621. There must have been in that *Mayflower* group some heart of man or woman which had no concealment. It sang aloud the thanksgiving song of the world, and prayed its prayer to the God of man's being. This one soul said, "Let us have a great autumn feast soon." When New England possessed only about a hundred people it was easy for a feast to become national. What a change since then! For now the feast is proclaimed to sixty-five millions of citizens, and eight hundred railroads are busy carrying the food for the banquet—roads from California with fruits, roads from the South with the pro-

ducts of a long summer-time, trains from the Northwest with bread, trains from the Atlantic coast with food from the tropics and from the sea. What a change since the four men went hunting! And yet the then and the now blend in one song, and that to the God of our life.

Let us hasten to the thought that the life for which the soul thanks Heaven cannot be a mere existence. It must be an existence in action. If man thanked God for only existence, an animal might do as much. The great and impressive thing is man grasping his world. The poet from whom our text comes was not simply existing. He was singing a song in the night. He was impressed by the wonderful scene. Living water means running water; so man's life implies man's acting in his world. Man detached from the works of society, from its reforms, its arts, its ends and aims, is a branch broken from the vine. The Pilgrims who made that first feast were living a life all intertwined with a coming nation. Education, religion, government, agriculture, were some of the gold chains that bound them to this planet. The life of each woman led up to a great purpose. Each sang a song in the night to the God of her being because she was so beautifully interwoven into civilization. Her soul was a part of a nation.

It is the very reasonable theory of a new astronomer that the sun does not pour his light and heat into all space as an overturned bucket empties its water upon the ground, but that each planet sends off toward the sun its own essence, a column having the diameter of the earth or Mars or Saturn, and that the sun's light and heat run in these columns as the lightning follows a wire from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This at least illustrates the relation of man to his universe. The universe does not recklessly overturn its urns of good and flood all space alike, but it notes the hearts from which some spiritual essence rises up toward its immense self, and down these personal columns the blessings of infinity and eternity flow into the waiting spirit. The urns of light are overturned into the minds that live and rise to them.

The situation is at least such that Thanksgiving day cannot come to the rich alone, nor to the learned or the famous alone, but it comes to each life well lived. It cannot keep away from the ignorant or the poor if they are touching duty and virtue with one hand, or are touching the trailing garments of goodness and piety, because such persons have a soul that cannot be affected by poverty or riches.

The Thanksgiving need bring us no special boasting that we live to-day, because such boasting reproaches that yesterday in which Christ lived, and in which the earth is all marked with the footsteps of the mighty. The day need bring no laments that we are poor or full of toil, for the words "poor" and "rich" play only a small part in the vast history of true happiness; no laments that we cannot live a hundred years from the present, for each century has the same God and the same personal questions, just as it has the same sunshine. The one task and joy of each mortal, in whatever age or land, is to weave a song out of his own days and years, and, in any time or condition, to breathe a prayer in the name of his soul. The long and rich procession of humanity seen as filing over the great plains of the past—a procession headed by such beings as Jesus Christ—carrying banners of love, and chanting, as they march, the hymns of immortality, gives assurance that it is an amazing event for us to be carried through these many centuries in the great chariot of existence, and reason enough for our hymn and prayer of thanksgiving to the God of our life. *Chicago Tribune.*

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

J. R. MILLER, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

PERHAPS there is a danger that God is being left out of our Thanksgiving day. Perhaps we are making it a holiday rather than a day for sincere and hearty giving of thanks to Almighty God for his mercies and favors. There is like danger in the

observance of Christmas. It means nothing if it does not turn our thoughts to the wonderful gift of God's love, in the birth of the Child of Bethlehem. But in the annual observance of the day the thought of Christ is not even dimly present in the minds of thousands who enter with great zest into Christmas gaiety. It should be the aim of Christian people, in all their keeping of the day, whether in the sacred gladness of the home, in public services in church or Sunday-school, or in festivities of whatever kind, to have the true meaning of Christmas remembered, that the influence of the child Jesus may pervade all the thought of the day.

So should it be with Thanksgiving day. To leave God out is to make the day an empty name, without meaning. Thanksgiving is nothing if not a glad and reverent lifting of the heart to God in honor and praise for his goodness. As an annual festival it is meant to gather into one day the gratitude of a nation for the favors and mercies of a year. This does not imply that we can put all our thanksgiving for a year into one day. We may not be murmurers for three hundred and sixty-four days, and then atone for our ingratitude by praising and blessing God for one whole day. The normal Christian life is one whose thanksgiving fills every day of the year with song and gladness.

Yet it is meet and proper that a nation should set apart an annual day for national giving of thanks. It is a public recognition of God as the Author of all prosperity. It is the erection of a memorial to the honor of him who has led us through another year. The annual proclamations which call to the duty of thanksgiving are calculated to remind the people of their indebtedness to God, to stir in their minds and hearts emotions of gratitude and praise, and to call out thanks and sincere worship which otherwise might not find expression. But if the observance of the day be not marked by real remembering of mercies and by real lifting of hearts to God in thanks, what blessing can possibly come with it?

It is not urged that it should be like a Sabbath in its sacred-

ness, devoted wholly to religious worship. There certainly should be a public recognition of the day in the churches. The people should come together in their accustomed places of worship, and should there give expression to their sense of their dependence upon God and to their gratitude to him for the blessings and prosperities of the year, and should receive instruction fitting for the occasion. The remaining hours of the day may then be appropriately devoted to such home and other festivities as will give pleasure and will prove restful and inspiring; but in none of them should the thought of thanksgiving be lost.

Yet there is reason to fear that in many places the public religious service of Thanksgiving day is losing its hold upon the people. If the churches are opened for worship the number of worshipers is too small. The day seems to be given up more and more to holiday festivities. Always Thanksgiving has been a home day—when the absent members of the household have gathered back around the old hearthstone for a glad reunion. Nothing could be more beautiful or more sacred than this feature of the day. But in this too the meaning of the festival should be kept in mind, and the home gladness should be full of praise. A picture without sky wants something, and a Thanksgiving without heaven's blue in it is only earthly, is unprofitable.

There should be also an educational value in Thanksgiving. There is not enough praise in most lives—even in most Christian lives. We talk a great deal about the value of prayer. It is indeed the Christian's "vital breath." We ought to walk with God and to abide in Christ, living in the atmosphere of prayer. Thus it is that we draw down the very air of heaven into our souls. But there are in the Bible very many more words about praise than about prayer. The Psalms are full of exhortations to praise and thanksgiving. The New Testament exhorts us continually to joy and gladness, to rejoice always. But if we watch our own devotions we shall probably discover that while we bring a great many

requests and burdens to God, and ask a great many favors of him, we put very little thanksgiving into our worship.

There is a legend which tells of two angels—the Angel of Requests and the Angel of Thanksgiving—leaving heaven to gather the petitions of men to be carried up to God. Each had a great basket in his hand. The Angel of Requests soon had his basket so filled that he could scarcely carry it, while the basket of the Angel of Thanksgiving was almost empty. God hears a great many cries for help and pleadings for favors, but not so many glad voices of praise. Of ten lepers who were healed only one returned to give thanks. So it is with most of us: we eagerly flee to God when we need help, and call upon him for deliverance and for relief; but when the blessing we sought is given to us, how many of us return to God to thank him for the good things he has done for us?

There ought, therefore, to be on Thanksgiving day an uplifting of all Christian hearts into a loftier spirit of gladness. Thanksgiving should become more an integral element in all our worship, in all our spiritual life. Anniversaries are sad days because they recall the losses and sorrows of the year. In many homes there is a vacant chair to-day. Voices that sang in the songs last Thanksgiving are missed, and faces that brightened the circle have vanished. Tears will choke many a hymn of praise. Yet, even in the sadness, thanksgiving should not be left out of the song. Indeed, the purest, sweetest joy of earth is transformed sorrow.

No thanksgiving is complete without its generous thought of those who are not so favored as we are. The truly grateful heart always thinks of giving blessing to some other. Says George MacDonald: "When God comes to man, man looks around for his neighbor." Our own Thanksgiving dinner will be sweeter if we have shared it with another household. An unshared meal on this glad day will not bring its best possible blessing. *Interior.*

THANKSGIVING: ITS MEMORIES AND HABITS.

WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D.

THE beginning of this world's history was a song; its end will be a doxology. The secret of all rational contentment is revealed in that inspired direction which ought to be written on every heart as a compendious rule of life: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication *with thanksgiving* let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Thanksgiving day has a history attached to it. Like the Latin word *virtus*, it is a history which runs through the entire life of a people. We cannot afford to lose reverence for ancestral memories. The bare mention of the words, the old Thanksgiving day—what a power has it to revive the pleasantest reminiscences and recall the brightest scenes of other days in many hearts! It transports them to the home of their childhood. It takes them at once into the presence of the father and mother who, it may be, for many years have been sleeping in the grave. It recalls their smiles of affectionate greeting, their tones of cheerful welcome; tones and smiles such as none but they could give. Every image of peace, contentment, competence, abundance, and joy comes back spontaneously on each return of the grateful festival. It is not indeed a day heralded and emblazoned, like the corresponding festivals in our ancestral land, in all the pomp and glory of song. It has not been celebrated, like Christmas, by the imperial song of Milton, the dovelike notes of Herbert, or the classic beauty of Keble.

In the cathedral of Limerick there hangs a peal of bells which was manufactured for a convent in Italy by an enthusiast, who fixed his home for many years near the convent cliff to enjoy their daily chimes. In some political convulsion

the bells and their manufacturer were swept away to another land. After a long interval the course of his wanderings brought him to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated along the broad stream of the Shannon, he suddenly heard the bells peal forth from the cathedral tower. They were the long-lost treasures of his memory. Home, happiness, friends, all early recollections, were in their sound. Crossing his arms on his breast, he lay back in the boat. When the rowers looked around they saw his face still turned to the cathedral; but his eyes had closed forever on this world. Such a tide of memories had swept over the sympathetic cords of his heart that they snapped under the vibration. Who has not experienced the power of association in its milder and happier forms? The return of an anniversary, the melody of a tune, the swinging of a church-bell, will set memory in motion, and unveil the pictures which hang on her sacred walls.

The origin of this day was with a people who were exiles for the sake of truth and liberty, and who gave a soul to the scattered colonies of the western hemisphere. Te Deums had been chanted in the cathedrals of the Old World, by royal decree, at the birth of princes, the coronation of kings, and the issue of great battles; but the voluntary appointment of a day, by a whole people, for the distinctive purpose of rendering thanks to the Almighty for his manifold blessings, civil and religious, national and domestic, marks an epoch in history. Thanksgiving day is the festival of religious liberty. Removed to a distance from tyranny, passing from suffering, which called for brave defiance and patience, into success and enlargement, which inspired gratitude, religion, finding its freedom in the New World, poured out its carol at the very gate of heaven.

This festival was first appointed by a people proverbially parsimonious in the designation of holidays. With the exception of Election day and the Fourth of July, it was the one only holiday of the year. New-Year came and passed in the

New England States with no recognition save in the present of a new primer, and a vague impression that it was the time for a boy to make good resolutions. But the last Thursday in November gathered to itself all fragrant and pleasant associations. Toil is at rest and contented with its rewards. Plow and flail are exchanged for recreation. If nature is more silent than in earlier months, when birds and beasts are full of jocund music and life, it is the silence of peaceful contentment. The rich autumn sunlight bathes the sear and yellow stalks and husks of corn still standing in the field, reduced to the undress of the year, yet testifying of the golden wealth they have yielded to man. Barns bursting with plenty; the cattle chewing the cud with mute thankfulness; families reassembling in the old homestead; mirth in the voices of the young, and placid delight warming the ashy hue of age—what images of serene satisfaction are those which are presented by this day of happy memories!

One of the chief advantages, we are told, of the national festivity of the Hebrews was that, by friendly intercourse between different tribes, it promoted a spirit of common patriotism. If Thanksgiving would but be observed in a becoming spirit, how much would it accomplish in the way of purifying and strengthening the sentiment of nationality, which was fostered by ancestral memories, cemented by the blood of our fathers, and wrought into the structure of our continent by the hand of God, in the flow of rivers, the clasp of lakes and ridges, and the embracing arm of an unbroken seaboard! "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." If there is one peril more than another which threatens our prosperity it is that indifference to our mercies which might provoke God to withdraw them. May God incline us more and more to that unambitious, unselfish, contented, cheerful, thankful temper which is at once a medicine and a feast, an ornament and a protection.

SURSUM CORDA.

DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., PASTOR OF THE DUTCH COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Book of Psalms, which was the hymnary of the ancient church, has much the advantage of our modern hymn-books in point of gladness. We note an ever-recurring prescript of gratitude, in one form or another: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" And everywhere we hear, like the theme of an oratorio, the pleasant refrain, "Praise ye the Lord!" The effect would be even more delightsome did the voice of the minstrel fall directly on our ears; for this "Praise ye the Lord"—like all inerrant Scriptures—suffers much in coming to us in a roundabout way. It is, indeed, but a single word—a ringing, jubilant word; a word with harps and cymbals and glad voices and heavenly echoes in it. The word is "halleluiah."

It is to be feared that as the world grows older it loses something of the exuberance of its youth. Certainly our lips are less accustomed than those of our fathers to hosannas and halleluiahs. We want ethics and didactics and dynamics and polemics; and we want to sing them as well as to ponder and practise them. So farewell to holy merrymaking! We are making life a very serious matter in these days. "As it ought to be," do you say? Aye; but even our blessed Lord joined his disciples in the singing of the Great Hallel as he passed under the shadow of the cross. A three-times welcome to Thanksgiving day, if it shall in any measure transfuse the blood of youth into our wizened veins, and quicken our pulses in response to God's innumerable mercies. Oh for the risen shade of some old-time precentor to pitch the tune:

> Come, my beloved, haste away;
> Cut short the hours of thy delay;

Come, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

Or, barring the possibility of "lifting" and "carrying" that ancient fugue, how would this answer?

Let us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord; and a natural thing—for even a dog licks the hand that caresses it; and an easy thing, too. Our Lord is not over-particular as to phrases. Almost anything will answer, if it has a real halleluiah in it. Possibly we have been a trifle too hard on the Pharisee who said, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men." This was a great deal better than no thanksgiving at all. His expression was well enough if he had only meant it. Thales, in like manner, was accustomed to give thanks for three things: first, because he was a man and not a beast; second, because he was a man and not a woman; third, because he was a Greek and not a barbarian. In our times it would be fitter to thank God, first, that we are vertebrates and not polyps (if we are); second, that we have come to understand "man" to be a generic term, feminine as well as masculine in its implication of rights and responsibilities; and third, that we are American cosmopolites, with a place in our hearts for all the children of men.

In the usual Thanksgiving Proclamation we are exhorted to come together, not only in places of worship, but in our homes, to praise God. This is as it should be; for it is God that setteth the solitary in families. The "wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily," is the Lord's gift; the thrifty wifie's smile and the prattling of the bairnies are from him. God be thanked for our unspeakably pleasant American home life!

But how shall we sing praises in the valley of Baca? The

unbidden guest has entered many a door, and voices are hushed that joined our merrymaking a year ago. Alas that tears must mingle with our songs! But oh, the joy of believing that our loved ones are just yonder, separated from us only by the thin veil of the "little while"! What a Thanksgiving day that will be—what a home-bringing—when we meet them again! All the bright and joyous days of earth rolled into one cannot equal that. Meanwhile every tear that we shed has a rainbow in it, and the memory of the dead comes to us like a breath of sweetness from the King's gardens.

No, there is nothing that should hinder the praises of God's sons and daughters on Thanksgiving day. We are much too prone to sadness; not overserious, but overmelancholy. In the Talmud we are told of a stringed instrument that hung over King David's bed in such a position that when the pleasant north winds blew in the night it sounded sweetly of itself; "and he forthwith arose and occupied himself with the law until he saw the pillars of the dawn." Our lives are environed with God's goodness. We sleep in the midst of untouched harps of blessing. Let us arise and sweep their strings on this Thanksgiving day.

Awake, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
Lift up thy eyes that ever feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead, gathered into frowns,
For lo! thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth;
Awake! awake!

Christian Intelligencer.

THE GRACE OF THANKFULNESS.

H. D. FISHER, D.D.

No grace is more becoming than that of thankfulness. All acceptable devotion is coupled with this excellent and improving spirit, and God's Word abounds with exhortations to its exercise; "in everything give thanks," for this is good and ac-

ceptable unto God. It is good because of the reflex influence upon ourselves; it is acceptable to God because it includes the recognition of our dependence upon him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." From him cometh every good and perfect gift, and with him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. He is the only wise God, our Father, and teaches his children to be thankful. The reflex influence is seen in the preparation of the heart to receive greater blessings, and in that it creates a sweeter joy in contemplation of those already received. It creates a contented spirit, and demonstrates the fact that godliness with contentment is great gain. We are largely the gainers by the exercise of gratitude. Willing as God is to bestow good gifts upon his children, he more cheerfully gives to those who appreciate and recognize his gifts.

All men detest an ingrate. He who can receive daily benefits and not be moved with thankfulness is an ingrate. It is evidence of a wise mind and an appreciative heart to be thankful for received benefits, and to constantly say, "Thy mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening; how great are thy mercies, O Lord God of hosts!"

Perhaps no Christian duty is more neglected than the cultivation of thankfulness of spirit. We are so easily affected by our environments, by our moods and those surrounding us, that we are inclined to murmur and complain at every little event that occurs contrary to our expectation; and many of us have no settled plans of work, yet are disturbed by any event that seems to cross our path, not remembering that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. We worry ourselves and others with our little disappointments, and frequently imagine ourselves in trouble over coming events, when in reality they never come. The cultivation of thankfulness would lend a luster of brightness to many a scene that otherwise appears dark, and cause us to rejoice and be glad when otherwise we would be sad. Thankfulness on our part would make others have a higher appreciation of the common blessings of life, and would tend to greatly augment the volume of happiness in the world.

The manner and spirit in which we observe Thanksgiving should be seriously considered. It should be with pious and devout spirit. Our superior blessings are of a spiritual nature and design. Then it should be observed with increased liberality and benevolence, especially toward the worthy poor. "As good stewards of the manifold grace of God," let us so minister as we have received. God giveth bountifully and cheerfully. Let, therefore, our Thanksgiving be accompanied with bountiful and cheerful giving to the church and poor.

Christian Herald.

GRATEFUL THANKS.

J. B. WALKER, D.D.

As a Christian people, who do not believe that the world is ruled by blind chance or irresponsible and irresistible forces, but by an intelligent and beneficent Providence, and that the Most High rules in the kingdoms of the children of men, it is eminently proper that we should, in our national capacity, from the chief magistrate to the humblest citizen, be called to recognize and thank the beneficent Author of all our mercies. God has rolled the seasons round; seed-time and harvest have come, and we have received again the kindly fruits of the earth; a wide rain of benedictions has been poured upon our extended fields.

As a Christian nation we should continually seek to teach our children that we live under the rule of an all-wise Providence; that it is God who setteth up and putteth down; that majesty and power come from him.

As a nation we have been saved from the great scourges of pestilence, famine, and war; and this day we may say, without patriotic egotism, that we present to the world the most magnificent spectacle of national well-being the ages of history have ever seen. We live under the reign of just and equal laws, which we have enacted; laws administered by men whom we have elected, and who are responsible to us for their adminis-

tration. In God's providence we are in a position to command the respect of the world, and to protect all our rights.

Our future, as a nation, promises to realize our most patriotic hopes. If we are faithful to our trusts it may for long years be said to us: "Happy art thou, O favored people: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places."

As Christian men we never had more cause for thankfulness than now. The ever-increasing victories of the cross, in multitudes of revivals, in all parts of our wide land and throughout the world; the deepening and fast-spreading interest in missions; the many godly men and consecrated women volunteering for evangelical labors in foreign fields, are most hopeful, and brightly prophetic of the Redeemer's universal triumph.

Let us, then, as good citizens, as believers in God, gratefully keep Thanksgiving day. Let us crowd to his sanctuaries, and praise God, from whom all blessings flow. Let households and friends gather about their firesides and well-spread boards, and let charities to the poor brighten and commemorate the day, that it may be to us all long a pleasant memory.

Herald and Presbyter.

OUR FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

A Meditation before the Open Fire the Night before Thanksgiving.

HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

I have come up to the Berkshire Hills to keep Thanksgiving in the old home. Thanksgiving is not Thanksgiving anywhere else. To be sure, it has grown from being a festival peculiar to New England till it has spread over the country, and the day is fixed by the President's proclamation. But

this is not the whole of Thanksgiving, nor the half of it; it is the associations of time and place, which call up a thousand remembrances of the living and the dead. These memories bring back the scenes of other years, and make the old young again, until the recollections of the past become the best lessons for the future. These lessons and this inspiration we cannot get until we come back to the old home, and to the old meeting-house, where we were wont to worship with those who are now with the saints in light.

But some may think this is not the time of year for a Feast of Tabernacles, since the summer is gone, and even the glory of autumn has disappeared. The forests are stripped of their foliage, and the mountains around our valley are bleak and bare. But our Thanksgiving, being more than a month later than the Feast of Tabernacles as kept by the Jews, cannot be observed, as that was, out of doors, in tents and booths that were pitched on all the hills round about Jerusalem. Our festival is not out of doors, but indoors, where we laugh at the winds that blow and the storms that rage without, which do but add to our sense of comfort and security. If some city-bred stranger, whose blood is thin and whose face is pale, should come up among these hills at this season of the year, and straightway begin to shiver as he muffles himself up in his overcoat lined with furs, and chatters between his teeth, "How the wind howls!" we answer, "Let it howl! Little harm can it do us, as we sit before the great open fireplace, and pile on the logs, and hear the flames roar up the chimney!" Indeed, it is the contrast between the wintry scene without and the warmth and glow within that gives a peculiar charm to a Thanksgiving in the country, as it does to Christmas also. And so let us gather round the fire to-night. Do not light the lamp, for there is nothing to stir up old memories like the fire on the hearth, that flashes up in the faces of those we love, while

> Shadows from the fitful firelight
> Dance upon the parlor wall.

But among our friends there are some to whom the year that is closing has been a very sad one. The little family circle has been broken, and they tell us in voices choked with feeling that they cannot come back to the old home, for the very reason that it would break their hearts to sit at the old tea-table and round the old hearthstone, and miss the dear faces that have vanished out of their sight. Home is no longer home, when those who made it so bright and joyous are not there to greet them; and they walk through empty rooms that are associated only with sickness, suffering, and death.

This desolate feeling I appreciate, for I have known it, as one after another of my kindred have gone to the grave. And yet, with all that is so sad in these separations, how sweet and tender is the memory of those who once walked by our side! And this is one of the sweet influences of Thanksgiving, that it is the one day of all the year when our departed ones come back to us, and take their places in the little circle of which they were once a part; that their faces look into ours so tenderly, and we hear the whisper of familiar voices:

> Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
> Breathing from their lips of air.

This year's Thanksgiving touches me more nearly because it comes on the birthday of one who was inexpressibly dear to me. From our hilltop I look across the valley to the spot where stood the house in which I was born, and where, two and a half years before (November 30, 1819), was born one* whose "line [stretching over land and sea] has gone out through all the earth," and his "words to the end of the world." Will there be any disaccord in the flow of my thoughts to-morrow, if when I come from the old church, with a heart full of gratitude to my Maker for all his goodness, I walk across the green to the spot where that brother sleeps, beside my father and mother? On the contrary, I shall feel there, as nowhere else, how much I owe

* Cyrus W. Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable telegraph.

to the goodness that gave me such parents and such a brother. From their silent beds they speak to me words not only of love, but of courage and of hope, to make me strong for the battles of life. How true are the lines in which our American poet has expressed what we all feel:

> Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
> All my fears are laid aside,
> If I but remember only,
> Such as these have lived and died.

The same associations give a peculiar tenderness to the worship of God on Thanksgiving day. The old "meeting-house" on the village green touches my heart more than any grand church or cathedral, because it is full of these sacred memories. As I enter the door I see a tablet on the wall in memory of one whose name I bear, and of whom it is engraven there, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness"—a sentence never more fitly applied than to him, to whose white hairs all looked up with tender reverence. And now, as I listen to the prayers and hymns, it seems as if there were floating above me a host of unseen worshipers, and that I caught the echoes—faint and far off, it may be, but none the less real—of the songs that they sing before the throne.

To recall such memories does me good; if it makes me sad I hope it makes me a wiser and a better man; perhaps a similar exercise may do good to others. My prayer is that the year to come may be to us all more full of reasons for thankfulness, because more diligently spent in the service of our common Master. *Evangelist.*

TRUE THANKSGIVING.

A. B. POPE.

It is entirely meet and proper that our chief magistrate should set apart one day in the year's calendar as a day of

national thanksgiving, when a great, busy, restless people may pause in the midst of life's hurry, and, turning from things secular, consider the great Source of all those providences that have made up the sum total of life during the past year.

The occasion is one of national interest, yet it possesses a significance that is intensely individual. And while the spirit of the day is primarily that of thanksgiving, yet it furnishes to every earnest soul the opportunity for retrospection, self-examination, and promised amendment. The record of the past twelve months includes much that is imperfect. Duties have been neglected, gaps have been left down along the way, opportunities for self-improvement, strength-getting, and character-building—seasons of watchfulness, from which the soul might have come forth in sweet and chastened majesty to renew its conflicts and triumph over its enemies—have passed unimproved. All this furnishes ground for heart-searching—earnest, conscientious, and thorough—and repentance, deep and honest. It is well if out of this season of self-arraignment and contrition there is born holier purpose, nobler endeavor, and better work for the future.

Perhaps my pen is digressing somewhat. This is Thanksgiving day. Its observance ought to be in the best sense religious. And it might be well to this end to review the feelings and emotions with which we approach it. Much of our thankfulness may be purely selfish. There are some with whom things have gone well this year. The family circle has remained unbroken. No wasting sickness has come into the home. Prosperity has left its blessings. The table is laden with plenty. There is meat in the larder and grain in the storehouse. Because of these things they imagine they are grateful; but such gratitude is of the essence of selfishness. It is dependent upon exterior conditions. It finds its basis in circumstances. It draws its inspiration from clear skies and smooth sailing, and hence it is fitful and evanescent as the alternations of sunlight and shadow. If these conditions of personal comfort and prosperity are in themselves the ground

of thankfulness, where in the hour of adversity shall we find occasion for rejoicing? The record of the past has its graver side. There have been pain and losses and disappointments and bereavements and heartaches. Where in these things is there reason and ground for gratitude? Has the empty larder, the bare table, the desolate home, the vacant chair, the fresh mound in the cemetery, no place for thanksgiving? Ah, just here is the point of stumbling with many an earnest soul. We find in the bitter chill of adversity the true test of our gratitude. And that is true gratitude which, triumphing over conditions merely physical and external, finds its ground of thankfulness in God himself. It is independent of circumstances. It goes beneath the surface of life, whether sad or joyous, and founds itself upon God.

Have we been blessed in temporal things? Back of the gift lies the Giver. Have there been afflictions and discouragements—seasons of pain and weariness, to which the passing days and the revolving years have brought no relief? Behind the affliction is the divine love that rebukes and chastens; while within and above the varying fortunes of human life and the fluctuations of human history is the Providence that creates and controls; restraining, directing, overruling—bringing all things to "work together for good to them that love God."

Here is the basis of that "peace that passeth understanding"—that spirit of rejoicing that finds expression in the sublimest strains of sacred song. The prophet Habakkuk, after graphically describing the woes that should come upon the people because of disobedience, breaks forth into the following strains of triumph: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

This is the spirit of true gratitude, that finds room for rejoic-

ing when all the sources of human comfort and earthly joy are cut off.

This is the spirit which will make each Christian home the very sanctuary of God, and each consecrated hearthstone an altar whence arises the incense of ceaseless praise. Let it be the spirit of this glad Thanksgiving day. Nor financial pressure, nor cry of hard times, nor anxiety for the future shall steal in to mar its brightness or make it a songless day.

Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

THANKSGIVING-DAY MANNA.

LILLIAN F. LEWIS.

Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.—Isa. lx. 2.

Offer unto God thanksgiving.—Ps. l. 14.

When we read the customary call of the President of the United States, and of the governor of the State in which we live, to set apart and religiously observe a specified day as a season of praise and thanksgiving unto "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," we are reminded of Nehemiah's thanksgiving proclamation: "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." How comprehensive, yet how condensed! We might supplement, however, as a fuller completion, the call of David: "Serve the Lord with gladness. . . . Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name." As in obedience we repair to the house of the Lord, we seem to there catch a portion of that writer's thanksgiving and prayer recorded in 1 Chronicles xxix. 10–15.

Israel's "sweet singer" comprehended the true mission of this spirit of worship when he declared, "I will praise the

name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving." That is the thought. We are to "joy in the Lord," and to call upon all that is within us to bless his holy name, and to "forget not all his benefits"; "to sing forth the honor of his name, and make his praise glorious." No wonder he exhorts: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing." For, as he could testify, "it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord;" and we have His own gracious assurance, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

Paul almost equals David in repetition of appeal to thus magnify the Lord, teaching that "in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving" we should "rejoice in the Lord alway," and hold glad communion with him.

Throughout Scripture the inspired writers bring witness and word of like purport. Even in the Book of Lamentations, with its burden of plaint: "See if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow"—in which we look for "the spirit of heaviness" rather than for "the garment of praise"—there is the grateful confession and the exhortation of "the faithful," making their boast in the Lord: "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. . . . Let us *lift up* our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens." The Lord would *win* us by all these persuasive precepts; but if we fail to respond, then he *warns:* "Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness, and with gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things"—therefore, not only condemnation, but punishment (Deut. xxviii. 47).

In the "Thanksgiving" collect of the Episcopal Prayer-book there is the practical petition: "We beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives." In our lives! After all, that is the thanksgiving message of our divine Ruler in its brevity and

fullness. It has been tersely said that thanksgiving should be spelled "thanksliving" in the Christian lexicon; and there is a familiar sermon in verse:

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God.

As "living epistles" of the "glad tidings," and the manifold riches and mercies which it includes, we shall most acceptably "praise God, from whom all blessings flow"; and others shall take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus; that we "sat down under his shadow with great delight"; and that he brought us to the banqueting-house of his love.

Herald and Presbyter.

THANKFUL IN ALL THINGS.

We count too often only the rosary of our outward prosperities, and measure our gratitude too much by the shining pearls of our successes, as we sit in silent review of the year at the Thanksgiving service. There is a deeper and a truer thankfulness than this, and Mr. Howells has put it into strong verse:

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

There is a truer prosperity than that which counts its bank-notes, its bonds, stocks, and bushels of wheat. For health and vigor, for increase of goods, for unbroken family circles, and for unsundered friendships it is our duty to give thanks. But is Thanksgiving day only for those who are prosperous as the world counts prosperity? Is there to be no song of rejoicing, no prayer of gratitude to the infinite Giver, from the households that are darkened and the hearts that are desolate? "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," said the noble old man out of whose opulent life a whirlwind of trouble had swept every possession, every earthly affection, every earthly hope.

We thank God for the flower, we do not tnank him enough for the seed; we thank him for the perfect fruit, we do not thank him enough for the long, slow process by which the fruit ripens; we thank him for the summer, with its soft air and its masses of fragrant color, we do not thank him for the winter, with its blasts and its snows. And yet his goodness is as great in the cold as in the heat, in the storm as in the calm, in the cloud as in the sunshine. We are continually asking for courage and fortitude, but when the hard and perilous times come which mold our feebleness into strength, and transform our timorousness into bravery, we do not see that our prayer is being answered; we send up daily petitions for patience, but when annoyances and perplexities throw their meshes over us, and train us into the very habit we ask for, we fail to read in them the reply of Divine Providence. Our heartfelt longing is for the development of the highest and noblest things that are in us, but our thanksgiving limits itself too often to the comforts and pleasures that satisfy our poorest cravings. We are thankful to be comfortable when we ought to rejoice that God will not suffer us to find comfort in any but the highest things.

We need to thank God that he denies our wishes, thwarts our plans, defeats our purposes. The true thanksgiving service must make room for every son of man, however afflicted or sorrowing. It is not only a feast for the rich and happy; it

has its prayer of gratitude and its psalm of praise for the poor and the afflicted. We must rejoice not in ourselves, but in God; we must count not our own prosperities, but the ministries of his infinite love. He lives, and we live in him; his life sweeps our little lives within the impregnable circle of an unchanging and an unfailing love. Wealth comes with the morning, and at night it has taken wings and is gone; pleasure smiles upon us and then hides herself; friends come close to our innermost souls and then vanish out of sight; hands that minister to us grow cold, eyes that shine like stars of hope upon us are closed, hearts that beat for us are stilled; but God abides, and the mighty power of his immortality makes all that we worthily love imperishable.

Faith lays the foundation of an hourly and eternal gratitude, and gives the key-note of an everlasting song. We are weak, but One is strong, and we lean upon him forever; we are but for a day, but One is for eternity, and we breathe the air of his immortality; our lives change and are at the mercy of winds and storms, but One holds the winds in the hollow of his hands, and he is our God, our Friend, our Comforter. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth, but the future unrolls like a scroll before his gaze. We do not know the possibilities of our own natures, nor what to ask for when we crave a blessing; he sees the seeds of immortal beauty and fruitage that are sown in us; he brings the winter that fertilizes and protects the soil, the summer that enriches and vitalizes it, the autumn that brings mellow and beautiful fruit. We see ourselves in the dim light of a brief earthly day, God sees us in the radiance of eternity; we ask for that which will make us comfortable for an hour, God gives us that which will enrich us forever; we plan for time, God brushes aside our poor structure, and lays for us, broad and deep, immortal foundations. Thank God, then, not only for the golden coin which drops from his treasury into our lives, but also for the inexhaustible wealth which bears an image and superscription which we have not yet learned to value at its worth; thank him for health, lands, and friends,

but thank him above all for that sleepless and changeless ministry, whether of joy or sorrow, which makes us the heirs of his glory and the children of his immortality.

Christian Union.

HISTORIC THANKSGIVINGS.

OLIVE E. DANA.

THE "rock-bound" New England soil, where the Pilgrims trod, held many a marvelous germ in its seemingly cold and sterile depths; and the land is fair to-day with the bloom thereof. I like to think of those first Thanksgivings, and of the prayers, born of sore distress and want, that preluded their praises. As unlike their feast-days seem to ours as their lives to ours. Their thought of Thanksgiving day, embodied in the national institution, is at once singularly characteristic and incongruous. It was the expression of their deep devoutness, the most simple and natural thing, this appointment of a day of praise. Yet it was, in its gladness and good cheer, a strange graft on the tree of Puritan life.

But it was, and is, the flower of the New England year, beautiful with the glow of unnumbered homes and hearthstones, fragrant with the dearest of human associations. So, all the more because the day is so much to us, we like to know what it was to those who kept it first.

The first Thanksgiving was kept when the colonists had gathered their first harvests in the new land—in 1621. Nearly two years had passed before the next Thanksgiving. The second harvest may not have seemed so wonderful a boon as the first, long waited for. So often does repetition cheapen our joys and dull our gratitude! I quote from the historian of an earlier generation:

"In 1623 fears were entertained for the safety of the colonists, by reason of an anticipated famine. From the third week

in May to the middle of July no rain fell. The corn withered under the heat of a scorching sun. The Indians prophesied famine for the colony, and a consequent easy triumph over them. In this extremity a public fast was observed with great solemnity—the first voluntary fast ever kept on these Western shores. The morning of the fast was cloudless, and the day proved intensely hot. But as evening approached, clouds collected, and rain descended in moderate but refreshing showers; the languishing crops revived, and a bountiful harvest succeeded. In token of the general gratitude a day of public thanksgiving was ordered—the second such day ever observed in New England."

In 1631 another fast-day was turned into thanksgiving by the arrival of needed supplies.

It is of a similar event in the preceding year that Hezekiah Butterworth sings in "The First Boston Thanksgiving." In that year—1630—Governor Winthrop came with eight hundred new colonists.

The white wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line,
Fair rose the hills where Boston town
Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor, summit-walled,
And placid lay the sea.
"Praise ye the Lord," the leader called,
"Praise ye the Lord," spake he.
"Give thanks to God with fervent lips,
Give thanks to God to-day."
The anthem rose from all the ships,
Safe-moored in Boston Bay.

The *Arabella* leads the song,
The *Mayflower* sings below,
That erst the Pilgrims bore along
The Plymouth reefs of snow.
Oh! never be that psalm forgot,
That rose o'er Boston Bay,

When Winthrop sang, and Endicott
And Saltonstall, that day,
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day."

There is recorded the appointment of Thanksgiving days in the colonies in 1632, 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638, and 1639; also in 1668, 1680, 1689, 1690. The wording of the later of these proclamations shows, it is said, that it had become an annual custom. Some of these appointments of the earlier years were for various reasons, and they were not all in the autumn.

Some earlier ones were occasioned by the arrival of ships with supplies of food and reinforcements; but the later ones here named were for harvest and after the harvest-time.

How did they keep these first Thanksgivings? Not with any lavish abundance, not with overmuch variety, not always with things we deem necessities. Those were times when "it would have been a strange thing," as a colonist wrote, "to see a piece of roast beef or mutton or veal." Frost-fish, mussels, and clams were a relief unto many." And one of them wrote: "Bread was so very scarce that sometimes I thought the very crumbs of my father's table would be sweet unto me. And when I could have meal and water and salt boiled together, it was so good, who could wish better?" But one of them had said: "A sup of New England air was better than a whole draft of Old England ale."

Good Governor Winthrop, in those earlier days, wrote to his wife in the mother-country: "We here enjoy God and Jesus Christ; and is not that enough? I thank God I like so well to be here I do not repent my coming. . . . I never had more content of mind."

Since President Lincoln's proclamation in 1862, Thanksgiving has been a yearly national holiday, appointed by the President, the governors of the several States in their proclamations naming the same date.

The Pilgrim seed has taken root,
Despite the land so hard and gray,
And, flowered to this Thanksgiving day,
Shall yet bring forth abundant fruit.

Golden Rule.

THE PILGRIMS' THANKSGIVING.*

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.

To the Pilgrim fathers, the earliest workmen on this great fabric of republicanism, we owe our feast of Thanksgiving. They were not content to lay the foundations in the rough granite of practical utility, nor to surmount this with those Corinthian columns of a perfect state, popular education; crowning the whole as with a dome, they built in the element of Christian faith. And so, as each year we come up to keep our harvest-feast, like those who cast at the foot of the column in the Place Vendôme their wreaths of amaranth to keep green the memory of the first Napoleon, we are garlanding with our praises the memory of the Pilgrims.

The pious Puritans daily besought God that the seeds of liberty and religion that dropped from the petals of the *Mayflower* upon that sterile shore might not die blasted in the germ. They had not long been settled, however, before their little stores began to fail, and many needed bread. This was in early spring. In April they sowed their corn, and at first it promised a plentiful harvest. But the skies soon shut their flood-gates, and so closely that not only the longer rains, but shorter showers came not down to refresh the thirsty vitals of the growing grain. The earth became dry as dust, and the harvest drooped and gave up its auspice of rich abundance for an omen of quick decay.

Six weary weeks of waiting, and those "Pilgrims and stran-

* From an article in the *Episcopal Recorder*.

gers" set apart a day of prayer, when the whole colony became a suppliant for rain. How fair rose the morn, whose cloudless azure was to that Pilgrim band a pall of gloom—a seeming mockery of their hopes! The golden beams bore no brightness into anxious hearts, before whom gaunt famine stalked, pointing at them with skeleton finger, and lifting before them the warning hour-glass of death. Nine hours of ceaseless prayer, and yet the sun's ironical smiles taunted the tears of their sad eyes. The air was close and hot; yet their fervor and faith rose amid all discouragements to new supplication. Toward evening clouds moved across the brazen sky, and moisture began to distil gently but abundantly from the "waters above the firmament"; and the drooping leaves and relaxed stalks stiffened and straightened, and the bowed heads of the grain lifted themselves as in thanksgiving. The crisp harvest seemed to grow green and fill out its kernels as the rains came down; and so a plentiful yield answered importunate prayer.

Edward Winslow, writing to his dear old home more than two hundred and fifty years ago, tells us how the harvest was gathered, and how Governor William Bradford—the second of the colony, who from 1621 to 1657 almost constantly filled the magisterial chair—after the autumn stores had been gathered, sent a company for game, and then celebrated a Feast of Ingathering, Massasoit and ninety of his Indians mingling with them in their rejoicing. They all thanked God with united hearts for the good world, and the good things in it. And so the pious Puritans kept their first Thanksgiving, and set us an example.

A quarter-century elapsed, and Governor Bradford declared that since that day no man of the colony had wanted for food. And such is the story of the annual Thanksgiving. It was a thought first from God, and then, after an interval of centuries, throbbed out again from Pilgrim hearts at Plymouth, and sent coursing down the years, as we hope, for all time to come.

WHEN HARVEST DAYS ARE OVER.

MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

When harvest days are over,
And sheaves crowd the eaves;
When on the dying clover
Lie drifted heaps of leaves;
When October's gold has faded,
And November's branches bare,
Like witches gaunt and jaded,
Toss in the stormy air—

Then we light the wintry fires,
And their blaze upward plays,
As we gather, like our sires
In the stalwart early days,
To count our mercies over,
And to reckon up the store
That spring and summer labored
In our open hands to pour.

'Tis a custom worth the keeping
With the noise of the boys;
And we think the fathers sleeping
Even now share our joys,
From the better country gazing
On the many-peopled land,
Its harvest so amazing,
From their sowing on the strand.

Do they see from heights Elysian,
In their cold home of old,
Souls as pure and true in vision,
Hearts as fearless, words as bold?

Is the purpose of the people
  Still, as then, that right be might?
Does it peal from every steeple,
  Inspiration for life's fight?

Are our arms, like theirs, still wielding
  The sword of the Lord?
Never flinching, never yielding,
  Are we holding fast his Word?
Never trailing low our banner,
  Do we wave it o'er the free?
Is our battle-cry "Hosanna!"
  For perfect liberty?

Then gladly let us gather,
  In the snow or the blow,
Though wintry outside weather,
  Within the fireside glow;
From million homes let freemen
  Their glad thanksgivings raise,
Till mountain-peak and cañon
  Alike shall echo praise.

Then when, like them, we're sleeping,
  Our sheaves in the eaves,
The turf our low graves keeping
  Warm with piled-up autumn leaves,
In the gladness of that living
  We shall count our garnered store;
We shall sing our glad thanksgiving
  Of praise forevermore.

Zion's Herald.

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR.

CELIA THAXTER.

An sapphire, emerald, amethyst,
Sparkles the sea by the morning kissed;
And the mists from the far-off valleys lie
Gleaming like pearl in the tender sky;
Soft shapes of cloud that melt and drift,
With tints of opal that glow and shift.

For the strong wind blows from the warm southwest
And ruffles the snow on the white gull's breast;
Fills all the sails till the boats careen—
Low over the crested waves they lean,
Driven to leeward, dashed with spray,
Or beating up through the beautiful bay.

Ah, happy morning of autumn sweet,
Yet ripe and rich with the summer's heat!
By the ruined wall on the rocky height,
In shadow I gaze at the changing light,
Splendor of color that clothes thee round,
Huge orb of the earth, to its utmost bound.

Near me each humble flower and weed—
The dock's rich umber, gone to seed,
The hawk-bit's gold, the bayberry's spice,
One late wild rose beyond all price;
Each is a friend and all are dear,
Pathetic signs of the waning year.

The painted rose-haws, how they glow!
Like crimson wine the woodbines show;
The wholesome yarrow's clusters fine
Like frosted silver dimly shine;

And who thy quaintest charm shall tell,
Thou little scarlet pimpernel ?

The jeweled sea and the deeps of the air,
All heaven and earth are good and fair;
Ferns at my feet, and the mullen's spike,
And the soaring gull, I love alike;
With the schooner's grace as she leans to the tide
The soul within me is satisfied.

In the mellow, golden autumn days,
When the world is zoned in their purple haze,
A spirit of beauty walks abroad,
That fills the heart with the peace of God;
The spring and summer may bless and cheer,
But autumn brings us the crown o' the year.

Independent.

MANIFOLD BLESSINGS.

E. WHITAKER, D.D.

THY blessings, Lord, give harvests birth,
With riches fill the teeming earth,
Adorn the fields with golden grain,
And heap with treasures hill and plain;
To cities give their wealth and peace,
And make the nation's large increase.

Chorus—Thy bounty, Lord, is manifold,
Surpassing all the worth of gold;
For loving kindred, home, and health
Are better far than boundless wealth.

The rain falls gently from thy hand,
And beauty spreads o'er all the land;

While everywhere among the hills
Is heard the music of the rills.
Thy breath, in fragrant breezes blown,
Gives life and joy to valleys sown.

The circling seasons, full of glee,
Lift up their voice, O God, to thee;
The king of day, the stars of night,
The changing moon with silver light,
Are radiant with a thankful mind,
And all proclaim the Lord is kind.

For tables spread with loving care,
And garnished with delicious fare,
For welcome in the kindly home,
For worship in the sacred dome,
Our thankful hearts, O God, we raise,
And sing to thee our song of praise.

Evangelist.

THANKS BE TO GOD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

THANKS be to God! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voicèd trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower;
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly lingering might
In music's tone;
For paths of knowledge, whose calm light
Is all thine own;
For thoughts that at the infinite
Fold their bright wings alone.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dewlike store;
Thanks for the mysteries that show
How small our lore;
Thanks that we here so little know,
And trust thee all the more.

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below;
Each sunrise that incarnadines
The cold, still snow;
Thanks for the light of love, that shines
With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
That none may flee;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea;
And for the weariness of heart
That only rests in thee.

Thanks for thine own thrice-blessed Word
And Sabbath rest;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest;
And for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks—more than thanks—to Him ascend
Who died to win

Our life, and every trophy rend
From death and sin;
Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
The thanks of heaven begin.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

WILL CARLETON.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee;
That all our eternity form, through thy love,
One Thanksgiving day in the mansions above.

Religious Telescope.

THANKFUL THOUGH WEARY.

PHŒBE CARY.

O MEN! grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart;
O women! sinking with despair,
Weary of limb and faint of heart,

Forget your cares to-day, and come
As children back to childhood's home!

Follow again the winding rills;
  Go to the places where you went
When, climbing up the summer hills,
  In their green lap you sat content,
And softly leaned your head to rest
On nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the sear and fading wood,
  So lightly trodden by your feet
When all you knew of life was good,
  And all you dreamed of life was sweet;
And let fond memory lead you back
O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruits of orchard-boughs;
  Drink from the mossy well once more;
Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
  With fresh, sweet clover running o'er;
And count the treasures at your feet,
Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again,
  Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
  Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tenderer heart and hand
The remnant of your household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
  And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverend head,
  Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been you stand
To-day in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no mother's hand,
And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though, with no friend or lover nigh,
The past is all your company—

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day—
The blessed past is safe alone;
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasure that we love.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

REV. WILLIAM KETHE (1561).

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

THE BLESSING FROM THE SKIES.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

When barn and byre are safe,
When flocks are in the fold,
When far and near the burdened fields
Have bowed 'neath harvest's gold,
When clusters rich have drooped
From many a blushing vine,
And genial orchards, wide and fair,
Have owned the touch divine,
Then up from grateful hearts
Should joyful praise arise
To Him who gives the waiting earth
The blessing of the skies.

When round the mother's knee
The little children cling,
When night and morn the household eaves
With merry voices ring,
When not a sunny head
Is missing from the throng,
When not a silver note is dropped
From out the daily song,
Then up from thankful hearts
Should fervent praise arise
To Him who fills the happy home
With blessings from the skies.

When round the white-haired man,
Serene in stately age,
The children's children troop to crown
His lengthened pilgrimage,
When through translucent air
The gentle matron sees

How love and peace have followed her
While striving God to please,
Then up from reverent hearts
Should psalms of praise arise
To Him who keeps his promises
In blessing from the skies.

Come pleasure's tide at flood,
Come loss and grief and pain,
Come death and parting—God is good;
So lift we up the strain
Of thanks to Him who keeps
His own in storm and calm,
And who with dearth or wound or cross
Ay sends a healing balm.
This day should therefore bear
Thanksgivings to the Wise,
The True, the Kind, the Father dear,
Who rules us from the skies.

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE FATHERS.

To recall the circumstances of the first day of thanksgiving may serve to remind us of how much more we have to be thankful for than had those early Pilgrims. History tells us that of the one hundred and two emigrants that landed on the bleak and rocky coast of Cape Cod Bay in the winter of 1620, almost half died before the following winter fairly set in. To-day, in our comfortable country and city homes, we cannot even imagine the sufferings of the survivors, both from destitution and the inclement weather, which they were not prepared, either as to clothes or habitations, to brave. The most of the brave people were not inured to hardships; among them were delicately nurtured men and women.

They staked and laid out two rows of huts for the nineteen

families that composed the colony; but within the first year they had to make seven times more graves for the dead than houses for the living. Notwithstanding all their trials and hardships, these brave founders of a great and glorious race had so much to be thankful for that they had to appoint "an especial day on which to give especial thanks for all their mercies."

So they agreed among themselves that, since their prudence and forethought had been so wonderfully blessed of God, they would send out four men hunting, that they might rejoice together in a special manner after the fruit of their labors had been gathered. According to the historian, barley and Indian corn were their only crops; the "pease were not worth gathering; for, as we feared, they were too late sown." This was under the good Governor Bradford. The four men who went hunting brought in as much game as served the company for a week. The recreations of the day consisted of the exercise of their arms, Massasoit, the Indian chief, and ninety of his men, coming among them for three days, during which they were entertained and feasted by the colonists, the Indians killing and bringing to the feast five deer. This was in 1621, and was the beginning of Thanksgiving day in America.

American Agriculturist.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

When our young people sit down to the Thanksgiving dinner, I wonder if they will think of those who ate the first Thanksgiving dinner in this country? History tells us that during the summer following the arrival of the colonists all the supply of food was exhausted; the first harvest planted in the New World was still far from ripe, and the leader one day awoke to the grim fact that there remained but *one pint of corn* in all the settlement. A sad outlook—most certainly a hungry one—was this. However, from the seven little log huts nestled

near the shore the people were summoned together, and the slender stock of provisions impartially divided among them, *five kernels* being the share of *each man, woman, and child.* What faith they must have had, and what courage, to keep up heart with only five kernels of corn, and not knowing where a bit was to come from on the morrow! Nor did it come; and three or four months passed away before they again tasted either corn or bread, being forced to live on shell-fish, berries, ground-nuts, and acorns.

But at length there was a good crop, notwithstanding drought and late sowing. "The corn yielded well, and the barley was good." Then Governor Bradford sent out four skilled sportsmen in quest of fowls, that they might "after a special manner" rejoice together. They brought back venison, wild birds, wild turkeys; and there in the wilderness the first Thanksgiving turkey was roasted and eaten. Then they feasted for three days, and invited King Massasoit and ninety Indian warriors to be their guests.

In 1820 the town of Plymouth celebrated the bicentennial of that historic fact. At the plate of each guest were *five grains of parched corn.* This was the reminder of those heroic men and women who dared famine and slaughter for their principles; who first won plenty from the uncultivated soil, and yet who were often in sore need of a bit of bread.

We do not feel grateful as we ought to those who did the pioneering of our country. We live in comfort and peace; we do not go to sleep at night fearing that Indians will come and burn our houses, scalp us, and, worse, take us prisoners. We have plenty of good food, warm clothing, educational advantages, rapid transit, and the best of religious influences. How very thankful and good we ought to be! When we are enjoying our Thanksgiving feast let us remember the brave souls who broke ground and laid the corner-stone of our great prosperity. *Evangelist.*

AN OLD COLONIAL THANKSGIVING.

THE following quaint account of an old colonial Thanksgiving church service and dinner is published by Geoffrey Williston Christine, from a letter written in the year 1714 by the Rev. Lawrence Conant, of the Old South parish in Danvers, Mass., and still preserved as a most precious family heirloom:

"Ye governor was in ye house and her majesty's commissioners of ye customs, and they sat together in a high seat by ye pulpit stairs. Ye governor appears very devout and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists. He was dressed in a black-velvet coat bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white-silk stockings. There was a disturbance in ye galleries, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes, and Indians; and a negro called Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and put in ye broad aisle, where he was reproved with great carefulness and solemnity. He was then put in ye deacons' seat, between two deacons, in view of ye whole congregation; but ye sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortion of countenance (giving grave scandal to ye grave deacons), and put him in ye lobby under ye stairs. Some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter.

"When ye services at ye meeting-house were ended ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on ye hill near by, and we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, with bear's meat and venison, the last of which was a fine buck shot in ye woods near by. Ye bear was killed in Lynn woods, near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrish of Wrentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth like Ananias of old. Ye council thereupon refused to eat ye venison, but it was after-

ward agreed that Pequot should receive forty stripes save one for lyeing and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer; and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye joint of venison."

THOUGHTS PERTINENT TO THANKSGIVING DAY.

NOAH was the first man of whom there is any account given to celebrate a day of thanksgiving; and his act so pleased the Lord that he made a covenant with him declaring that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease" (Gen. viii. 22).

THANKSGIVING day should remind all of their debt of gratitude to God the Father, who, through the gift of his Son, has set up his kingdom of love on earth, declaring his church to be a brotherhood. The Apostle Paul well exclaimed, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

THANKSGIVING should be devoutly rendered by every Christian for the greatly increased opportunities afforded at this time for giving the gospel to the heathen. The gates of all tribes, kingdoms, empires, and continents are open to welcome the heralds of the Prince of Peace.

"THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody, joy and gladness shall be found in Zion. The Lord will comfort her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her waste places like the garden of the Lord" (Isa. li. 3).

"OFFER a sacrifice of thanksgiving with leaven, and proclaim and publish the free offerings: for this liketh you, O ye children of Israel, saith the Lord God" (Amos iv. 5).

"In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. iv. 6).

Thanksgivings, true and earnest, should be rendered at this time by all for peace and plenty, for liberty and union, for homes and comfort.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" (Ps. cvii. 8).

"Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms" (Ps. xcv. 2).

Thanksgiving day is designed to quicken the pulse of the masses in grateful response to God's innumerable mercies.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever" (1 Chron. xvi. 34).

"O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth forever" (Ps. cxxxvi. 26).

God cannot teach you his will perfectly till you cease striving to have your own way.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation" (Ps. xcv. 1).

CHRISTMAS-DAY SERVICE.

Historical.—The exact date of our Lord's birth is not known. The 25th of December has been doubted by many scholars, but no other date has been suggested. January 6th was observed by the Eastern churches before the time of Julius, Bishop of Rome, A.D. 337–352; but at that time the Eastern churches, though always jealous of the assumed authority of Rome, were persuaded to change their practice, and adopted the same date as the Western churches. On this account it is sometimes said that Bishop Julius established the date December 25th; but the fact is that Western Christians had already long celebrated that date, and it seems probable that the Eastern churches were persuaded by records then extant at Rome to accept the date since received by all the world.

The ancient celebration of the "return of the sun," when the days begin to lengthen after the winter solstice, and the Roman *Saturnalia* coming at the same season, have given something of their character both of general rejoicing and of reveling and license to the celebration of Christmas. In northern Europe there was an ancient celebration in honor of the god Thor, called "Yule," and Christmas came to be called "Yule-tide." The "Yule-log" was burned on the Christmas hearth, and the mistletoe of the British Druids became a Christmas emblem. The Christmas tree seems to have originated in Germany, where it was set up in cottage and castle, in asylums, hospitals, poorhouses, and even in prisons. Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, coming down the chimneys to fill the children's stockings, had his special home in Holland, though familiar in many countries.

In southern and Roman Catholic Europe the day is preëminently a religious festival, beginning with a midnight mass in the churches. The day before is sometimes kept as a fast-day, and at midnight there is firing of guns and even cannon, and beating of drums and the utmost noise in the streets, until at midnight the people throng into the churches and the mass begins.

England has, perhaps, been most noted for he observance of Christmas good cheer. The fire on the hearth blazes with the great Yule-log, and the table is loaded with all kinds of viands, the boar's head leading in historic notice, perhaps because it might

be a test to shut out all Jews from the feast, which was crowned finally by the famous plum-pudding. In England, too, the time is especially a time of home-gathering, of hearty affection, and of loving gifts.

After the Protestant Reformation, religious services on Christmas day were still held by Protestants in Germany and England, though restraining or doing away with the riotous revelry of former times; but the Puritans of England set their faces against all Christmas celebration, and in New England Christmas had no observance in early days; and the home-gathering which had distinguished the day in England was transferred in New England to Thanksgiving day. Christmas, however, was observed in the Middle and Southern United States, and has more and more gained a hold in New England; and its religious observance, formerly confined to Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, has secured a place with Christians of every name; many having Sunday-school festivals who do not have regular services for adults, and almost all decorating the interior of their churches and chapels with evergreens and flowers; while scarcely a Sunday-school fails to have special exercises, with music particularly appropriate to the time, often with the exhibition of a Christmas tree, and commonly with gifts to scholars and teachers.

NOTE.—For the reasons for believing that December 25th is nearly if not exactly the true date, see "Life of our Lord," by Samuel J. Andrews.

CHRISTMAS USAGES IN EUROPE.

GERMANY.—Christmas is the great German holiday. On Christmas eve every family has its tree, and every family its own gathering, undisturbed by outsiders. A family reunion is held whenever it is possible, and one tree is enjoyed by all on Christmas eve; but each separate family will have its own besides, whether there are any children or not in the house. On Christmas eve the tree is lighted for the first time, but allowed to burn only a few minutes; then every evening of the week between Christmas and New-Year it is lighted up again. The *Weihnachtsmann*, or "Christmas-man," plays an important part in every German child's imagination, as Santa Claus in that of the American child. Shortly before Christmas one will hear the nurses on the street tell their young charges to be good, or the "Christmas-man" will bring them nothing nice in

his bag. In other parts of the country children wait with awe and pleasure for the coming of two important personages—the "Christ-child" and the "Knecht Ruprecht." The latter person questions naughty children, and threatens them with punishment, till the "Christ-child's" intercession saves the culprit and wins its pardon; then these two Christmas apparitions lay down their burdens of gifts and depart. In some parts of Germany the good saint will have a Christmas tree, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles, to hang his gifts on; he is not satisfied simply with the stocking in the chimney; and it is from this whim of his saintship that the custom has spread into other countries and come over to our own. The Christmas tree of to-day, however, is only a successor to its prototype, the ancient legendary Yggdrasil, or eternal tree, that had its roots in earth and its top in heaven.

BOHEMIA.—The children listen anxiously on Christmas eve for the chariot and white horses of the "Christ-child," as he comes flying through the air with his *krippe* full of presents.

ITALY.—The children go gravely with their parents to churches and cathedrals to see the bambino, or baby-Christ, who is thought to present them with their Christmas gifts.

SPAIN.—The children hide their shoes or slippers in the bushes on Christmas eve, and find them filled with fruit and sugar-plums on Christmas morning.

FRANCE.—The young people stand their shoes in a convenient place for the good Noël to drop gifts in; sometimes, if the shoes of a bad boy are among them, he finds a whip in one in the morning, and he must be a stupid fellow who cannot take so sharp a hint.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.—The Christmas season is called the Julefred, or Yule-peace. At Julefred all the courts are closed, and every one stops disputing and quarreling; and if people or children are feeling angry with one another, they make it up, and are loving and kind, and there is feasting and good-humored merriment. On Christmas eve the shoes of all the family are cleaned very carefully, and brightly polished, and

set in a row before the hearthstone, to indicate that during the coming year everything will be peaceful and pleasant in the family. In the country places almost every family who can spreads a table with the good cheer of the season, and then the doors are left open so that any one may come in and eat and drink and be merry.

BELGIUM.—The children fill their shoes with beans and carrots on Christmas eve, and set them in the chimney-place for the good saint's horse. In the morning they expect to find them filled with sweetmeats and fruit in return for their good behavior.

HOLLAND.—The children hang up their woolen stockings by the tiled chimney-piece, and then go soberly to bed, quite sure that good St. Nicholas will visit them, provided they do not disturb him in his visit. *Herald and Presbyter.*

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

IN the little town of Bethlehem, among the hills of Judea, in the stable of an inn, an infant was born to a Hebrew mother. At his birth the heavens were opened, and choirs of angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

In the village of Nazareth, sleeping in a green valley of Galilee, the child grew to manhood, living in the house of the carpenter Joseph. We know nothing of his infancy; there is no record of those years when parents watch with eagerness the first steps, the efforts to speak, the development of intelligence in questionings and strange remarks, the beginnings of the soul in its new life. Tradition has tried to surround his childhood with the halo of miracles, but the effect has been a failure. Once during his youth, at the twelfth year, he appeared among the learned men of the Jews, astonished all by his knowledge and the vigor of his intellect, let fall to a mother's keen apprehension one word which unfolded his own knowledge of the object for which he came into the world, and then retired from

public view to the humble trade of Joseph in the obscure town of Galilee, to wait for the time of his manifestation.

We must reverently pass over these years which are hidden, and begin to look upon his life when he came forth from obscurity and announced himself as the world's great Teacher, soon to become its suffering Redeemer. We follow him now along the shores of Tiberias, over the plains of Sharon, in the streets of Jerusalem, and by the waters of the Jordan. In these scenes where he passed three brief years of a public ministry we see all the manifested life of one who is the most living and familiar figure in the history of mankind. So real is the portraiture of Jesus Christ in the Gospels, so powerfully did he stamp himself upon the disciples who have presented him to us, that at the distance of nineteen centuries we seem to see the Son of man, to hear his voice, to follow him from place to place, to witness his miracles, and to be impressed by the authority of a personal presence. He moves through the land of Palestine as a man among men; and yet in all his relations to the material universe he acts "like a son in his father's house." What, then, was the purpose of his life, and how did he fulfil it?

He gave a strong hint of this purpose when he said to his mother, as a reason for remaining in Jerusalem and disputing with the doctors in the temple, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And after beginning his public ministry, as if to exhibit his commission before those who had seen him in boyhood and youth, he unrolled the book of the prophet Isaiah and read to the listening crowd: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." Such was the inspired and comprehensive declaration of the object of Jesus Christ made by himself. It is repeated in other language, as when he made known his plan to seek and save the lost, to unite in one all the children of God, and to establish on earth the kingdom of

God. In these utterances there was included the idea of a renovated world, of a wandering race restored to their Father's home and smile, of humanity regenerated, and the glory of God filling new heavens and a new earth. He looked upon a world under the dominion of sin, in whose track suffering had followed close; and his heart yearned to break the bonds of sin and lift the burden of woe from an oppressed race. As his view stretched far down the ages he beheld the losses, calamities, desolations, and miseries of mankind, his ear heard the groans of many lands and many centuries, and his heart comprehended the bitter meaning of these sights and sounds. Yet he did not look with despair upon a ruined world and a lost humanity. He knew that the star of Bethlehem had risen as the harbinger of dawn, and through the darkness of Calvary and the gloom of many generations he beheld the full glory of the risen Sun of righteousness. In that blessed day he saw the establishment of the kingdom of God, the universal acknowledgment of "our Father which is in heaven," the hostilities of nations ended, the rule of universal love the only law, and a restored Eden, with a reconciled Father once more among his happy and holy children. To realize this purpose—to change humanity, to triumph over evil, and to honor the Father by a union never to be broken of the Father and the many sons who should be brought unto glory—this was the thought which filled the mind of Jesus Christ. This is the meaning of Christmas; and as we love God with soul and mind and strength, and prove our divine sonship by good will and kindness toward all our fellow-men, we shall realize the divine idea of our Master and unite in his blessed work. *Observer.*

CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

WHY is it that we celebrate the birth of Christ in the last days of the last month of the year, when the trees are stripped of their leaves, the flowers are buried in the earth, the birds have

hushed their songs, and the pearled ice and the white snow are upon us?

Not because we are certain that the wonderful Babe was born at Bethlehem on the 25th of December. Most scholars think otherwise. Wieseler, Lange, and Ellicott place the birth of Mary's Son in February; Greswell adopts April; Lightfoot selects September; Lichtenstein halts between July and December; Clement of Alexandria speaks of the 20th of May; and the church of the primitive times, like that of this day, had no certainty as to the precise date of the first unfolding of our world's marvelous Life.

But "the Life was manifested," and men saw it with their eyes, and handled it with their hands, and bore witness to that "eternal Life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." The fact is indubitable, though the date is uncertain. The Man is more than the almanac; the Life itself is everything; the registrar's record is a "trifle light as air."

Still the curious question returns: Why is our great incarnation festival held in the closing hours of the year, and at the moment when we stand on the threshold of a period of new time? No doubt such a festival would be in perfect harmony with any season of the whole round year. The life and work of Christ are so many-sided that there is not a month or a season whose moral analogies and spiritual forces would not receive a higher significance and a larger power from contact with his all-interpreting and all-transfiguring career. The dawning brightness and measureless promise of the jocund spring, the splendid radiance and abounding vital energy of the beaming summer-time, and the glorious fruitage of autumn days all find their spiritual parallels in Him who is still the chief hope of men, the spring-tide of all souls, the full-orbed Sun of righteousness, and the perfect flower and fruit of humanity.

For us, however, in these northern climes, and with our traditions and associations, Christmas could not well be better placed than where it is. Nature is in slumber, as if in death—fit picture of the sleep of man till roused to righteousness by

the voice of the new-born Babe of Bethlehem. Life is at its lowest, and death reigns, or seems to reign, everywhere. Saving the thick-berried holly, the mistletoe, dear to Druid priests, the laurel, and the yew, the trees are bared, and the warblers of the sky avoid their desolate branches. We are driven inward. The fireside is the center of a thousand charms. Home is clothed in its most beautiful garments. We are forced to the conclusion that we need other help than Mother Earth can give us. Our hearts open instinctively to heaven and its message, and with willing feet we haste to do the will of Him "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." The "worship of Christ" by the repetition of his helpful and brotherly deeds, *seasonable* at all times, is never more so than at Christmas. We crave companionship, give free course to sympathy, welcome lowly service, and find delight in doing others good. We think of the poor and needy, the hungry and ill-clad, the suffering and the desolate, and seek to enrich their hearts with true human sympathy, and their homes with Christian help. We say to men, "*Christ is born.* Hope in him. Help is at hand. Grace is bountiful. Despair not, but rejoice, for soon shall the winter of want and woe be gone. It is meet that we should be merry; for this our earth was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

But are the cold December days utterly without life? Does not the dear Mother Earth hold its forces in her quiet bosom, and guard them with loving care till the spring sun has fairly risen, and his genial heat descends? See we not on the bared trees the buds of the coming life, all safely inwrapped and insheathed beyond the reach of the penetrating cold? Yes; bleak and bare December has its promise, the fierce winter has its prophecies of life. Humanity is not so utterly damaged that the skilled hand of Heaven may not reconstruct it. The wreckage is not so deplorable that we need despair of its safe arrival in the heavenly harbor. Christ is born—*born into our human life.* He has become part of it, and has bound up his fortunes with ours. As the new year follows the old, so the

new and better humanity shall follow the old. It is Christmas in December; and the worship of Christ, by breathing a larger hope, and bearing ourselves forward with a more victorious faith, fits the hour and the need. Men are not forsaken of their Maker. God loves us. God wants us, and sends his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, so that we may not be afraid of him, but may welcome him, and be saved through him. From heaven he comes; and he will safely pilot the once shattered but rebuilt vessel over the stormy seas of human experience, until we sing:

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage and perils o'er.

We therefore welcome our Christmas *in* December. The "worship of Christ" could not have a better setting than amid the domestic festivities, social forces, and generous and man-helping deeds of our merry Christmas-tide. In no more fitting way can we say farewell to the closing year, and All hail! to the new. "*Christ is born.*" We therefore must put off the old man—his moroseness and selfishness, his sadness and despair, his peevishness and fretfulness, his feebleness and decay—and put on the *new man*, which, after Christ, is created in true joy, large faith, energetic service, lowly duty, devout obedience, and death-daring self-sacrifice.

While, then, we heed the words of Thomas Tusser, who, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, sang:

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,

we will so *play* that work for men in Christ's name and on Christ's plan shall be all the sweeter and wholesomer, and so both our Christmas and our New-Year be filled with the new life of the Son of the Highest. *Baptist Magazine.*

A HOLIDAY SERMON.

D. L. MOODY.

There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE ii. 7.

FOR four thousand years the Jews had been looking for Christ, and now he had come; and the first thing we read of him is that there was no room for him in the inn at Bethlehem.

The sinner's heart is very much like that little inn at Bethlehem: it has no room for Christ. If a prince comes to this country from some foreign land there is sure to be room for him, and the best you have is not good enough to bestow upon him. Yet here is the Prince of Peace come to earth, and there is no room for him in the inn at Bethlehem!

Think what he came for: he came to seek and to save that which was lost—to redeem a lost world. He might have come with all the pomp and grandeur of heaven; he might have had a million of angels in his train. But he left behind him all the glory he had with his Father, and stooped from the throne, and went clear down into the manger, that he might get his arm under the vilest sinner and lift him up to the heights of glory.

Some one said that the Jews did not know he was the Messiah, or they would have given him a glorious reception. Would they? Why, we read that when the wise men came with the glad tidings that he was the King of the Jews, "Herod was troubled, and all Jerusalem." There was no one in Jerusalem that wanted him any more than in Bethlehem. Herod hunted for his life as if he were some terrible murderer, so that his parents were obliged to flee into a foreign land.

Is Christ wanted to-day? If he should come again, would he be welcome? Would the nations of the earth receive him with delight and gladness? What nation would make room for him to-day? If it were put to the public vote, what nation would vote to have him come back to be their King? Talk about England and America being Christian nations: do you

think either of them would invite him to come? Has America got room for him? Eighteen hundred years have rolled by since he went away, and more has been written about him and said about him than any other man, or thousand men, or million men, and yet there is no nation under heaven that wants him. When he was down here there was not a village in any part of the country that wanted him. He went to Nazareth, where he was brought up; he went into the synagogue and began to tell out the glad tidings. They took him to the brow of the hill, and would have cast him into hell if they could. They put him out of the town. And there is not a village under the sun to-day but would do the same. People say the world is growing so much better; but, as I have said, there is not a nation anywhere to-day that wants him. Does Germany or France or England or America?

Not only that; there is something a good deal worse than that. There is hardly a church in Christendom that wants him. Go to any of the churches next Sunday, and ask if they would vote to have him come back. Why, my friends, the church has not got room for him. She is not praying and longing for his return. Go down to the Exchange and ask if they have got room for him. Why, a good deal of the business would have to be done on different principles. Men would say, "We cannot quite make so much money, and we don't want him." If it should be put to vote in Congress, would they have him back? Is there room for him among our statesmen and those who are making our laws? Would they invite him back? Why, there would be a great commotion among the nations of the earth if he were to come. The fact is that there is no room for him in the world yet. Our homes, our churches, the nations of the earth, are like the little inn at Bethlehem. There is room for everything else, but in the church and the world to-day there is "no room for him." It is one thing to talk about Christ and salvation, but when we come to talk about the return of a personal Christ, is there a church that is crying for him?

It is time for every true child of God to wake out of his sleep, to trim his lamp and make ready for the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. If nations of the world, if the churches are not longing for his return, let us as individuals make room for him. Look at the hundreds and thousands hastening down to death and ruin! Let us invite our rejected King back to this world. Do not let us act like the men of Decapolis, who, when Christ snapped the fetters from the poor demoniac, came to him and with one accord constrained him to depart out of their coasts. There was no room for him in Decapolis.

There is a passage in the seventh chapter of John, last verse, that is very touching. It has often brought the tears to my eyes: "And every man went unto his own house." Then we read in the opening words of the eighth chapter (the two chapters should not be divided—they are really one): "Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives." There was no room for him in Jerusalem that night; no one wanted him. He had no house of his own to which he could go. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

O friends, think of the Prince of glory coming down into this world and having no place to lay his head—no one to receive him! He had to go unto the Mount of Olives and spend the night there alone. I have often thought that I would like to have had a house in Jerusalem that night, and to have invited him there. But if I had, I suppose my door would have been locked against him like the rest. There is one thing we can all do: our hearts can receive him, and that will please him best of all.

What a blessing Martha got by receiving him into her house! There was one house in Bethany always open to him. He was a welcome guest there, and he often went when he was tired and weary. They had room for him there, and he will always go where there is room for him. The moment you make room for him in your hearts he will come in.

Was it not the best thing Martha and Mary could have

done to make room for him? One day sickness came to that dwelling, and Lazarus lay on his dying-bed. They had physicians, I suppose, from Jerusalem, and the moment they pronounced him to be in danger they sent a message and told Jesus that he was sick. The messenger goes and tells Jesus about it, but before he gets there Lazarus is dead. There is sorrow that night in Bethany. I can see those two broken-hearted sisters weeping over the body. They lay him away in the little graveyard at Bethany, and they come back to their dark and desolate home. Many of you know how dark a home seems when some loved one is gone. Some friends came to comfort them; but what poor comforters they were compared with Him who was absent! The messenger came back and told what Jesus had said, and at last Jesus comes himself. Out goes Martha to meet him, and she says, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." He calls for Mary, and away goes Martha and tells her, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Is there a Mary here to-day whom the Master is calling? Up rises Mary to meet him, and she too says, like Martha, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." On that occasion were uttered some of the sublimest words that ever fell from the lips of the Son of God: "I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

I can see these two sisters, one on each side of him. They tell him about their brother's sickness and his last messages, and the Son of God begins to weep. If there is a broken heart here to-day Jesus is in full sympathy with you. You can have no friend like the Son of God. He has got power to help you. They go to the grave, and Jesus bids them take away the stone. Martha's faith begins to stagger. Some one has said it was a blessed privilege to roll away the stone. It is a blessed privilege to do anything the Master tells us to do. With a word the Son of God calls him up—"Lazarus, come forth." The moment Lazarus heard his voice he knew it, and

forth he came out of the sepulcher. Look at him as he goes back to the house, arm in arm with the Son of God. How astonished the people must have been; they must have gone mad almost with excitement! Look into that little home; there is Jesus at the table, and Lazarus; Martha still serves, and Mary looks on in wonder.

Sinner, was it not the best thing Martha could have done to make room for Christ? You do not know how near death is. The best thing you can do is to receive the Resurrection and the Life into your home and your heart. If the nations, if the professing church won't have him, let us welcome him into our hearts. Say this minute, "Welcome—thrice welcome—Son of God, into this heart of mine." He will come. What does he say? Hark! "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to Him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Does your heart throb? Do you hear the still small voice whispering to you to let him in? That is Jesus; he wants to come into your heart to-day. Sinner, receive him. Then let death come; you can shout over death and hell and the grave. He holds the key of death, and it has no power over you. May God help you to make room for Christ! You make room for him, and he will make room for you up yonder. He will come back by and by, and receive his own out of this dark world into that home he has gone to prepare. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

Did you ever have a period in your life when you felt as if no one wanted you? I had that experience for about two days, and it nearly broke my heart. I wanted to die. It was a terrible thought that no one wanted me. I was a stranger in a strange city, looking for work. I went from place to place, and got only a gruff answer—"No, sir;" "No, sir." No one wanted me. It seemed as if the Son of God must have had something of that feeling down here. No one wanted him! The world did not want him; it took him and put him to death. If he should come here and go from one

to another, would you say, "No, Jesus, I do not want you; go thy way this time;" or would you open your heart and let him in? In one place it speaks of his locks being wet with the dews of the night. Oh, may God help every unsaved soul to receive the Son of God!

He has gone up on high to make room there for us. We are told in one place that he looked toward home. I can imagine he was homesick. There he was loved by all. O sinner, won't you have this rejected King? Won't you do as Martha and Mary did—receive him into your heart and home this very hour? *New York Witness.*

THE TAXING UNDER CYRENIUS.

A Christmas Meditation.

DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, (because he was of the house and lineage of David,) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii. 1–7.

The December winds were sweeping across the hills when Joseph and Mary set out about this journey. The distance was about eighty miles. The roads, at all times difficult, were now almost impassable. Yonder the travelers go—a sturdy peasant, staff in hand, leading by the bridle a panniered mule, whereon sits the muffled figure of a woman. There were wonderful scenes along the way. At the ford of the Kishon they

heard again the song of Deborah: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." And they passed under the shadow of Gilboa, where the shields of the mighty were wildly cast away, and where David uttered his lament for Saul and Jonathan: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, stronger than lions. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" Still farther on they came to the heights of Jezreel, where, if it were at evening, they saw the glimmer of the lamps of Gideon's three hundred, and listened to the song that was at once a battle-pæan and a prophecy: "Then shall be broken the staff of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian. For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning of fire. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." It was probably the fourth day when they came in sight of Bethlehem, and passed the fields where Ruth had followed after the reapers, and the pastures where David had watched his flocks. Here at the gate was the well for which the exiled king had longed when he was hunted like a partridge among the mountains, saying, "Oh for a drink of the water of the well beside the gate of Bethlehem!" They entered, and betook themselves to the inn. But there was no room for them, so many of their countrymen having come to Bethlehem upon a like errand with themselves. They found shelter in a stable near by. There in the night the great mystery of life was enacted. The Prince was born, not in a chamber hung with purple tapestries, but in a humble stall. There was no ringing of bells, no crying of heralds to welcome Immanuel; the fierce winds howled without, and earth was all unconscious of the coming of the Mighty One.

It was meet that this event should occur just then. The

taxing under Cyrenius marked the fullness of time. It had been prophesied that "the scepter should not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." The enrolment of Israel under the Roman authority gave token of the final departure of all national power from Israel. The throne of David trembled, the scepter fell; then Shiloh came. The taxing here referred to—literally an enrolment or census—has occasioned much controversy. It has been said that Luke was all at sea in his chronology; that a census of this character was indeed taken under Cyrenius, but that he was governor of the province ten years after the birth of Jesus. It has been conclusively shown, however, by comparison with secular annals, that Cyrenius was twice governor, and that it was during his first administration that he began the taking of this census, which was interrupted by the opposition of the Jews. Thus Scripture vindicates itself. The Bible is a true book. The heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll, and the earth shall be consumed with fervent heat; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever. The opposition of hostile critics has merely served to confirm it.

All things in the divine economy come to pass in the fullness of time. The first child that ever was born on earth was welcomed with the cry, "I have gotten a man from the Lord!" A better rendering of these words seems to be, "I have gotten a man, Jehovah!" It seems probable that the mother supposed her child to be that "seed of woman" of whom it had been prophesied that he should bruise the serpent's head. She thought that already the Christ was come for the deliverance of the race from sin. Alas! like many a fond mother, she was yet to see the utter disappointment of her hope. There must be four thousand years of waiting, of sin and suffering. A great procession of souls marching through the ages lock-step, quick-step, into the unbroken night. Men's hearts were to fail them, and through weary centuries they would cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" But God is not slack concerning his promises.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his wonders still.

The striking of the hour was marked by this enrolment of Cyrenius. All prophecy of the Christ came to its fulfilment *just then*. The Old Testament is a glowing record of Messianic prophecy. We open its pages at the protevangel, and mark the face of the Christ growing brighter and brighter as we pass on: now the dim figure of the seed of woman; now the royal Son of David; a little later we mark his visage, so marred more than any man's, defiled with shame and spitting; then he sits upon a throne high and lifted up, the Ancient of Days; and in the final foregleam of Malachi he is the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his beams. At this last page we pause, wondering and afraid. Dare we turn the leaf? Will an awful disappointment meet us? Can it be that through all the centuries we have comforted our hearts with a fallacious hope? With fear and trembling we turn the last leaf, and lo! Immanuel, God with us.

The timeliness of the birth of Jesus is emphasized by three significant facts:

1. *The world had reached its climacteric of sin.* It is sometimes the case that a disease cannot be successfully treated until it has "come to a head." It is a curious commentary on the utter insufficiency of human culture that the world's sin came to its full development in what is called the golden age.

At Rome, in this golden age of Augustus Cæsar, the court and people were steeped in luxury and licentiousness. Virgil was writing his "Eclogues"; Horace was singing his "Odes"; Livy was writing his "Annals." What feasts there were! What glorious sports in the amphitheater! At this time Cæsar gave an exhibition in which six hundred gladiators fought hand to hand; and Pompey, not to be outdone, brought five hundred lions into the arena. The women counted their divorces by rings upon their fingers. There were

fashionable dames of the empire who asked for decrees of defamation, that they might mount the stage and exhibit themselves in lascivious dances in honor of the gods. If one would gain a just conception of the corruptness of those times, let him read the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. There is nowhere else in all literature such an indictment against the children of men.

In Greece, Zeuxis and Apelles had frescoed the walls of homes and palaces with infinite skill; and Phidias and Praxiteles had carved statues of such marvelous beauty as to challenge the emulation of later art. Philosophy had done its best. The very summit of earthly culture had been reached. The result may be witnessed in the frescos and inscriptions taken from the ruins of Pompeii, in which were presented such exhibitions of sin and shame as may not even be mentioned in these days. When Vesuvius vomited forth her suffocating clouds of scoria and ashes upon that city, it was but the just expression of the unspeakable wrath of God.

The disease of the race had reached its culmination now. There was no soundness in the body, but from head to foot all was wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. The time had come for the calling in of the great Physician. If man's extremity is God's opportunity, then let him make no more tarrying. The whole world is groaning and travailing for him.

2. *The world had reached its consummation of want.* It had been predicted that when the Messiah should come he would be "the desire of all nations"; to that end there must be a complete exposure of the weakness of all other plans of deliverance. This was true at the time of the advent of Christ. The old religions were practically dead; they had lost all power to help or to satisfy the souls of men.

The religion of the Jews had come to be a system of mere form and ceremony. The temple itself was a mere whited sepulcher, fair without, but within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. The religious teachers wore broad phy-

lacteries and made long prayers on the corners of the streets; but they stood in the doorway of heaven, neither entering in themselves nor suffering others to enter in.

The gods of Rome were impotent. Their altars were forsaken. The people had lost all confidence in them. The priests, as they passed each other in the sanctuaries, smiled in each other's faces at the thought of the impositions which they were wont to practise.

The philosophers of Greece could not help or redeem men. By the banks of the Ilissus flourished the Academy and the Painted Porch. Platonism was dreaming of the possibility of spiritual things; Stoicism hardening men to endure ill silently; and Epicureanism leading its followers in pursuit of the present good. Of these various forms of philosophy Gibbon says: "All the prevailing systems were by the wise regarded as equally false, by the statesmen as equally necessary, and by the people as equally true." The prevailing skepticism found a voice in the bitter word that fell from the lips of Pilate: "What is truth?"

Was there, then, no eye to pity and no arm to save? Shall the people stretch out their hands in vain for help forever? Is God unmindful of their need? Nay. This is the hour for which the centuries have waited. The great Deliverer comes. On the Judean hills the angels tell the story in their exultant song: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

3. The fullness of time of the advent of the Messiah is still further marked by the fact that *the nations had completed their contribution to this great event.* The *titulum* which was hanged on the neck of Jesus when he bore his cross to Calvary was written in three languages—Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. At that period these were the tongues spoken by the three great nations of the earth.

The Jews were a chosen people. They had been chosen to a specific task, namely, to perpetuate the worship of the one

true God, and to keep the oracles, with their Messianic prophecies, and pass them down along the coming ages. It was appropriate that now their sovereignty as a distinct people should pass from them, for they had finished their work.

The Greeks contributed their part in the formulation of a language which should serve as a most valuable vehicle for the expression of religious truth. It is no accident that the New Testament was written in Greek. The philosophic culture of that nation had necessitated the forming of a language which above all others is adapted to the use of spiritual truth.

And Rome had conquered the world. The decree of Cyrenius calling for a universal enrolment was an announcement of this fact. All nations had passed under the yoke of the great empire. The Cæsars had built roads in all directions for the transporting of their legions to the remotest colonies. These roads were to serve for the propagation of the gospel of Christ. The king's heart is indeed in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water. Could there be a more convincing proof of the divine wisdom than this, that he should so have subsidized the Cæsars in preparation for the coming of the Prince and for the spreading of the gospel of peace that the highways which they had built for their victorious armies should be paths for those whose feet are beautiful because they bring glad tidings of salvation?

Thus all things were ready. When the clock struck in heaven it was Cæsar Augustus that gave the signal here below. Then the last of the prophets uttered his voice: "Prepare ye, prepare ye the way of the coming of God; for there cometh one whose shoes' latchet I am not worthy to unloose. Behold the Lamb of God!" All prophecy is closed, now history begins; the Son of God is here, the joy of the advent season is ours.

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
Angels sang with mirth and glee,
"*In excelsis gloria.*"

Blessed be God for his unspeakable gift. We need him. Souls desire him as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. He came to the world in the fullness of time. He comes at this advent season to us. To-day may be for some soul here the fullness of time. Let us open the gates and admit him, that this Christ may be our Christ forever; that living with him and dying with him, we may also be glorified together with him.

THE LESSON OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A., LONDON.

This is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger.—LUKE ii. 12.

WE have often seen that sight, but has it ever been a "sign" to us, a "sign" in the sense in which St. John was so fond of using the word to describe the miracles of our Lord—the sense in which surely the word is used here? A manger, swaddling-clothes, a babe!—and these three constituting a "sign," an object-lesson, a parable in action, a great revelation of truth. What did they see? A manger, swaddling-clothes, a babe!—and each of these three was full of meaning. Consider what had just taken place. As a great thinker has well said, "The fountains of the great deep had been broken up, empires had been lifted off their hinges, all things had begun afresh." God, long expected, had come down to earth. Where was he? In a manger. How was he? In swaddling-clothes. What was he? A babe.

Consider the first of these facts. He was in a manger—in a cattle-trough. What does that mean? It means that *money is no remedy* for human woe. We have probably never yet understood the meaning of the poverty of Jesus Christ. He was a man who would be much suspected by the police in any civilized country, because he had no home. During the greater

part of his public ministry he was a vagrant. He would not have been on the list of parliamentary voters. He had not even the simplest property qualification, and when one wanted to follow him he said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." How emphatically has he taught us by this fact that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"; for clearly, if a man's life did consist "in the abundance of the things which he possesses," Christ had no "life" at all.

Jesus Christ, being the child of a poor peasant girl, was at his birth laid in a cattle-trough, and all through his public life was never so rich as an agricultural laborer in Kent. We are very apt in this country to define a successful man as a man who has made a great deal of money. From that point of view Christ was a very unsuccessful man. When we talk about "getting on" we mean getting more money. Christ never "got on." How flatly these facts contradict many of our current ideas! How they annoy and irritate us! How wicked we think it of ministers to say such things in shockingly plain English! And yet some have accepted the teaching not merely of Christ's words, but of Christ's life; and there was one of these, named Paul, who said in one of his letters, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content." This is a most extraordinary statement; for Paul was often very poor, and often in great pain; and he was constantly misunderstood and misrepresented, hated and persecuted, almost murdered; and yet he was "content."

Paul also says in the same letter, "I can do all things in Christ;" and writing to Timothy, he enforces the same great truth: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Yet we say a man dies worth so much. As a matter of fact, every man dies an absolute pauper. Paul adds that "having food and covering we shall be therewith content." He is not unreasonable. He does not say a man ought

to be content if he has neither food nor covering; but having food and covering, let us be content.

There is no harm in being rich. Some of the best men who have ever lived have been very rich. Christ says it is an extremely difficult thing for a rich man to be good; but it is not impossible. I have never known any man who has lost his religion by being poor, but I have known many who have lost the greater part of it by becoming rich. If you desire to be rich you are standing on very perilous ground. If God wills that you shall be rich, and you are saved from the love of money, rejoice in the opportunity of having in your hands a mighty weapon by which you can do great good; but if you desire to be rich you will fall into temptations and snares and lusts. "For the love of money is a root of all evil." By the love of money many of the rich "have been led astray from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows." Thinking they would secure happiness by securing money, they have, on the contrary, become supremely miserable.

There is one other passage which we must quote as we stand by that cattle-trough: "Be ye free from the love of money; content with such things as ye have" (R. V.). Of course you cannot be content if you have absolutely nothing; but the writer assumes that you have some food and clothing. Why should I be content with what I have? Because He "hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee." In other words, those who trust in God will not be tempted to trust in gold. You cannot trust in both. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Let us, then, cultivate such a real, living trust in God that we shall not trust in uncertain riches. This, surely, is the first practical lesson we should draw on Christmas day.

It is an extraordinary thing that one of the great evils of society at the present moment is that men try to appear richer than they are; and therefore they furnish their houses far beyond the limits justified by their income, and try to imitate all that is done by those higher in the social scale and with a

larger income. How many men have found themselves in the Bankruptcy Court, or have been obliged to leave their wife and family penniless, because they kept up appearances in order to give an impression in the neighborhood where they resided that they were rich!

It is a well-known fact that comparatively few rich men have done anything noteworthy for the cause of Christ and of humanity. Nearly all the benefactors of the human race have been poor men. For every rich man who has ever done anything that has made his name memorable in history there are a hundred poor men. Clarkson, for instance, was a very poor man—he scarcely knew how to make both ends meet; and that noble American, Garrison, was also a very poor man. Nobody, however, was quite so poor as Christ. Why, then, should we wish to appear rich? If riches come to us honorably, without our degrading ourselves into mere money-making machines, let us by all means take them and do good with them, scattering gold on every side for the promotion of human happiness. If Christ has made you rich, he means you to experience the secret of his great saying that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Again, while we pray God to deliver us from the desire to be rich, let us not, on the other hand, be at all discouraged because we were not born with a gold, or even with a silver, spoon in our mouth. Do not say that if you had been born in a palace, or in a West End mansion, you might have done something in the world. Christ was born poor, and was always poor; yet that was no hindrance to his becoming the greatest benefactor the human race has ever had. Your poverty is no hindrance to the noblest and divinest life, if you are only filled with the spirit of Christ. That is the lesson of the manger.

As to the swaddling-clothes, they teach us that *force is no remedy;* for they are the very symbol of utter helplessness. Christ was born a King, but he was physically helpless. Yet he has done more for the human race than all the men who have been at the head of armies. No great improvement in

human affairs has ever been brought about by war. Of all the delusions that ever took possession of the human intellect, the greatest and the most disastrous is the notion that war is a blessing. There was a cynical old European diplomatist and statesman, Metternich, who had a very good saying about bayonets. He said you "could do anything with bayonets except sit upon them," by which he meant that if you tried to buttress any government upon bayonets you would find it inconveniently painful and ultimately destructive. Soldiers have had very little influence over human affairs, although most of your historians have tried to deceive you on that point. I suppose at this moment the three human beings who have the greatest influence over human affairs are Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus. In comparison with these three, what were such men as Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon?

We must thoroughly revolutionize the thoughts of men. All nations who use the sword shall perish by the sword. The peace and prosperity of a nation depend not upon the sword, but upon great moral forces. Many persons would like to persuade us that the security of London depends upon the fact that we have some barracks near, and the Metropolitan Police. If there were no other guardians of order and liberty than these, London would be in ruins in six hours. If any one asked me what were the real securities for law, order, and peace in London, I should say the three principal ones were these: First, the London City Mission, whose godly agents go into every slum and alley, and find out the helpless and oppressed, and speak to them of the unselfish love of God. In the second rank I should put the late Cardinal Manning and his Sisters of Mercy, who do such blessed work among the destitute Irish poor. In the third rank of the great guardians of social security in London I should put General Booth and the Salvation Army. If it were not for these three great forces of law and order, and others like them, I assure you all our soldiers and policemen would not be able to do much. I make no reflection on the army or the police force, but I protest

against the extravagant idea that any amount of physical force would secure law and order in the absence of these great moral forces of kindness and unselfishness which have their foundation in Christ.

Lastly, just as the manger teaches us that money is no remedy, and the swaddling-clothes that force is no remedy, the babe teaches us that *learning is no remedy*. The wise men came from afar to this unlearned babe. He did not go to them. We are, I think, in danger of exaggerating the value of learning in our own time. In its right place it is inestimable, but it is a great mistake to suppose that high culture necessarily indicates either security or progress. Is not the University of Oxford, for example, the proverbial "champion of lost causes"? Have not both our great universities always been on the wrong side at every crisis in the modern history of our country? What is the use of shutting our eyes to these facts? The conclusion of the whole matter is found in the memorable words of St. Paul when he surveyed the practical effect of Greek culture: "The world through its wisdom knew not God."

Bear in mind that I do not disparage learning; for I entirely agree with Dr. South that if God can dispense with the learning of the wise men he can dispense even better with the folly of the fools. In its true place, as the servant of God in the promotion of human happiness, Learning is a precious treasure; just as I hold that Gold and Force also are, in their right places. But it seems to me that these three things—the manger, the swaddling-clothes, and the babe—were intended to smite great blows at the cardinal delusions of the human race. Why put our trust in money, in force, and in learning? God puts his trust in the innocence of childhood.

I have no time at present to refer to the positive teaching of this great event; but I would just remind you that when Christ wanted a model for his disciples he selected neither a rich man nor a mighty man nor a learned man, but a little child; set him in the midst of them, and declared that unless

they became childlike they could never enter the kingdom of heaven. In one sentence, there are three qualities of childhood which must be reproduced in us before we can be of great use: humility, simplicity, and trustfulness. That great lesson of childhood is most beautifully and profoundly taught in a book which has been widely read—"Little Lord Fauntleroy." I wish you could all read it. The moral of the book is the wonderful influence which a humble, trustful little grandson, brought up in the democratic air of America, had upon his cruel and aged grandfather, an earl of this country, who had never before learned the lessons I have named, but who was most happily taught them by his little grandson. That book strikingly illustrates the declaration of Isaiah that in the millennial age of Christ "a little child shall lead them." May God grant to you and to me the humility, the simplicity, and the trustfulness of childhood! *Methodist Magazine.*

THE ANGELS' SONG.

P. S. HENSON, D.D.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE ii. 14.

THERE were thousands of angels hovering about Sinai, but the only sounds that broke the awful stillness there were trumpet-blasts and thunder-peals. Here at the inauguration of a better dispensation come the angelic host again, but it is with song and shout, solo and chorus—the sweetest and sublimest that ever was heard on earth or in heaven. That song is the theme of our present discourse; and eminently worthy of our study is it, for in it are presented the three great phases of Christ's incarnation and redemption.

1. First of all comes the *gloria in excelsis*—the glory in the highest—by which we are to understand not merely that

> God in the gospel of his Son
> Has all his mightiest works outdone,

that this is the highest display of God's glory, but that this display is made in the presence of the blest inhabitants of the "highest" places in the universe. And seeing how lowly were the circumstances of Christ's birth, and how in his ministry he was "despised and rejected of men," it is just as well for us to consider how all this looks as seen by those who dwell on high.

The angels had seen God's glory before. They had been the wondering witnesses of the glory of creation; for while the morning stars sang together, the sons of God shouted for joy. They had seen splendid exhibitions of his wisdom, power, and goodness—aye, and the awful glory of his justice also, when, from the celestial heights, he hurled the rebel angels in headlong ruin down. Here in the incarnation and in the redemptive work of Jesus Christ there was given to "the principalities and powers in heavenly places" such a display of God's wisdom and power and goodness and truth as they had never seen before. And in addition to this distincter revelation of those attributes of Deity—with which already they were more or less familiar—there was the unveiling of an attribute—God's tender mercy toward the lost—an attribute "hidden from ages and from generations," undreamed of till now, but hailed, when uncovered, by the acclamations of an admiring and rejoicing universe.

Nor must we forget that in these highest places, even the heavenly, were not only the angels, but a multitude of saintly souls, who in the midst of the shadows of an earlier dispensation had been lured and led by symbol and sacrifice, promise and prophecy, and had only dimly apprehended the outlines of that marvelous redemptive plan by virtue of which they had been admitted into heaven. And now when the fullness of time had come, and Christ the Lord was manifest in the flesh, we cannot but be absolutely sure that these earth-born inhabitants of the heavenly world watched every developing phase of that matchless life; and when redemption's work was done—done for them and in their sight—we cannot doubt that they, in concert with the angels "in the highest," shouted, "Glory."

2. But not to the highest places were the glorious effects of redemption to be limited. It was to effect a readjustment of relations between this world and heaven.

Man in Eden had unfurled the flag of rebellion, and for four thousand years, with puny arm but unmitigated enmity, he had been waging an unequal conflict. He was against God and God was against him, for he might not surrender to rebels in arms. Tremendous judgments had swept the earth—flood, fire, famine, pestilence; all these, like death-dealing batteries, had been let loose, and millions of our apostate race had been hurled into hell by this tremendous enginery of woe. It looked as if God could kill, but could not conquer; for man defiantly lifted his head and dared the Almighty to do his worst, and the war went on.

Nor were the angelic hosts indifferent spectators of this conflict of ages. As between their august Sovereign and his traitorous subjects, there could not be a moment's hesitation as to the side on which they should range themselves. At the beginning, in the time of man's innocence and loyalty, they had lovingly ministered. Now their faces were veiled and their swords unsheathed. Earth's ports were blockaded, communication suspended; and what little intercourse was still conducted was, as it were, under flags of truce, as in time of war.

But now the Prince of Peace has come—he of whom it was said that "in his days there shall be abundance of peace." Now "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Now "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new"; and "all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

True, even after Christ's incarnation—aye, even after his resurrection and ascension—the war was to be protracted for the stretch of weary centuries; but just as our Civil War was practically ended under the apple-tree at Appomattox Court-house, though still in distant fields the skirmishing went on, so

the great question, so long and sadly pending, was substantially, solidly, gloriously settled by the incarnation of the Son of God; and so the white flag is unfurled, the siege is raised, heaven and earth are at one, peace is declared between them; and so the herald angels sing not only "Glory to God in the highest," but, "Peace on earth"—a peace to be achieved by the blood of the cross.

3. Not only in the highest—in heaven—was there glory, as the consequence of Christ's incarnation and redemption; not only was there now proclaimed peace between our earth and heaven; but on the earth and among men there was now to be inaugurated a reign of good will such as earth and man never before had known. For let us ever bear in mind that Christianity is not an ethereal, sublimated, theoretical thing, that concerns itself only with transcendental conceptions of another world, but with beneficent hand touches everything pertaining to humanity.

Sin not only shattered the links that bound the race to the throne of God, but that bound men to one another. And so the very first man born into the world was the cruel murderer of the second man born into the world, and that was the sad prologue to a history every page of which was to be stained with blood.

Certain natural affection, embracing little home-circles, did indeed survive the fall, else the race had not survived till now; but outside of these narrow limitations, and outside of Christianity, man was selfish and Ishmaelitish and churlish and cruel, so that the very conception of human brotherhood had perished from the earth. And when Christ came to implant in human bosoms pure, disinterested Christian charity, he brought it as an exotic from heaven, and God had to coin a name for it, for there was no word in all the polyglots of earth that would properly describe it. The thing itself was a thing unknown until the angels heralded it and Jesus brought it.

Outside of that charmed circle which the cross illumines there are utterly wanting the hospitals and asylums and homes for the friendless, and all the ten thousand constellated chari-

ties that in Christian lands do bless the days of peace and mitigate the savagery of war.

And yet in those same Christian lands there are to be found absurd and godless theorists who hoot at Christians and eulogize Ben Adhem, who abjure the gospel and chant the praises of "Ethical Culture," as if there were any Ben Adhems or any ethical culture worthy of the name to be found anywhere on the face of the earth except where Christianity has come with its thrill of resurrection power. "Christianity did very well," they tell us, with an air of lofty patronage, "for a ruder and a darker age; but we do not need its guidance now, for the world has got beyond it;" which is quite as preposterous as though they said, "The sun will do well enough at six o'clock to wake the world from its sleep of the night; but of what avail is the sun at high noon, when there is light enough in the world without it?" Let them extinguish the sun at that high noon, and they will see how soon there will return "the reign of Chaos and old Night."

It is Christ that gave us the parable of the Good Samaritan, and taught the world not only the fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man. And many that do not know him by a personal, experimental knowledge of his love do, nevertheless, all unconsciously, walk in the rays of that light which he sheds everywhere abroad, and which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, even as thousands are illumined and cheered by the light of the sun even though they lift not their eyes to behold his face.

Christ's coming inaugurated among men a new era of good will; and as a consequence thrones are tottering, chains are loosening, prison-doors are opening, and practical Christian beneficence is flooding the world with sunshine and fills it with songs of gladness. No doubt, indeed, that even in our so-called Christian churches there is not a little that is hollow and heartless, and cold-blooded and selfish; but it is also undoubtedly and gloriously true that there is evermore and everywhere a widening sweep of good will among men, and more and

more of beautiful consecration of substance and service, of hearts and lives, to the godlike service of uplifting humanity.

This is the spirit of Christ; and unless we have his spirit we are none of his. The *gloria in excelsis* may be louder in its swell, but not sweeter to the ear of heaven, than the softer notes of good will among men, as whispered by quiet deeds of love among brightened human homes.

Western Recorder.

PEACE ON EARTH.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! he seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round our feet shall ever shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

CHRISTMAS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

When Irving was reproached for describing an English Christmas which he had never seen, he replied that although everything that he had described might not be seen at any single house, yet all of it could be seen somewhere in England at Christmas. He might have answered, also, that the spirit of what he had described was visible everywhere in Christendom on Christmas day.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

This is the Christmas sentiment of to-day, as it was of Shakespeare's time. It is the most human and kindly of seasons, as fully penetrated and irradiated with the feeling of human brotherhood, which is the essential spirit of Christianity, as the month of June with sunshine and the balmy breath of roses. Santa Claus coming down the chimney loaded with gifts is but the symbol of the gracious influence which at this time descends from heaven into every heart. The day dawns with a benediction, it passes in holiday happiness, and ends in soft and pensive regret. It could not be the most beautiful of festivals if it were doctrinal or dogmatic or theological or local. It is a universal holiday because it is the jubilee of

a universal sentiment, molded only by a new epoch, and subtly adapted to newer forms of the old faith.

Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadow of the groves of the Druids, who knew not Christ; and it is dear to those who now renounce the name of Christian. The Christmas log, which Herrick exhorts his merrie, merrie boys to bring with a noise to the firing, is but the Saxon Yule-log burning on the English hearth, and the blazing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the illuminated Christian churches. It is the pagan mistletoe under which the Christian youth kisses the Christian maid. It is the holly of the old Roman *Saturnalia* which decorates Bracebridge Hall on Christmas eve. The huge smoking baron of beef, the flowing oceans of ale, are but the survivals of the tremendous eating and drinking of the Scandinavian Valhalla.

The Christian and ante-Christian feeling blend in the happy season, and the Christian observance mingles at every point with the pagan rite. It is not easy to say where the paganism ends and the Christianity begins. The carols and the wassail, the prayers and the games, the generous hospitality, Hobby-horse and the Lord of Misrule, Maid Marian and Santa Claus, are a curious medley of the old and the new. As the religious thought of all ages and countries, when it reaches a certain elevation, flows into an expression which makes the Scriptures of the most divergent nations harmonious, the history of this happy festival is evidence of the common humanity of the earlier and later races; and the stranger in Bracebridge Hall, musing by the glowing hearth on Christmas eve, as he watches the romping revelry beneath the glistening berries and listens to the waits caroling outside in the moonlight, or as he is wakened on Christmas morning by the hushed patter of children's feet in the passage and the shy music of children's voices at his door, may well seem to hear a more celestial strain, and to catch a deeper meaning in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am."

. . . But it is no longer a superstition of any Scarlet Woman,

no longer a festival whose observance implies perilous adherence to papal or prelatical errors. The purifying spiritual fire, historically known as Puritanism, has purged the theological and ecclesiastical dross away, and has left the pure gold of religious faith and human sympathy. When the neophyte asked his confessor what was the central truth of Christianity, the old man answered, "Charity." Then he explained that charity meant love, and that love meant the spirit of universal fraternity. The almsgiving which is the technical interpretation of the word is but a symbol of that giving of the heart and soul and life to help others of which the supreme sacrifice of Christ is the accepted type. The day that commemorates his birth is the festival of humanity, as the inspiring sentiment of actual life. The lovely legends of the day; the stories and the songs and the half-fairy lore that gather around it; the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christian observance, from the pope in his triple tiara, borne upon his portative throne in gorgeous state to celebrate pontifical high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to George Herbert humbly kneeling in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the profuse giving, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good will to men. *Harper's Magazine.*

WHAT CHRISTMAS BROUGHT.

CANON H. P. LIDDON.

MAN needs a perfect ideal—an ideal that shall permanently defy criticism; a sample of what human goodness is in its truth and completeness. We are sure that there is such a thing as

this. How else should there be so universal an aspiration toward that which would upon this hypothesis have no existence in fact? But if the question had been asked at any time or place between the death of our first father and the birth of Christ, where such an ideal life could be found, what must have been the answer? Over the whole of the ancient world we trace the apostolic inscription: "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." The great characters of pagan antiquity in literature are like the beautiful fragments of pagan art in our museums: they suggest perfection without reaching it. They are always, at the best, mutilated, even when there is in them nothing that is positively hideous or degrading. The best and the highest fail to satisfy the craving of the human conscience for some life that shall show what man was meant to be.

Socrates has been named in our day as a sort of parallel to Jesus Christ—as a fearless apostle of truth in an age of unrealities and superstitions; but Socrates, not to dwell on graver blemishes, has so little of apostolic consistency that after spending his life in exposing popular superstitions, he desires with his last breath that a cock may be sacrificed to Æsculapius. And Cicero was undoubtedly one of the purest and noblest characters in the whole public life of ancient Rome—a man with great sincerity of purpose to wring perfection out of the philosophy which he had at hand; and yet Cicero's vanity is so egregious that at this distance of time it is almost impossible to read his letters and his speeches without a smile. And Seneca has still, as he always has had, his enthusiastic admirers. His writings no doubt represent one of the best efforts, if not the very best effort, of the pagan conscience, even if he did not get something from a higher source; but a subtle vein of pride runs through him and spoils everything. Seneca in practice is quite a different man from Seneca on paper; he is cowardly and avaricious.

Nor is it otherwise with the saints of Israel. Israel had a divine, fixed rule of human life; it had no perfect, living ideal,

Israel's greatest and holiest, whether lawgiver or prophet or monarch, had each and all a share of imperfection—Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Elijah, Hezekiah. It seems unfilial, ungrateful, irreverent to insist on the shortcomings of the saints; but then Scripture does record them. Each of them falls short; David especially—the man who loved God and goodness with an enthusiastic love, the man after God's own heart. David is so far from perfect that for us he is rather the model of penitence than of saintliness, of recovery than of perseverance. These great servants of God were, in fact, types of One greater than themselves; of One who would collect in his single person their scattered excellences, while he rises above their characteristic failures; of One from whom some rays of glory might seem to have fallen, by anticipation, upon these great forms among the ancient people, that the eyes of men might be trained to gaze upon him when at last he came. It is our Lord, and our Lord alone, who satisfies this human want of an ideal of goodness. He shows us what human goodness was meant to be. He offers us in his life the ideal life—the life of man at his best, in his perfection.

THE STAR OF THE WISE MEN.

E. BLENCOWE.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."—MATT. ii. 1, 2.

No sooner was Jesus born than wise men of the Gentiles, dwelling in the East, beheld a wonderful star, which gave them notice of his birth.

1. The star appeared to give them notice of the birth of Jesus, and to guide them to him. We may think that they were singularly favored, and that if we had such a guide to lead us to Christ, we could not fail to follow it. But if no

star has been given, our attention has been called to him in many and various ways. And yet we have not been like the wise men of the East; for they made no delay, but started at once to find the Saviour. They were not hindered by the cost or length of the journey, and rested not until they had found him whom they sought. What a bright example for us!

2. Though the wise men had so plain an intimation from heaven, they did not neglect or despise the counsel of men. They sought direction from those who were able to instruct them. And, following that counsel, they received further help.

3. Notice the conduct of the wise men when they had found the infant Saviour. They worshiped and gave offerings—"gold, frankincense, and myrrh." Christ asks of us the offering of the heart, far more precious to him than gold thrice purified in the fire. And the incense he delights in is the prayers of his saints. He requires that we show our love by keeping his commandments. Are *we* bringing to him these acceptable offerings? *Preachers' Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,

And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed:
That mankind are the children of God.

Religious Telescope.

THE BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly-wreath to-night;
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
In the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the shining
Of the crown on each dear brow,

There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This it nevermore can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory,
Brings holy gladness still;
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

A BLESSED FACT.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—LUKE ii. 11.

WHERE are those who kept Christmas with us long ago? Some are away, divided from us by miles, or things which make greater distances still. But there is always hope in regard to the living. Estranged friends may be reconciled, travelers may come home, the lost may be found. But what of those whose faces have faded in death, whose voices are silent forever, whose forms we have laid away to take the long, long sleep? The separation seems doubly cruel at Christmas-time. If they might only come back one day in the year, it would be well; but no longings bring them; not so much as a message from them have we to comfort us. God help us! if we had not the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, how could we bear to see our dear ones die?

But to put against all this we have the fact of the Saviour's birth. He came to cheer us with the tidings of everlasting life; and it is this more than all else that makes our hearts glad. The friends whom we loved have not perished, though we saw them pass away. They are keeping Christmas in our Father's house above; and after a time the whole family will meet, and no one be absent. And so we turn away from the place of graves to that wonderful birthplace in Bethlehem, and our thoughts can be of bright, young, vigorous life, instead of death. The herald angels are singing still, and we hear their "Peace on earth, good will to men," once more, as we have often done. What can we do but answer back in glad strains: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace"? It is his presence that fills our homes with mirth and song. If he will come again, turning life's water into wine, touching our sick that they may be healed, cleansing, pardoning, blessing us all—as he will if we make room for him—then, indeed, we must be glad. But he will ask something of us. Self-sacrifice, love, devotion, praise—these are the gold, frankincense, and myrrh that he will accept. And yet more does he look for. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "The poor you have always with you, and whenever you will you may do them good." And when out of our plenty we have spared a little, he crowns us with his approval: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Is not that enough to secure for us a merry Christmas?

Christian at Work.

CHRISTMAS.

REV. H. G. DENISON.

It is the duty of Protestants to be more serious in their celebration of Christmas. We *expect* the Catholic Church to cele-

brate it with an overflow of spectacular pomp; for it has always been her failing to meet and adopt the overwrought display of heathen festivals more than half-way. But it is contrary to the spirit of Protestantism to adopt and display in the church any of the mythology of Romanism. To the evangelical churches Christmas is the day on which we celebrate the birth of Christ, and Christ should be made the center of all the exercises in church or Sabbath-school. But when Santa Claus and Kriss Kringle and gnomes and sprites make the whole of a bright and lively cantata, full of droll situations, witty dialogues, and charming spectacular display, Christ is crowded out, and the Sabbath-school ceases to teach the tender lessons of that wonderful birth. If angels tuned their songs wholly to the theme of the incarnation, surely, then, the church should, at every recurring Christmas, teach the children the wonderful story of how and why Christ came to the earth.

Let Christ and a Christlike spirit be found in all the recitations and songs and gifts, and soon he will be found in a revived church.

Do the makers of these sensational exercises and cantatas realize that they are turning Christ's day into a heathen and Roman Catholic festival, and teaching in our very churches some very heathenish notions?

Let Christmas be a bright and happy day; but let its brightness come from the radiance of the star of Bethlehem, and its happiness be found in Christ, the sinner's loving Saviour.

CHRISTMAS SYMPATHY.

Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

ALMOST while we write, the Christmas chimes are vibrating on the air, and all over the land the holly and mistletoe, the pine and laurel, are being gathered to adorn our homes and

churches for the glad Christmas-tide. The streets have put on a festive appearance, people are hurrying to and fro with box and parcel, a pleasant air of mystery pervades the household, and everything speaks of that hearty good will and peace that comes only with this anniversary.

Everywhere throughout the world this universal holiday is kept, and "Merry Christmas" is rung from lofty cathedral and from humble village steeple in every town and hamlet in the land.

We wish all our friends a happy and merry Christmas; we hope that joy and mirth, good will and peace, may enfold them all in their golden atmosphere, and that each heart may be touched with the sweet tenderness that comes with the Christmas-tide. In the midst of our rejoicing we would remember those who sit in the shadow of a great sorrow; in whose homes, since the last Christmas chimes rang, are vacant places, and in whose hearts a longing

> For the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

With them we sympathize. The same Hand that has sent the affliction will gently lead them in green pastures and beside the still waters, and the soft shining of the star of Bethlehem will illumine even the darkness and shadow. Let us not forget, in the midst of our social festivities, the true reason why we celebrate the day; and, like the shepherds of old, bring gifts to lay at the feet of our King, even the gift of loving and thankful hearts.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A HAPPY Christmas to you!
For the Light of Life is born,
And his coming is the sunshine
Of the dark and wintry morn.
The grandest Orient glow must pale,
The loveliest Western gleam must fail;
But his great light,
So full, so bright,
Ariseth for thy heart to-day;
His shadow-conquering beams shall never pass away.

A happy Christmas to you!
For the Prince of Peace is come,
And his reign is full of blessings,
Their very crown and sum.
No earthly calm can ever last—
'Tis but the lull before the blast;

But his great peace
Shall still increase,
In mighty, all-rejoicing sway;
His kingdom in thy heart can never pass away.

CHRISTMAS.

ROBERT M. OFFORD.

RING the bells at Christmas-tide,
Tell once more the story;
Spread the tidings far and wide,
How the Lord of glory
Human nature stoops to wear,
Human sorrow deigns to share,
Man's transgression comes to bear.

Sweet the song that seraphs sing,
Midnight's stillness breaking;
Blessed news to man they bring,
Joy and gladness waking;
Loud the blessed chorus swell,
Yet again the story tell,
God becomes Immanuel.

Wondrous is that manger scene,
Might with weakness blending,
Union God and man between,
Heaven to earth descending!
Lo! the Maker of the skies
Now a helpless infant lies,
Lowly born that man may rise.

Come and worship at yon stall,
Bend the knee before him;
Lo! this Babe is Lord of all;
Shall we not adore him?

Joyous hearts enthrone him King,
Willing lips his praises sing,
Grateful hearts your tribute bring!

New York Observer.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong,
Like echoes from an angel's song;
"Good will and peace, peace and good will,"
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born to-day.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mother-eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born to-day.

Wide Awake.

CLOSING-YEAR SERVICE.

Historical.—The Jews have a tradition which gives great sacredness to the synagogue services of the last day of their year. It is held that if the ritual of that solemn day is faithfully observed from the early assembling till the day wears to its close, God will hear the prayer of his penitent people, and will wipe out the score against them for the whole year past. The day is observed by large gatherings—sometimes too large for the synagogues, and special halls are sometimes hired for the occasion; and it is an impressive sight to see the large numbers of men and boys just coming into manhood, standing together with the white *tallith* (scarf) over their shoulders, and earnestly following the service with their prayer-books in their hands. One of them, who had been educated to be a rabbi, but afterward became a Christian minister, described to us these solemn services, which in his youth he attended every year, and how the earnestness of prayer deepened as the day drew toward its close, and in the last hour, and the last moments of the hour, the prayer rose into an agonized cry for pardon and deliverance. But our friend confessed that often he had come away from that solemn service with a painful doubt whether his prayer had been heard, and he really forgiven.

Perhaps something of the feeling which led to this Jewish observance has led many Christian churches to hold special services for the closing of the year, sometimes called "Watch-night Services," sometimes with the celebration of the communion, and often with peculiar solemnity as the clock showed the closing moments of the old year; and frequently the last moments have been spent in silent and solemn prayer, from which the minister called the people to give one another a New Year's greeting and enter with gladness into the new time.

THE DYING YEAR.

REV. J. M. HUBBERT.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Ps. xc. 9.

A FEW hours more, and the Old Year will be in his death-shroud, and the bells tolling his requiem. His vision is fast fading, his face is growing sharp and thin, and the angels are

now on the wing coming to fold his hands, close his eyes, and tie up his chin. Under to-morrow's cold and midnight sky will they lay him in his grave and write his epitaph.

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely!

What shall we say of the Dying Year?

1. He came the friend of each and all; he was the enemy of none. Making his appearance in January, he wore an icy exterior, but he had a heart as warm as summer, with good wishes for all. When he came there was before each of us the bright possibility of becoming better, happier, more prosperous during his stay with us. We may have had trials; but, for all that, unless the fault has been in us, the Old Year leaves us purer and riper for heaven than we were when he came. You recollect how he was given a friendly welcome at his coming. When the bells were heralding his approach the air was filled with happy greetings in his name. Young men and maidens, old men and children, gave honors to the "happy, happy New Year." He was received as God's messenger. The day of his birth was kept as a holiday; evergreen wreaths were at the windows, bride and bridegroom exchanged gifts, chimes in tall steeples played sweet music, church choirs chanted in gladness. The doomed prisoner, the invalid, the aged, and those narrowly escaped from peril, who had despaired of seeing his fair face, but were spared, rejoiced and thanked God that they had been permitted to behold his advent. He whom we then thus affectionately welcomed now draws the sear mantle of age around him, and is ready to die.

2. He had his virtues. This Old Year was impartial. No discrimination knew he between classes or conditions. He meted the same number of hours to the man in the hovel and the man on the throne. The hour-glass he turned the same

number of times for him whose garments were plain and coarse and him who wore garments of costliest fabric. Like God who sent him, this Old Year was no respecter of persons. He showed constant vigilance. No laggard, no loiterer, he. Having been sent to fill a space in Time's calendar, he filled it to the full. Sent to mark off so many hours on Time's dial, his hand was never slack; he slept not for a single swing of the pendulum. May we keep our vigils as faithfully! He fulfilled his mission. God's plans are deep, and we know little, perhaps, as to the mission of any of these passing years, decades, centuries, and cycles; yet we know that each fulfils a purpose in the betterment of humanity; and the Closing Year has served well his embassy in bringing the race nearer its final goal. A prize, peerless and bright, awaits each of us if we are as true to our mission as the Old Year has been to his. Then see how calmly he dies. There are no death-struggles. He did not come at first as a usurper, not having put his foot across the threshold of the palace till the Old Year was in his grave-clothes; nor does he now resign his seat reluctantly—he stretches his pale, dying hand to welcome his successor, and goes hence with no regrets.

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses.
. . . . .
And the forests utter a moan.
. . . . .
Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador.

But to this convulsion of the elements at his departure there is no answer of emotion in the bosom of the Old Year. Peacefully he pillows his head upon the snows of the North, and is breathing his last. With equal calmness and submission to God may we gather about us the drapery of the dying-couch!

3. What has the Old Year witnessed? He has held the

post of observation but three hundred and sixty-five days, and yet his portfolio is well filled with the record of what he has witnessed.

(1) The march of national events. Nations have their birth, growth, and decay. From its beginning of life to its death a nation passes through many and strange vicissitudes. This year the busy nations have been running to and fro in the earth. The difficulties of fairly adjusting national claims and rights are great enough at best, but intrigue, revenge, and ambition help to keep the pot boiling. Crowned heads, prime ministers, diplomatists, leaders in senates and parliaments and congresses, conceive and cherish secret and iniquitous schemes of state and empire which no historian will ever know or record. But these secrets are all in the archives of the Dying Year, who witnessed and faithfully recorded them all.

(2) Death's doings. The black flag has been floating. Storms have swept sea and land with horror; cyclones have torn through forests and fields, cities and villages, destroying man and his works, and scarring the face of nature; hurricanes have sent gallant ships staggering to destruction; explosions, fires, panics, railway wrecks and collisions, destructive floods—these and similar prominent disasters have swelled the death-record. The murder column foots up its thousands; legal executions for crime, executions by mob vengeance, suicides, and disease have been doing their work. How many are the illustrious dead—warriors, statesmen, diplomatists, artists, celebrities in medicine and surgery, millionaire merchants, philanthropists, ecclesiastical dignitaries, jurists, engineers, educators, journalists! Nor has Death kept afar. He entered some of our homes, and would not go without his victim. Some of you will recollect this as the year in which you first began to look sorrowfully upon the empty cradle or the vacant chair in your home.

(3) Sorrow. Though you may not have witnessed a death-scene in your home, there has yet been sorrow: perhaps bodily affliction, making you familiar with the invalid's chair; or

poverty staring you in the face, while the wolf's howl was near your door; or the ill successes and vexations of business; or loss of property, estrangement of friends, betrayals of confidence, disappointed hopes, misplaced affection, infelicity of domestic life, desertion of love, or some other skeleton in your closet. The year has seen new furrows plowed across your cheek and forehead, some of the luster depart from your eye, the loss of elasticity from your step, a more rapid falling of frost upon your head; the year has seen you growing old under your sorrows and cares.

(4) The world's sins. The great army of criminals have steadily plied their trade in robberies, thefts, burglaries, embezzlements, incendiarisms, arsons, man-stealing, perjuries, gamblings, and debaucheries. The year's record embraces all our immoralities: lies told to drive bargains or to escape detection in wrong-doing; slanders uttered to the injury of reputation; Sabbath-breaking—violating the holy day for purposes of pleasure or profit; profaneness—oaths uttered in anger, in anecdote, in jest and humor. There have been sins of indolence and intemperance; sins of tyranny and oppression; sins of covetousness, envy, deceit, and malignity. The Closing Year has witnessed all the wickednesses of backbiters, haters of God, boasters, the proud, the despiteful, the inventors of evil things.

(5) The growth of Christ's kingdom. When we look at the dark side of society we doubt whether the world is growing better; it seems to be getting worse. We doubt not its material progress. The scream of the factory whistle, the rumbling of the railway-train, the telegraph, the telephone, ocean cables, great bridges, curious inventions—these visible signs of an advancing civilization compel observation, and we cannot fail to see that the world moves in material progress. But are we making advance in grand intellectual and moral achievements? Yes, silent revolutions are working wonders for the uplifting of the world in mind and heart. The idea of the brotherhood of man is not three centuries old. The idea that society is not a

state, but a family; that all men, of all nations and races and classes, are but one family, whose Head and Father is God; that all are children of the same household, all equal, each responsible for all and all for each—this is a modern idea. The ancient world knew no more of it than of the American continent; now it is the corner-stone of society. To disregard it in legislation would be going back from modern astronomy to Chaldean astrology, from the steam-car back to the ox-cart. Among other of these modern creative ideas might be named that of individual liberty; of independence in religious belief; of freedom of the press and of public speech; of the criminality of war; of the inferiority of the military virtues; of the sacredness of human life; of the murderous character of the duel; of the inhumanity of torture in courts of justice; of the abolition of brutality from the discipline of armies and navies and from public schools; of gentleness in family government; of reform in the criminal code; of the reformatory character of punishment; of humanity in the treatment of the insane; of the elevation of woman; of the equal claims of chastity upon the sexes; of the disgrace attached to drinking-usages; of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors; of the rights of animals to protection from cruelty; of a popular literature; of the subordination of wealth to character; of the superiority of mind to manners in estimating the worth of man; of a more equitable balance of capital and labor; of fixing limits to the accumulation of private property; of the regulation of the use of wealth by principles of benevolence. These are some of the ideas which are the lights of the firmament of modern civilization. The heavens are blazing with them. They indicate a world in upward and onward movement, and the march of the stars is not more certain. And all these we owe in their completeness, and in the forms adapted to practical affairs, to the religion of Christ. In every age the truths which elevate the world have been religious truths, or truths born of religious institutions. Through them the church is daily lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes.

She is reaching out her hands to give the Bible to men; to carry the gospel to every creature; to supply alms for the poor, nursing for the sick, bread for the hungry, instruction for the ignorant, comfort for the bereaved, love for the forsaken, relief for the oppressed, defense for the innocent, kindness for the maltreated, eternal salvation for all. The Old Year has seen God's hosts moving forward, and the world making long and rapid strides toward the millennium.

4. This Dying Year will bear witness for or against us at the judgment. We sometimes say, "Time dies." Is Time dead? No. The years die, but Time lives. Time will live till the judgment, and then "Time shall be no longer." When Time ends, eternity begins. The passing years are Time's children, which will come from their graves to bear witness in the case pending between God and men at the great judgment-seat. The years immediately after the creation will come forth to bear witness for and against Adam and Cain, Seth and Enos; the years just before the flood, to bear witness in the cases of Mahalaleel and Jared and Enoch and Methuselah and Lamech; and the years after the flood will be witnesses in the cases of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, Gomer, Magog, and Javan, Cush, Mizraim, and Canaan, of Elam, Asshur, Arphaxad. Among the years which shall witness against us will be this Dying Year. If it shall be seen that in the year's record are written bright pages concerning us, happy shall we be. Pages which tell of toils for Jesus, of earnest prayers, of loyalty to God and conscience, of self-denials, of visitation of the sick, of sympathy for the distressed, of instruction of the ignorant—how many such things has the Old Year written for us? Ah, I fear he has some dark chapters recorded for us.

There are our secret sins. They have not been written by human fingers—never will be. He who has kept a daily journal may have made confession in general phrases, but he has not spread upon the diary his secret sins. But there has been a faithful record kept of them. The hand of the

Old Year is fast growing numb and stiff in death now, and his eye is waxing dim; but he has seen all and recorded all. His book will be opened yonder, and we shall face the account.

There are our broken vows. When the year came it found us making vows, forming new resolves, pledging ourselves by promises of a better life. Old vices were to be laid aside. Bad habits were to be broken off. A "new leaf" was to be turned. We declared to God and to ourselves that we would be more pious and useful. Where are our vows? Have they been remembered and kept, or forgotten and broken? How long did they live? Through the winter? or were they chilled to death in January and February? Did they survive the spring and summer? Were they alive in autumn? Have you kept them about your neck as the monk does his beads? or has the strand been broken and scattered? The Old Year will open his book, and show, on one side, the vows made; on the other, how they were kept.

There are our neglected opportunities. An opportunity is a gift from God. It is his open door. During the wars in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, a garrison of Spaniards were closely besieged by the Hollanders. The city had been completely invested by land and sea, and every effort to succor the beleaguered garrison had proved futile, and without reinforcement they must soon surrender. The Spaniards fell upon a bold design for saving the city. There was a way for troops to reach the place by marching across the lowlands, which were flooded by the ocean. The water, when the tide was out, was nowhere lower than a man's breast, and in places higher than the shoulder. The distance was ten miles, and the march had to be made within, at most, six hours, or the rising tide would overwhelm them forever. Three thousand picked troops began their march at midnight, and at daylight they had reached dry land; and just in time to escape with their lives, for the rising tide was threatening to engulf them. By seizing an opportunity, the indomitable Spaniards had made

the dark and perilous passage through the bottom of the sea, and rescued the besieged city.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

This is as true in things moral and spiritual as in the concerns of empire and state. There are opportunities of mind and tide; opportunities of song and sermon, of pen and voice, of prayer and counsel. By using our opportunities we could have rescued the perishing and saved the lost. By using well the opportunities of the year we would have been stronger, purer, more like Christ to-day. By failing to use our opportunities we have lost many a battle where we might have won a brilliant victory. Heaven is gained by using opportunities. To fail in this is to miss heaven and gain hell. Oh, I fear that the Old Year will leave so many of these dark pages against us that we shall have sore need of the pardoning mercy of God.

But what of the future? It is God's. Only the present is ours. God's goodness may permit us to see the funeral of the Old Year and the birth of the New. The New Year is almost here. He comes from his far-off home, over the frost-bound Arctic wave; the ice-shod feet of his fleet coursers will soon sweep over the Old Year's grave. He too will be the witness of the lives we live, the words we speak, the thoughts we think. Shall he not witness in us things pure and good, that his record concerning us may be one of bright pages and not of dark ones? Lord, "so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

THE DYING YEAR.

THE death of the old year is at hand. It is a solemn time: solemn to the old man in his easy-chair; solemn to the toiler in the midst of life's labors; solemn to the youth buoyant and

full of expectations. Thoughts manifold and various crowd thick and fast upon the mind. They come in troops and companies. Behind us lies the past. Its web is woven. Its facts are history. They are as changeless as fate, as ineradicable as crimson. The tablets on which their record is inscribed are of iron. "The paper tablets thou canst burn; of the iron leaf there is no burning." The past, with its follies and mistakes, its neglected opportunities and its misused privileges, is gone from us forever. To recall it is as impossible as to change the orbit of the world. But if the past lies behind us, before us stretches the future. It is an unknown country. Its surface has never been explored. No one can tell what fertile valleys or what barren plains it may possess. We look forward upon it with expectation, and yet with dread. Who can say what seeds lie germinating in the soil of the coming year? Perhaps joy will come. Perhaps fortune will smile. Perhaps hope will find its golden fruition. The year may be all song and all sunshine. But the reverse may be true. Sorrow's hand may be laid upon us. Affliction's cloud may gather about us. The chilly winds of misfortune may cause us to quiver and shake. Misfortune may stab us to the heart. O unknown year, who can tell what experiences you may bring! If some of us knew what you have in store for us, how our hearts would tremble at the prospect!

As Christians we have one consolation. Be the year what it may, He who has helped us in the past will stand by us in the future. His unspeakable goodness will not fail. He will overrule all the untried experiences to our good. He will shelter us from the storms. He will deliver in times of peril. This being true, we can walk forward with calm courage. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Be what thou wilt, O untried year!
  God guardeth me, and all I love.
Shall future days bring peril near?
  Shall all my hours grief-laden prove?

Or shall my better star's mild ray
Shine forth, and fortune's gifts o'erflow!
Alike to me! Care, doubt, away!
Whate'er is best will God bestow.

Epworth Herald.

THE RECORD.

As we tear off the last leaf of December from our calendar, and see it flutter into the waste-basket, we cannot help wondering concerning the record we have made during the year.

What have we done since the last January? What have we to show for the three hundred and sixty-five days that have been given us? What books have we read? what acts of beneficence performed? How many hearts have we gladdened? How many burdens have we made lighter?

It is not a bad plan to keep a running record of what we have done from day to day. If we have made a wise improvement of the various talents intrusted to us, or tried faithfully to do so, in hours of despondency, which come to us all, the record of such endeavor may be of cheer and comfort to us; and if we have been careless and remiss it may stimulate us to greater activity in the future.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

NEARING THE END.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Happy are we if these last hours of another year find us in the enjoyment of genuine Christian experience! Whatever may be the occasions of humiliation on account of our many past deficiencies, the knowledge of God's acceptance at the present moment encourages us to turn our faces toward the unknown future with feelings of joy and hope. For we may safely reason that the conscious gift of divine love at any one given point in our earthly pilgrimage is the pledge of God's continued faithfulness, however dark or winding the remainder of the journey.

As the year departs is it not better to dwell upon the tender mercies of God than to feed a morbid sense of our unworthiness? Personal demerit, on account of sins of omission and commission, every one who has a just understanding of himself must freely acknowledge. But such acknowledgment, much as it becomes us, should only open our eyes to behold the long-suffering, the patience, and the tenderness of God. Have we, at any period of the year, fallen away from his love? Have opportunities for usefulness come, only to find us indifferent? Have bereaved hearts, well-nigh crushed beneath earthly woe, turned to us in vain for sympathy? Have hungry, starving souls surrounded us daily without hearing from our lips a single word concerning the bread of life? Have our own steps heavenward been marked at times by unsteadiness, halting by the way, seeking forbidden pleasures, turning from, not toward, the blissful goal? Oh, let us rather, in reviewing all this, look through our blinding tears and see the goodness of the Lord.

How kind he has been during all these months! When his love has failed to woo us away from sin, how has he permitted faithful chastening to ensue! When he knew that we needed nothing so much as a deeper knowledge of spiritual truth, how the actual withdrawment of his conscious presence became to us the signal of our distress and want! Oh, let us recount these mercies, never ceasing to confess our sins, never losing sight of his perfect law; but in the very same moment exclaiming, "Oh, how great is thy goodness!"

Rejoicing in all that God hath done for us, we will be conducted across the threshold into the new year with a firmer purpose and a braver heart. Great changes await us? Possibly. But gladness "in the Lord" will conquer all. Because of this we will go forth to the coming conflict in the strength of the Lord God. *Christian Advocate.*

GOD'S FAITHFULNESS VINDICATED BY OUR EXPERIENCE.

FRANKLIN NOBLE, D.D.

Ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.—JOSH. xxiii. 14.

THE truth declared in this Scripture is that *God's faithfulness is vindicated by man's experience.* It seems to suggest three common stages in a course of thinking: (1) An early belief in the faithfulness of God; (2) A clouding over of that belief by experience of disappointment; (3) A fuller experience, bringing reassurance.

1. *The early belief in God's faithfulness.*

This is not one of the first truths of the natural reason. It is, in truth, one of the highest thoughts as to God. If reasoning can reach it, it is only by a long and weary pilgrimage.

There are some truths in the idea of God that are so essential that every one who thinks of God at all concedes them. Such a truth is his *power:* he could not be God without power unbounded. Such another is knowledge: God is necessarily all-knowing. Perhaps another elementary and essential idea is uprightness. The heathen have, indeed, believed in gods without uprightness, and none of us fully conceive the perfect uprightness that belongs to the true God; yet we accept the idea inevitably when we once get it, and even thoughtful heathen have always rejected degrading conceptions of God, though taught them in their youth. And from these simple and necessary ideas of God's power and knowledge and justness we might go on and reason out high conceptions of what God must be; and we might become very sure that God will deal justly between man and man, and that he will take all things into account without mistake, as well as surely carry out his

wise and just plans. And so a wise and good heathen, like Plato or Cicero, might have a high conception of God, and a confidence in him that would strengthen his life.

But Joshua's idea of God's faithfulness is much more than this. It is based, indeed, on these elementary ideas of God, but it is a direction of these qualities *toward particular persons*. Faithfulness is *keeping faith;* and we keep faith with those who understand or can come to understand what we do. The sun does not fail in its rising, but does not thereby lay us under any obligation, however its regularity may help and bless us. Indeed, the very steadiness of the sun's shining may distress and afflict us. The regular laws of business a man may trust: "The hand of the diligent maketh rich"—that is a general law which a man may trust; but this law makes no allowance for unfortunate competition, or for the failure of men we have trusted, or for our own sickness or weariness; it is impersonal. But a man comes home from his work tired and discouraged, and finds his wife's greeting not less hearty because he is unfortunate; and this is *faithfulness*, which helps him just where the impersonal law of business failed him. The personal faithfulness of a true love does not fail; and God is faithful in this high and tender sense.

This truth, which a high philosophy would hardly have discovered, is familiar to us because we have Christian education; but our unthinking familiarity with this lofty truth does not hold steadfast in the midst of stormy and disquieting doubts.

2. *God's faithfulness is impugned.*

Confusion arises from applying carelessly God's general promises to our private hopes. God has given general promises to men, such as the promise of an answer to prayer; but these are always conditional on sincere faith or actual need or some other thing which men often fail to present; but, finding the promise not fulfilled to them, they charge it with unfaithfulness, not thinking that the fault is in themselves.

More commonly, perhaps, we dwell upon our personal hopes

and wishes until life seems not worth living without them, and we feel as if God *must* approve and secure them; and this expectation broken, the old confidence in God's faithfulness is sorely strained.

Then sometimes a man of Christian education comes into the chill of common unbelief, and he doubts whether God *can* have personal relations with men; and in the moment when disappointment strains his faith he begins to ask whether his faith was not childish and unreasonable.

Indeed, this common doubt may come even without any stress of failures—perhaps from the inflation of success tempting one to think his success due to his own skill rather than God's blessing. So some prosperous men, satisfied with the course of nature and their own success, have generalized God out of existence.

The vanity of success, equally with the despondency of failure, tempts us to forget God, to put him out of all relation to our lives; and his faithfulness becomes to us little more than a childish tradition which we have now outgrown.

3. *His faithfulness vindicated by experience.*

Joshua had gone through the common temptations which shake a child's confidence. He had had part in the weary desert wanderings. He was an old man when the long waiting changed into success, and most likely he had had doubts and fears like the rest of us. But at last he came back to the confidence that his mother taught him in the faithful God of Israel.

It is a beautiful fact that old age often comes back to the faith that youth has half rejected. When Joshua had come to the end he had no doubts.

A partial experience of life staggers one's early faith; a fuller experience restores and establishes it. "A *little* learning is a dangerous thing," says the proverb; but a larger learning brings one to the deep and safe sources of truth. A *complete* experience gives a complete knowledge, and such knowledge is safe and strong.

Our experience of this year is about complete. We can look at it as Joshua looked at the history of Israel. He spoke from the fullest experience just before his death. So we have climbed up all the steps of the weeks and months of the year to this vantage-point; and we look back, with the backward view, which is the more dispassionate and so the more just view, and from this vantage-ground we see the year as it really is.

We see that what God has denied us he has denied us wisely, justly, and even kindly. This God who promises blessing to his children counts the upbuilding of their character the greatest possible blessing, and he cannot build up character by rewarding folly or sin. His promises by their very *love* are conditioned on our good conduct. To the Israelites God said: "If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments, and do them; then I will give you rain in due season, . . . and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit."

As we look back over our life we can see the *character* there is in God's dealing with us, calling for, seeking to build up character in us. This is what his promises mean.

And full experience makes us understand *ourselves*. Mr. Froude says: "The Providence which watches over the affairs of men works out of their mistakes at times a healthier issue than could have been accomplished by the wisest forethought."

A promise might be fulfilled to the letter, and yet by its unfitness to us be the greatest disappointment to us. One whose faithfulness considers *us* personally will not keep a promise to the ear and break it to the heart. God's faithfulness all this year has considered *us* personally.

And so experience leads us better to understand God as a faithful God. We look behind the promise to the Promiser; we see his spirit in his words and we see it in his deeds; and we recognize him as one whom we can trust.

Long Christian experience refuses to be thrust away from God by disappointment, but rather draws nearer to him. Men sometimes submit to disappointment as an inevitable

necessity. The Christian knows that there is no inevitable necessity. God is not bound under fate. The Bible does not ask us to be resigned to being overwhelmed in the environment. Nor does it ask us to suffer permanent loss for the gain of others. We may suffer temporary loss for the good of others, and should; but in real and permanent good there is enough for all God's children, and he does not need to sacrifice one for another. When a loving mother sacrifices herself for her children she gives up ease and health and life, perhaps; but still God "withholds no good thing from her," for she gains peace and moral strength and eternal life. No Christian in his sacrifice need look askance at his fortunate brother, as poor Esau, crying, "Hast thou not another blessing even for me, O my father?" If some good thing I hoped for has not come it is not because God has given it to some one else; it is simply that it was not really one of the good things which the Lord spoke *concerning me.* No man gets between me and the blessing God has prepared for me. There is no room for envy here. No man can stand in the light of my divine blessing. This is the mature wisdom of the old man, the judgment of full experience.

But does it seem as though this wisdom came very late; was bought at too great a cost; came only when it could no longer be used? My friends, the highest wisdom is not merely utilitarian. There is a value in coming to think rightly of God, even though too late to change much our outward life. What I think of God may help me in any time, but has a value beyond what I may do with it, in *what it does with me.* If a dying man lives through the night and sees the sun rise again, he may not have strength ever to do a day's work again, but the morning light may shine into his heart and flood him with hopes triumphant over death, and so may be worth more to him than all his days of grubbing toil.

And it is worth all the waiting and weariness of the days and nights gone by, if we can at last open our hearts to see the light of God. It is worth all we have paid during the

year, if now at its close we understand that God has been caring for us.

Looking back over the year, we see that there is not a general promise of the Bible, such as our common feelings naturally appropriate, that has not been proved true. There is not a whispered aspiration of our hearts, however faintly credited by our better hopes, to which God has not been faithful and more than faithful. The repeated text appeals to every man's experience. You all have this witness within you that God is true. So said Joshua. So said our Lord Jesus: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." So say we every one. We each can see enough to see this.

What, then, does this lead to? This old year, with all its joys and sorrows, with all its work and failure, with its opportunities and its sins—God has been in it all; a faithful God, keeping faith with the better nature in each one of us. And now we begin to see somewhat more clearly how all things have been working together for our good—toward a real and effective repentance and reformation, and new consecration of purer love and obedience.

THE DYING YEAR.

S. V. LEECH, D.D.

ANOTHER year is dying; but its record will endure,
And my deeds must live forever, whether noble or impure;
And the words that I have spoken must survive the fading year,
And the thoughts that I have cherished shall exist and reappear.

Golden blessings God has lavished as the silvery weeks have sped,
And his tender hand has led me as the splendid months have fled;

Like the glittering stars in number did his brilliant gifts
abound,
And like ocean in its vastness has his love engirt me round.

Health has been my constant partner, and the New Year greets
me hale,
While more worthy ones about me now have seen life's vigor
fail;
And with kind words and fraternal, and with fellowship most
dear,
Friends have daily brought their tributes through the brief and
happy year.

Home has seemed a bright Elysium, lit with joy's unchanging
rays,
And its voices, dear and gladsome, have rung out their happy
lays;
Children precious, parents noble, husband, wife, and cherished
one,
Have brought bliss and found enjoyment while the year its
race has run.

And God's Spirit's cloudless witness has within my heart abode
Like a diamond in its setting, and its beams have ever glowed;
And the peace of God has rested in my soul by man unseen,
Like the mountain lake that sleepeth, arched with blue and
rimmed with green.

If at times has come affliction with its broad and ebon cloud,
If misfortune or bereavement have my troubled spirit bowed,
I remember God has written that he chastens those he loves,
And with discipline of suffering our loyalty he proves.

As I marshal these bright memories of a cup that runneth o'er,
As I think of God's long patience, and his love in days of
yore,

Obligations rise colossal, and with thankfulness I pray
That my gratitude, like incense, may ascend from day to day.

And I plead that wrongs committed—trespasses 'gainst men and God,
All transgressions and all evil, all iniquity of word,
All unrighteousness of action, and all wickedness of thought—
May be blotted from God's volumes through the grace his Son hath brought.

With unsullied soul, and conscience undefiled and free from sin,
May I see this year expire, and the stainless year begin;
Spotless, upright, pure, and holy, may I pass the year to come,
Fruitful in my Master's service, happy while I yearn for home.

For there is a home in heaven, where no register of years
Shall be kept by God's bright angels. In that land that knows no tears,
Summer reigneth in midwinter, and no night-gloom shades the sun,
For the eve is always morning, and the midnight always noon.

THE OLD-YEAR REVIEW.

To all, we trust, the year has been fuller of mercies than of ills, and that in the review we all may have abundant cause for thankfulness. In a condition like ours we must not ask or expect too much. From such a temper of mind comes many a sad disappointment. When we ask for the reasonable and expect what is likely to be realized we shall have fewer sighs of regret. We should also remember, if health is ours, that we shall be likely to realize our expectations if we give them the aid of earnest purpose and effort. God gives us the oppor-

tunities of life, and throws upon us the responsibility of using them. He also helps those that help themselves.

Then let us not be discouraged if all has not been realized as fully as we anticipated when the year opened. Seed-time and harvest-time come and go, but sometimes there is a lapse. If from our fault our plan of life has not carried successfully, we can now see the cause of our defeat. Wisdom may be better than immediate success. Experience is what we all most need. It is a good time to look the year over and see what has been accomplished. Perhaps our non-success may be God's cut-back for greater fruitfulness hereafter. Hopefulness can do wonders in the battle of life.

In one respect it is for each one of us to say what is to be our success. The one Great Hope which has come to all may be fully realized. We may have failed to see our opportunity, but the fault is ours alone. If the future for us is full of darkness it is because we have preferred darkness to light. Here none of us have ground for complaint. We are absolute architects of our own fortunes, and the house which we build we ought not to refuse to live in. It is our own house. Friends, what sort of a house have you been building the past year?

Vermont Chronicle.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE YEAR.

We are not of the number of those who make light of old-year repentance or New-Year's resolutions. We would be glad to have people live so that they need not repent or make resolutions of amendment. But we have never had the good fortune to become acquainted with any considerable number of people to whom repentance and amendment were not appropriate. We are all human. Those who have had the best of intentions have committed many follies and many mistakes, and most of them have fallen into some actual sins.

We are to be grateful for anything that will bring us to

serious reflection and nobler purposes. Some have more clearly seen the shining upward way in the dark night of bereavement, even as Jacob saw the celestial ladder in the solitude of night and of exile, when a stone was his pillow. To some a deepened sense of duty and responsibility has come in the full sunshine of unwonted prosperity. To the multitude the closing hours of an old year are fraught with solemnity and inward questionings. We rejoice that this is so. The spiritual life is not a dead level. The mysterious gorges in which the soul is brought face to face with God are the best part of the highway of holiness.

We have only a word or two of counsel to offer:

1. Realize that you are spirits. Your body is not you any more than your winter sack or overcoat is. In summer your sealskin sack or heavy overcoat would be a burden. Do not be troubled that your body is wearing out and must soon be laid aside. There is a heavenly climate where a more ethereal raiment for your soul will be provided.

2. Your good resolutions should be mainly in respect to your treatment of others. Holiness that is selfish is no holiness at all. Have you written to your aged parents as often as you should? Have you made your children happy? Have you weekly and daily aided your pastor and encouraged him? Have you been thoughtful of the comfort of others on street-cars and railway-trains? Have you continually added to life's sunshine and diminished its gloominess? Has your Christianity been of a sort that would lead men to believe that God is good, and not a selfish and tyrannical infinite despot? Have you paid your bills as promptly as you could? Have you been genuine instead of being a sham? These are some of the questions that you should most give heed to now. Love to God always manifests itself in love to men.

3. Faith in God implies that he is in the world to win it to himself. The God of hope is to fill us with all joy and peace in believing. The world is better than it was a century ago or a decade ago. Doubtless it is better, on the whole, than

it was a year ago. In our own neighborhood or in our own land there may be many things to occasion anxiety; but Christ all the while is winning the world to himself; and there was never before so much gospel light in the world as now; there were never before so many comfortable laboring people; there were never before so many schools and libraries and hospitals and churches; there was never before so much true freedom of thought and such enlargement of faith. Let not one or two heresy trials make us believe that we are going back to the dark ages. Romanism shows some signs of progress that may serve to offset the anachronistic medievalism of some great Protestant organizations. There are few to-day who believe the horrible decrees of Calvinism, and fewer still who preach them. The ministers of all the churches are, with few exceptions, joyously proclaiming the universal love of God and the freedom and fullness of salvation. The church of to-day, more than the church of the past, believes in the living God, who was revealed in the tenderly loving and infinitely human Christ, the Creator of the world and the Redeemer of mankind, who by his thought and by his ever-present Spirit is guiding and inspiring the upward movement of humanity.

Northern Christian Advocate.

THE PREACHING LEAVES.

HENRY F. LYTE.

THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year, its life resigning—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—
All melt, like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward unto heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high;
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky;
"Why wait," they say, "and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
Oh, rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin."

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come—
A sinner, to salvation;
An exile, to his home.
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

RETROSPECT.

JOHN NEWTON.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here.

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream.
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy Word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with him above.

WHAT HAVE WE GAINED IN THE YEAR?

REV. J. L. HARRIS.

THE Wise Man asks, "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?" We may unhesitatingly answer, "Much every way." Life has its trials and its losses; but offsetting these, it has blessed compensations; and if we have lived the old year aright; if we have lived not for ourselves alone, but in some measure for others—for humanity, for Christ—then everything we have done is a gain.

If we have worked according to the condition which God

has given for our observance, it has brought us gain in some way. The every-day service we have given for God and man has returned us a rich equivalent for all the time, strength, and energy we put forth for the accomplishment of our aims. The service itself, even though the result was not such as we had hoped for, has been a profit to us, for God is not unmindful of our work and service of love; nor does he measure our reward by the apparent success or apparent failure of our efforts. He will apportion our profit according to the work done and the spirit in which it was performed. The results we are to leave with him.

We have profited by all the labor of our hands, I care not how menial it may have been. We have profited by all the labor we have performed in our homes, in the office, the shop, the store. These have all been legitimate, and have laid a blessing on our home altar every night. And what measureless profits have flowed in upon us as a return for our humble efforts for the strengthening of the church, the building up of God's Zion, the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the earth! Not an effort in this direction has been lost. He has treasured them all up, and they will yield a rich return. And our works of mercy, of charity, of love—have we ministered to the wants of the needy? Have we helped our brother when he was in straitened circumstances? Have we visited the sick? Have we through the weary vigils of the night watched at the bedside of the sufferer? Have we spoken words of sympathy to the sorrowing, and cast the smile of love and hope on the face of the weary and discouraged ones whom we have met? If we have, what peace, what wealth of joy, what riches of grace have come to our hearts! All of these labors, if they have been performed with a willing mind and loving heart, have given us a greater profit, a richer reward, than all this world can give.

Some of us have personal affliction. God took us down near the gates of death, where we saw things and where we saw ourselves in the light of eternity. What a wealth of experience

came to us from that event! How near it brought us to God! And some of these sufferers will tell us that the sicknesses of the past year have given them the richest spiritual harvest they have ever reaped. Oh how our profits foot up! How great is the sum of them!—more than we can number.

We have suffered temporal losses; our property has been taken from us; but if we have borne this with a submissive spirit, God has placed to our credit above heavenly treasures far exceeding in value our earthly losses. We have had trials, disappointments, bereavements; the Lord has taken away some of our loved ones; there is an empty crib in the home, a vacant chair at the table; but what a blessed discipline all this has been to us! It has brought us infinite profit. When our dear ones pass to the other shore, how our thoughts follow them! how our affections are disengaged from worldly objects and centered on heavenly things! And when our hearts have been thus bowed down by the loss of loved ones, has not Jesus come nearer to us than ever before? Have we not, since they went away, felt more sensibly his divine presence in our home circle and at our family altars?

Now if we have thus profited by these things, what an immense gain has come to us!—a truer submission to God's providences, a better understanding of God's Word, a clearer knowledge of the truth, more grace in our hearts, more spiritual life and strength, a deeper sense of God's goodness and loving-kindness to us, a heart tenderer, a nature gentler, more patience, greater courage, stronger faith, brighter hope, deeper love, spiritual illumination, and a nobler conception of life and human duty. Can it be possible that all these heavenly ministries and divine teachings have been in vain—brought us no profit? No, this cannot be. They have set us on a higher vantage-ground to fight the coming battles of life than we have ever before occupied.

To Israel of old it was said, "Ye shall henceforth return no more that way." It is the same with us; we cannot go back and travel the old year over again.

At the falling of the walls of the Hypodrome in New York a few years ago, by which a number of lives were lost, it is said that in the note-book of one of the victims were found these remarkable words: "I expect to pass through this life but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." What a beautiful motto or rule by which to live! Then, since we cannot return this way, will it not be wisdom in us to make the present year the most beautiful of all the years we have ever lived, fragrant with acts of kindness, luminous with deeds of love and mercy?

The Rev. Dr. Bonar says:

> Not many lives, but only one, have we!
> How sacred should that one life ever be—
> Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
> Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil!

We may, as we look back over the past year, feel dissatisfied with ourselves, with our record; but in some things may we not hope that we have done well? And if so, we have this to carry forward with us into the present year, to encourage and strengthen us for further duties. Many have done nobly; have been true to duty, true to their convictions, true to truth, true to the church, true and loyal to the Master; and all who have this consciousness cannot but enter upon the new year with happy hearts.

We are all voyagers on life's wide ocean. Sometimes the sea is calm and tranquil, reflecting on its placid surface the beautiful stars as they look down from heaven. Then, again, storms arise, the winds are furious, the billows run high and threaten to engulf us. With none of us is the voyage wholly a smooth one; but we all, I hope, shall make it safely, gliding at last into that quiet haven where tempests never rise. Some of us have already made more than half the voyage. By faith we can discern the distant hills. Our vision catches the rising

headlands, and the lights are burning along the shore. How delightful it will be when we who have voyaged together shall meet on that beautiful shore!

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in one of his sermons, says: "An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home—years gone from their families; and as the ship came along by the coast of France the men became uncontrollable. They skipped the deck in wildest glee, and pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshiped, to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother, and wife and loved ones on the wharf, and heard them call them by their names, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, leaving the captain to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. Thus heaven, our fatherland, will after a while be so fully in sight that we can see its towers, its many mansions. And as we go into port, and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names, we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever."

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor, furl the sail—
I am safe within the vale.

Christian at Work.

THE YEAR'S LEDGER.

AMELIA E. BARR.

I SAID one day a year ago,
"I wonder, if I truly kept
A list of days when life burned low,
Of days I smiled, and days I wept,

If good or bad would highest mount
When I made up the year's account?"

I took a ledger, fair and fine.
"And now," I said, "when days are glad,
I'll write with bright red ink the line,
And write with black when they are bad;
So that they'll stand before my sight
As clear apart as day and night.

"I will not heed the changing skies,
Nor if it shine, nor if it rain;
But if there comes some sweet surprise
Of friendship, love, or honest gain,
Why, then, it shall be understood
That day is written down as good.

"And if to any one I love
A blessing meets them on the way,
That will a double pleasure prove,
So it shall be a happy day;
And if some day I've cause to dread
Pass harmless by, I'll write it red.

"When hands and brain stand labor's test,
And I can do the thing I would,
Those days when I am at my best
Shall all be traced as very good;
And in 'red letter' too I'll write
Those rare, strong hours when right is might.

"When first I meet in some grand book
A noble soul that touches mine,
And with his vision I can look
Through some 'Gate Beautiful' of time,
That day such happiness will shed
That golden-lined will seem the red.

"And when pure, holy thoughts have power
To touch my heart and dim my eyes,
And I, in some diviner hour,
Can hold sweet converse with the skies,
Ah! then my soul may safely write,
'This day hath been most good and bright.'"

What do I see on looking back?
A Red-lined Book before me lies,
With here and there a thread of Black
That like a passing shadow flies;
A shadow, it must be confessed,
That often rose in my own breast.

And I have found 'tis good to note
The blessing that is mine each day;
For happiness is vainly sought
In some dim future far away.

Just try my ledger for a year,
Then look with grateful wonder back;
And you will find—there is no fear—
The Red Days far exceed the Black.

Treasure Trove.

A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay;
Stay, for the good Old Year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The Year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly Year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store;
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the work was spent!
How sweet the seventh-day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us—some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good Old Year is with the past;
Oh, be the New as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

FRANCES L. MACE.

THE pale leaves flee before the dread November;
The darkest days are near.
"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,"
O swift-departing Year!

Stern is thy face, and with harsh note of warning
Thy voice imperious rings;
Yet underneath thy gloomy, warlike vesture
I see an angel's wings!

Lift them not yet, but of the priceless treasure
Hid in thy garment's fold
Oh, let my hands a full and shining portion
In these last moments hold.

Not now the beaming cup of promised pleasure
I ask thee to bestow;
The thrill and glow of bright anticipation
Are of the long ago.

But calm content and peaceful retrospection
And rest from anxious fear,
And cheerful waiting for life's lingering harvest—
Give these, O passing Year!

And love that has no fear of loss in parting,
Faith tinged with dawning sight,
And still communion in the heart's recesses
With those who walk in light—

All these are thine, O swift-departing Presence!
Thine to withhold or give;

And only they who win thy latest blessing
Have truly learned to live.

Bend from those frowning clouds with parting splendor;
Let my uplifted eyes
Behold, reflected on thy fading features,
The light of Paradise. *Advance.*

TO THE OLD YEAR.

M. K. A. STONE.

Old Year! the tried, the true, I hold you close,
Though fast your moments fleet;
For yours has been the gracious gift to know
Our sainted ones, whose feet
Will come this way no more. For this your boon,
Through many a pang and tear,
Blended with tender, patient memories,
I love you, good Old Year!

Not that your days unclouded came and went,
Not that the light was sweet,
But that the darkness drew us close to Christ
In following his feet.
Hallowed by fires of pain—God's proof of love,
Pure, infinite, and free—
You helped us guage the cost and weigh the worth
Of human sympathy.

The strange New Year that knocketh at our gate
Has yet to learn our needs—
Has yet to seize the clue. Its barrèd path,
Who knoweth where it leads?

We only know that One whose steps err not
Is guide. He goes before:
"I will not leave you"—this his given word—
"Nor fail you evermore."

Sunday-school Times.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

FAREWELL, Old Year; we walk no more together;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a gray December
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest-born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain,
And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

O dear Old Year, I wronged a Father's kindness;
I would not trust him with my load of care;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo! he blessed me with an answered prayer!

Good-by, kind Year; we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather
I take some sprays, and wear them on my heart.

THE END OF THE YEAR AND THE END OF LIFE.

It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

G. W. BETHUNE.

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

EMERSON.

SAY not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

IT is little matter at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life, the more of heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.

DEAN MILMAN.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

I WOULD be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore;
And I, who wait his coming, shall not I
On his sure word rely?
So if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep—
Let me be mindful that these things must be,
To work his blessed will until he come
And take my hand and lead me safely home.

AT LAST.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When at the last my day of life is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown
I hear far voices in the darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Life Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love that answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be near me then, to strengthen and uphold.
No branch of palm, no gate of pearl I merit,
No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
Or both forgiven through thine abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease;
Where flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at length, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

OLD HOME WEEK.

Historical.—Old Home Week was suggested by Governor Frank W. Rollins, of New Hampshire, at a dinner of the Sons of New Hampshire, in Boston, Mass., in 1899. The idea was taken up by the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture, which called a meeting at Concord, N. H., June 6, 1899, where the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association was organized, and Governor Rollins was chosen its president.

This Association recommended the observance of the week August 20th–September 1st; and more than fifty local associations were formed in different towns and cities, which collected lists of former residents of New Hampshire then residing elsewhere; and invited their home-coming.

Governor Rollins's invitation, mailed to every former resident whose address could be found, was as follows:

Come back again.
"But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home."

Old Home Week in New Hampshire, August 26 to September 1 1899.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Executive Department.

The residents of New Hampshire have conceived the idea of celebrating the week of August 26 to September 1 of the present year as Old Home Week, and of inviting every person who ever resided in New Hampshire, and the descendants of former residents, to return and visit the scenes of their youth and renew acquaintance with our people.

It affords me pleasure as Governor of New Hampshire to extend this invitation in behalf of our people, and to assure those who may be able to accept that they will receive a cordial greeting in any section of the Old Granite State.

During this week our people intend to keep open house, and the doors of our hospitality will be swung wide open. A large number of towns and cities in the State will have local celebrations during the week, to which all are cordially invited.

Old Home appeals to every person of mature years, father, mother, and childhood, and when you think of the old home, you bring back the tenderest memories possessed by man,—true love, perfect faith, holy reverence, high ambitions,—the "long, long thoughts of youth." Few States have furnished more men and women who have achieved

distinction and renown than New Hampshire, and our people hold their sons and daughters in high regard. In behalf of the people of New Hampshire, I heartily invite all to whom New Hampshire is a former home or place of nativity to visit the State during Old Home Week.

F. W. ROLLINS,
Governor.

This invitation was widely accepted.

On the evening of Saturday, August 26, New Hampshire from boundary to boundary was dotted with strange fires. Flame told flame, from hill to hill and from peak to peak, that the State's first Old Home Week was on. It was a fitting revival of the old Scotch calling of the clans. In those days of chivalry and border wars the signal fires called men of one blood together for strenuous deeds. New Hampshire's beacons called together men of one love—love of their native State—for peaceful reminiscence and recreation. Fireworks blazed from Mt. Washington, the highest summit in the State, and Jefferson, Fabyan's Intervale, and North Conway saw the signals and answered them. In the center of the State old Kearsarge, godmother of battleships, blazed forth above the lower lights. At Mount Vernon the whole town was illuminated so as to shine afar. Paths of light were blazed in the mid-summer darkness from the Cocheco to the Connecticut.

These rejoicings were followed by special religious exercises in the churches Sunday; and varied exercises through the week, including processions, public meetings, orations, banquets, and the reviving of historic memories and the erection of memorial tablets in different places.

Some of the sons of New Hampshire, unable to go home, celebrated the time by meetings in their distant places of residence, a notable celebration being held by Sons of New Hampshire in Pacific Grove, California.

The New Hampshire idea commended itself in other States, and was adopted in Maine in 1900, in 1901 in Vermont, and in 1902 in Massachusetts, and later in Connecticut and Rhode Island; nor has it been confined to New England, but Ohio, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky have followed, Kentucky this year dedicating special days to distinguished Kentuckians, Daniel Boone being named as the pioneer after whom the time in that State should be called.

The movement has shown that about 125,000 sons and daughters of New Hampshire have left their old homes there—about 1,000,000 in all New England. It cannot be said how many of these have turned back to accept the hospitality of Old Home Week; but reunions of increasing interest have been held in hundreds of old towns, scores of interesting historical sites have been marked with pleasant and patriotic ceremonies, there has been a great revival of interest in local history, and many discouraged hill towns have received helpful stimulus. The social and moral influence of the occasion has proved most beneficial, and Old Home Week seems to have come to stay.

OLD HOME WEEK ANNUAL ADDRESS.

GOV. FRANK W. ROLLINS.*

We are gathered here to celebrate the second Old Home Week. Last year it was an experiment; this year it is an established fact, an established custom, or institution. I need hardly say that it is a matter of deep gratification to me that the idea has met hearty recognition, and that it bids fair to do so much for New Hampshire. We were more than successful last year in calling back to the old hearthstone those who had wandered afar and joined their fortunes to those of other commonwealths. Every town received its quota of returning children with wide-open arms, and I venture to say that these occasions were the happiest, the merriest, as well as the saddest ever celebrated in any of these ancient hamlets since they were hewn and carved out of the primeval forest.

Not all of those who returned to us on Old Home Week went away again. There were some here and there on whom the sight of old friends, the hand-grasp of early associates, the visits to boyhood's scenes, acted like a magnet, and they were not able to withstand the pleadings of their renewed youth. And what shall we say of the good brought to the individual, to our own people? Who can tell of the renewed hope, the renewed courage, the broader outlook, the higher ideals, inspired by the gentle optimism of love and kinship? We learn that we are not forgotten, that the pulse of all those who are scattered over the world still beats true to their native state.

"Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to greet
the sun;

* Delivered at Concord, N. H., August 1900.

Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals their breakers shun;
But fervently, while life shall last, tho' wide our ways decline,
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will turn as to a shrine."

Most of the children reared in this state have been reared among scenes of toil; their lives were not all rosy as the dawns which swept over the eastern hills as they drove their cows to pasture. Life was a struggle, but sweetened by loving counsel, sage advice, and wholesome example. Then, too, while the soil was cold and unready to give up its secrets, life was lived amidst the most beautiful scenery and surroundings. They became art lovers and idealists without knowing it, and the pictures of those early scenes and surroundings are indelibly photographed on their brains, and whenever they are brain-weary or discouraged or ill, there comes sweeping back this picture, and their feet turn involuntarily toward the old hill farm. There, they know, is peace, there is balm, there is healing. There is where they sought the protection of mother-love, and the soothing hand, when o'erwhelmed by childhood's pains and troubles, and there still, although the real mother may have long since passed to her well earned rest, is Mother Nature, ever ready to soothe the wanderer and nurse him back to health and vigor. Home and mother are the two sweetest, tenderest words in the English language, more dear to all true men and women than all other words, and the two are intertwined and indissolubly blended. You cannot think of one without the other; so when we ask you to come home, it is your mother's voice; and though she may not be here to greet you, the sweet memories and dear recollections will partially take her place,—

One of the benefits to be hoped for, and indeed already accomplished, in some degree, is a reawakening of pride. Now pride is a great thing, a great incentive, a great preventive, whether it is pride of ancestry, pride of locality, pride of state, or pride of accomplishment. A person, a community, or a state without pride seldom amounts to anything. Pride in the individual incites to emulation of the meritorious acts of one's predecessors, prevents bad habits for fear of tarnishing the family name, and is a constant check and "exciter." In a community it leads to local improvement and municipal advance; it builds roads; it cares for the trees; it provides libraries aud schools, and it watches over the fame of its children. In the state it bands men together for defense, or it leads them in the path of progress, and it arouses a healthy rivalry with sister states. One of. the chief troubles with some of our oldest country towns of late years has been that their pride was dormant, sleeping. In several instances Old Home Week has aroused this pride, and the results have been magical. The true born Yankee is as full of pride and independence as he can stick, and as long as it is active he and his community are pretty sure to go right; but let it get rusty and the results are direful The coming back of so many old residents to compare the present with the past, to encourage, to incite, to give the helping hand, has given this pride a tonic, and stiffened some backbones which had grown lax and flexible. Instead of waiting to see what will drop into their laps, some of these towns, are reaching out eagerly to grasp the rich fruits which lie so readily at hand, only waiting to be plucked.

The world is ready to cheer on and assist any one who is willing to work cheerfully himself. If we sit down and simply bemoan our present troubles, and point sadly to our glorious past, we shall get little help or sympathy. It is a world of activity, and if we would keep abreast of the times,

we must be up and doing. We must watch the trend of events; we must seize our opportunity as it gallops by, and, springing into the saddle, ride to achievement. . . .

During this week, from where the white waves lap the sands of Rye to the pine-clad forests of Canada, from the winding of the Saco to the intervales of the Connecticut, there is merry-making and glad reunion. Old friends are recounting the thousand incidents of childhood, valueless to the world, priceless to them. Old places see again the well remembered faces. Beside the ocean, in the cooling shades of hillside groves, under the whispering pines of the lake-shore, I can see them in my mind's eye. The past is renewed, the present discussed, and the future predicted. The late lamented Charles H. Bartlett eloquently said:

"It is often said of all New Hampshire born that they carry New Hampshire thoughts, ideas, and principles with them wherever they go. No child of hers ever roamed so wide as not to feel in his heart of hearts that he was still within the shadow of her mountain peaks. Out of her borders many have gone to wage life's battle, but never yet one out of her heart. Behind the departing she shuts no door. She keeps the lamp burning in the window, and builds her beacon fires on all her heights as a standing, loving invitation to come back again when ambition has had her fill, to be registered anew in the ever swelling catalogue of her precious jewels."

The homes of New Hampshire are the true source of our greatness. It is from these Christian homes that have gone forth the thousands of men whose names are on the country's scroll of fame. Their success is due in no small degree to the molding of character at the hands of God-fearing, God-loving parents; to the habits of industry and thrift inculcated by those who knew what hardship and self-abnegation meant; and to that respect and reverence for holy

things and constituted authority now frequently noticeable by its absence. If we would continue to pour forth this stream of strong, fearless, masterful manhood, we must look to the homes—we must keep our standards high, our ideals pure—we must not allow the waves of skepticism and materialism to swamp our natural inheritance of steadfastness to truth and our God. Let us not be ashamed to acknowledge our reliance on a superior being, our belief in the beautiful teachings of Christ. Let us recognize our dependence, and let us support the church, which is the backbone of the home. Instead of spending our time in denominational strife, let us concentrate our efforts. If the town is too small and poor for several churches, join hands in the hearty support of one, throwing aside non-essentials of church government, if necessary, for the true essentials, the heart and core of Christ's teachings, through which "we live and move and have our being."

THE BEAUTY AND MEANING OF THE HOME COMING.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, OF VIRGINIA.*

YOUR governor has struck on an idea which is not only an exceedingly happy one, but one which is much more important and far-reaching than appears at first glance. He has started in this home festival an institution which, if properly taken up and fostered, is likely to produce important consequences. It is founded on one of the strongest and most abiding principles in our whole American life,—the love of home. This is a people-strengthening and nation-building principle. The Romans set up their Lares and Penates, their gods of hearth and home, to whom they paid their duti-

* Delivered at Concord, N. H.

ful worship and offerings. We have no altars and temples erected to these gods, for we have no need of them. Wherever in the old American life was a hearthstone, there was an altar. Wherever there was a home, though it were but a single room, it may be a cottage on a hill or a cabin beside a spring, hallowed by the sanctity of domestic affection, there was a temple consecrated and inviolable. It was a religion impaired by no schisms, weakened by no sects.

This home passion is one of the basic principles on which the life and vigor of a people is builded. It is the very foundation on which the character of a nation rests, and when it is impaired, however insidious the enemy that assaults it, the whole structure becomes shaken and must in time crumble to its fall.

I am proud to say that this love of home is one of the basic characteristics of our race. The earliest records of the great Teutonic people, from which we have sprung, state its existence. The Roman historian, Tacitus, relating the story of the wars of Rome, tells how in the northern forests towards the Baltic sea a people lived who established each his separate home and were true to their domestic relations. It was on the southern confines of the lands inhabited by this people that the Roman eagles stayed their flight. They were called the free-necked people because they had never bowed their heads to pass beneath the Roman yoke. In time they became conquerors themselves, and, setting their faces to the westward, they conquered, captured, and settled Britain. Again they followed the instinct of the race.

Taine, in his wonderful study of English literature, records how the Saxons, when they took possession of Britain, spread themselves over the land, and how, wherever there was a spring or a fountain, a home was established, for which each man was ready if need were to sell his life. Here they soon beat out their system of government and began to build the

civilization which we know today, laying it upon the two rocks of the right of each land-holder to have a voice in the government, and of trial by jury—a jury of his vicinage. Upon this, in my judgment, rests the essential difference between our civilization and our government and every other which has preceded us in the history of the world.

The Norman conquest came, a conquest, mark you, not of foreigners, but only of a more compact and better organized branch of the same race, gifted with more knowledge and a more advanced civilization, and for a time it might have appeared that the Anglo-Saxon race was overthrown and conquered. The external form of government was to a certain extent changed. The dominant class was overthrown. City and fortress and castle passed out of their hands into the hands of new lords. They were so dominant and powerful that whole tracts of populous country were swept clean to make a hunting park for their kings and nobles. And yet, what do we find? Within a few generations we find the people who had apparently been conquered, once more the masters of their land, masters in government, masters in religion, masters in national life. We find the language of the people absorbing the language of the conqueror, not conquered but enriched by it. We find the conquerers becoming more and more absorbed into the life of the people. We find the civilization of the people not destroyed by that of the conquerors, but improved and enriched by it. We find, indeed, that, absolute as the conquering king claimed to be, he was dependent upon the people; haughty and powerful as the nobles in their castles appeared to be, they were dependent upon the people. When the charter was obtained from John at Runnymede, it was not alone the nobles that obtained it, but the people who stood behind them and knew their rights. Kings may come and kings may go, tyrants may arise and assert themselves

for a little space, their thrones established upon the power given them by the people; but far around them exists a force on which all true power can be established,—the people. They may be amused for a time; they may be deceived for a time; but when they begin to think, let tyrants tremble. The next step is organization, and against the thoughtful, deliberate, patient, concentrated, rightly-directed action of the people, there is no power under that of God able to stand.

The house of lords is a time-honored, and, in some respects, a venerable part of the government of that country from which we came; but the true government of that country is vested in the commons, the direct representatives of the people. Charles the First, surrounded by the sanctity of the divine right of kings, with the traditions of a dozen generations of royal ancestors behind him, adored by the nobility, supported by the flower of the cavaliers, was no match for Cromwell supported only by the people. It may be on Bosworth Field, it may be at Naseby, it may be at Boyne-Water, it may be at Lexington, it may be at Yorktown; but the victorious army is the army of the people and the people's right; that army of those who stand for their homes and the rights that those homes stand for.

Let us try to preserve this home life. Let us not cast away the inestimable birthright left us by our fathers. Had it not been for it, they could never have achieved and bequeathed such a heritage. It was for their homes that they stood and withstood against oppression of every kind whatsoever. The home was the temple of liberty, the fortress of freedom. From this sprang the hundred, the hamlet, the town, the state, the union.

We have advantages that our fathers did not possess, and let us not turn them into disadvantages, and so from our very wealth create our own destruction. Almost the greatest advantage that the present has over the past is that which

comes from greater knowledge. Almost the greatest advantage to be derived from that greater knowledge is that of ability to draw closer to each other. This is a great country, but its real greatness is not its stretching confines, its vast agricultural territory, its incalculable mineral deposits, its wonderful commercial abilities. Its greatness consists in its people, and in their inherited virtue and principle,—in their potential power.

That in union there is strength is a truism almost too old to be repeated; but it is the basis of our greatness. The greatness of this country rests at last upon the fact that from one end to the other throughout its length are a homogeneous people, all holding the same articles of essential faith. So long as we stand together, we are unconquerable.

Your sons have gone out to the ends of the earth, adding to the force and the greatness of this nation. The great expounders of the constitution were your Webster and our Marshall and Clay.

Your governor has started a great movement; you have thrown open your doors and sent forth your invitation to all your sons to return to their welcoming mother, and they have come trooping with beating hearts and softened eyes, and will through the years continue to come as this ripens into an annual festival. . . .

It is the possession of the old home instincts which makes the fifty millions of Americans, the great body of home-holders and home-lovers, wealthier than that congregation of globe-trotting millionaires who perch for a season on the hills of the Rhode Island coast with all their riches. It is the lack of it that makes those wanderers on the face of the earth poorer than the poorest American who owns his home and finds it warmed with family affection and lighted with content.

How poor an exchange they make who barter love of

home and country and all that they comprise for the privilege of flitting hither and thither, like Noah's raven, over the face of the earth, losing the respect and esteem that they might have had at home and gaining but the contempt, or at most the hollow flattery of those at whose doors they stand and knock with servile eagerness. . . .

A public discussion arose some time ago as to what one thing one would rather have written. The verdict reached by the judges appointed for the purpose, after consideration of the votes handed in, was that it lay between the childhood prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and "Home, Sweet Home."

In a graveyard at Washington is a monument to an author who, in his time, wrote many works. He was a dramatist, a translator, a poet. He wrote and translated more than sixty works. Among these was an opera entitled, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," of which he was doubtless very proud. I wonder how many of you now know the name of this opera, much less ever heard it. In it he inserted a little song. It has been adopted in every country and sung in every clime. It is known in millions of homes and awakens responsive chords in every heart. It is entitled, "Home, Sweet Home," and because of it, a third of a century after his death, John Howard Payne's remains were brought home from foreign soil to rest in his native land, at home.

No doubt you know the story that during our great Civil War, when the two hostile opposing armies of Americans lay entrenched opposite each other on the slopes above the Rapidan, ready to spring for that death grapple in which some of you here participated, and of which we all have memories, the bands of the hostile commands could be heard from camp to camp playing the martial airs that one side and the other had chosen as their slogans. It is said that one evening as the hush of evening fell, the bands of both

sides were heard playing an air,—an air which each held as its own,—" Home, Sweet Home," and as the strains floated out over the slopes and vales of the Rapidan, all other sounds were hushed and the two armies began to cheer each other, forgetting the unhappy enmity which had arrayed them in hostile lines, remembering only that they had a common blood, a common heritage,—the heritage of the home, and that around that sacred shekinah they united as one family.

THE BENEFITS OF OLD HOME WEEK.

HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, OF CONCORD.*

I MUST speak a word of greeting to our distinguished visitors from other states, who are, by their presence and their appropriate words, helping us to fix firmly in the hearts of our citizens the sentiment of devotion to our new holiday. We thank you for your generous attendance and your kind service to a most grateful assemblage.

The benefits of Old Home Week have become apparent to us all. The Old Home Comers help us and help themselves. In those who have gone out from our state there have arisen tender thoughts of the old homesteads, of the fathers, the mothers, the brothers and sisters and friends of their earliest days, and irresistible longings to visit the scenes of their youth; and so they have come by hundreds to look upon old sights, to clasp hands with old friends, to talk of old events, and to make happy the hearts and more cheerful the lives of all who meet in the joyous communion of these blessed summer days.

A few words not about the Old Home Comers, but about the New Home Comers. We are drawing to New Hampshire not only natives of the state and their descendants,

* Delivered at Concord, N. H.

but also many visitors who are not natives or their descendants, who come to us to make either temporary or permanent residences because of the many attractions of the Switzerland of America. . . .

What need we do to draw the New Home Comers within our borders? It is true that nature has done more than we can do. Nature has given the pure air of our summer breezes. I asked Mr. Clarence King why he had advised Colonel Hay (secretary of state) to make his summer home on the shores of Sunapee lake, and he replied that he did so because he found that it had the purest air in the world. Nature has also provided the mountains and the valleys, the lakes and the streams, and above all the magnificent forest growths, without which those lakes and streams would shrivel into emptiness, and after this the forests themselves would fade and disappear beyond renewal.

What can we do? We can aid forest preservation by adopting wise laws and prudent customs. In the middle and lower part of the state the acreage covered by forest growth is rapidly increasing and beautifying every landscape. We can make this growth a better one, and we can aid in establishing a safe system of timber cutting at the headwaters of all our rivers; and can rigidly prevent devastating forest fires. . . .

Above all we must maintain and, if possible, improve our moral conditions if we wish to attract more New Home Comers, as well as more Old Home Comers. No state can now surpass New Hampshire in the good order, sobriety, and moral and religious traits of her people. Let us keep and strengthen the good character of the state, and prove to all the world that the "righteousness which exalteth a nation" is present in full abundance in the old Granite State.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF OLD HOME WEEK.

HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER, OF CONCORD.*

It seems to me that on such an occasion as this those of us who are at home should be granted the privilege of silence and be permitted the pleasure of listening to the voices of those who have returned from their wanderings to spend a few days amid the associations of their early life, realizing, as they must, the truthfulness of that sweet old song, the first line of which breathes the true spirit of Old Home Week—"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

The evolution of ideas is everywhere recognized. Every great invention is the culmination of suggestions and fancies on the part of many persons. Ultimately some one man gathers up the fragments, puts them in shape, and properly gets the credit of the invention. The village picnic, the town celebration, the return of individuals or families to the early homes of those who pushed out into the world in search of fame or fortune, the associations of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire in Massachusetts, in Ohio and other states, have doubtless all contributed towards developing the Old Home Week idea.

I take it that no man or boy—not even the bride in the moment of highest exultation and anticipation—leaves the old home without a sigh of sorrow and a hope of return. How well I remember the day I left the old farm, a mere boy, with my mother's blessing, to go out into the world and engage in the battle of life. And when, one year ago, forty-five years after my departure, I stood by the old well, still shaded, as it was in my boyhood, by a massive oak, I could

* Delivered at Concord, N. H.

not repress an audible expression of filial love, and, for the moment forgetting other associations and duties, give vent to the words,—

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

But the well and the oak were almost the only objects left to remind me of the home of my boyhood days, and I turned, as you men will turn at the close of this week, dutifully to the cares and responsibilities that new environments had created.

I need not remind you who have come from a distance to participate in these festivities, that a warm hand and a loving welcome are extended to you all. It does those of us who have remained in New Hampshire good to see you here even for a day, to know of your happiness and prosperity in your new homes, and to be assured by your presence that you still retain in your hearts an affectionate regard for the dear old state. Welcome, thrice welcome, to all who have journeyed, whether from far or near, to add interest to this occasion, so crowded with memories of the past and aspirations for the future!

If all had lived who have left New Hampshire for other parts of our country, what an array of talent Old Home Week might summon to the state. Imagine this occasion graced by the presence of Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Salmon P. Chase, Henry Wilson, Horace Greeley, Zachariah Chandler, William Pitt Fessenden, Charles A. Dana, Benjamin F. Butler, John A. Dix, James W. Grimes, Nathaniel P. Baker, John Wentworth, and others whose names come instinctively to our lips. What an occasion that would be! Orators, statesmen, editors, soldiers,—men who were in the thick of the fight when it needed brave hearts and strong intellects to serve the best interests of humanity and liberty.

But they are gone, leaving behind them glorious memories, of which every true son and daughter of New Hampshire will forever be proud; they are numbered with the dead, but others there are living today in distant parts of the land who shed fame and luster upon the old Granite State. . . .

I believe it is Plutarch who, in his "Life of Demosthenes," says: "I live in a small town and I choose to live there lest it become smaller." Sometimes I wonder if that would not be a good sentiment for New Hampshire men to adopt, and, instead of going away, stand loyally by the little state and help to build up and develop its resources. However that may be, certain it is that our hillsides and valleys, our mountains and lakes, are beckoning them to return after fortune is secured, to share in the life-giving and health-preserving air, and to enjoy the magnificent scenery of one of the most historic and picturesque states of the American Union. "Come back" is the cry of our people, and with your culture and wealth help to beautify and glorify the commonwealth that gave you birth. . . .

To such a state it is well for her wandering children to return at least once each year. The warmth of her greeting will be matched by the invigorating ozone of her hills and the beauty and sublimity of her valleys. Here will be found, as in the days that are gone, thrift, prudence, and virtue; here are exemplified the fruition of honest toil and the fulfilment of the teachings of the church, the school, and the home.

Yes, and today the voices of her own citizens, joined by the voices of those who have come back to do her honor and swell the anthem of her praise, send out to the future earnest hopes and patriotic prayers for the continued growth and prosperity of the state.

HOME RECOLLECTIONS.

F. W. CROOKER, ESQ. BRAINTREE, MASS.*

WHEN I received your invitation to come here and speak to you upon this occasion, I wondered why you selected me, but, remembering the ancient custom of looking in the old Farmers' Almanac for almost everything, I turned to August 17, and it says: "About this time look for something dry," so here I am. . . .

I need not go into ancient history. You can read that as well as I can. It is enough for me to say that New Hampshire was discovered by me on May 10, 1856. If the records are correct they will bear me out. I landed right here in Merrimack on the darkest night that has been recorded. I did not have a dollar or any means of earning one. I was immediately surrounded by the natives and was obliged to subsist for years upon such as they saw fit to give me; even my first suit of clothes might have been used for a girl just as well. What could I say? Not a word, so they had their way just as much as they did before I discovered the place. Just like all other pioneers, it took several years to find out just what I had discovered. As time went on the natives had more confidence in me, and after I had been here nearly six years I was sent to a little brick building, in charge of an aunt. This place was held by a noble woman, I afterward learned, but a tall, dark, severe looking person. Her hair was black, her clothing was black, and her good heart was not allowed to shine out through her face. It was my second experience with darkness, and I was afraid. I never shall forget the terror that seized me when I was left there to become acquainted with that strange woman who was to lay the foundation for my education.

* Delivered at Merrimack, N. H.

After a few days, however, she managed, in the way that none but school teachers have, to allay my fears, so that from that time on my school days were the happiest days in my recollection. . . .

Now the governor has advertised for help, and we are all coming back to reclaim the abandoned farms, to put back the old well sweep, to put up the old stone walls, hang the gate that has fallen, and lighten the burdens of the old folks who remain in this Switzerland of America. New Hampshire was a good place to be born in, and it is a good place to come back to; the welcome that is extended by those who are here is more than gratifying. No man has got so far away that he does not find comfort in the thought that a latchstring is still out for him, and although mother's lamp no longer burns at the window the scenes of his childhood "long for him yet."

The attitude of the old Granite State towards all reforms has been for the right. She did her part in the struggle for independence, and in the Civil War she furnished 34,605 brave men, of whom 5,518 perished in battle and 11,039 were disabled by wounds or sickness. She spends liberally for education and highways. Her laws are all right, and while outsiders criticise her for not enforcing her liquor law it is not the fault of the law. The trouble is in the hearts of men. There is law enough, when men awake to the fact that it is better to be sane than silly; that rum and business will not mix. When the trial justices maintain the dignity of their office, and when the head is knocked from every cidar barrel, then and not till then will the only blot be removed from this grand old commonwealth.

New Hampshire has furnished brains that have stirred the world. She has furnished granite to make monuments for her heroes, and jails for the rascals in other states. Her forests have been scattered all over the world and her rivers

have made the cloth that clothes the millions. Today she has hundreds of acres waiting to respond to the hand of man.

Why have so many young men left, you may ask, if there is such an opportunity? It was because they saw no money. They heard how easy money was earned "down country," and away they went. It is the same today, but it is not the fault of New Hampshire that farmers find that a mortgage is the easiest thing to raise. It is the system or lack of system that fails to bring returns. A man must know his business. It is true, the average New Hampshire man possesses a liberal share of gumption, but to this must be added education along the line he proposes to follow. It is well to know a little of many things, but he must know everything that is known about the business he is to take up. The man in business must make every day and every hour tell. He must excel in his line, or be left in the race. The farmer who uses the same industry and careful study of details that he would be obliged to do if he were running a newspaper or a factory, will not be obliged to go without money.

When Governor Rollins called attention to the fact that many families were not attending church and religious interest was losing ground, he was severely criticised by some who have since seen that his warning was timely. This situation is not alone found in New Hampshire, however. It exists in other New England states where the foreign element has taken the places of those who are gone, and those who remain have become indifferent. But I, for one, desire to thank the governor for what he has done towards arousing the churches to a realizing sense of their duty. The churches criticise the world, and when the churches stand idle, or nearly empty, while sin and intemperance stalk through their midst, they need to be aroused, and I am glad he had the courage to do it. The church that is asleep adds no more life to a town than a cemetery, and the church

member who winks at crime fails in his duty and helps to bring hell rather than heaven upon earth. The church must have its eyes open, and the minister must be smart enough to keep them open.

I believe it is the duty of every citizen to stand by the church. Its influence leads to right thinking, and right thinking leads to right living. The man who toils needs the day of rest; the man whose brain is filled with the whirl of busy cares during the week needs the comfort that comes from a change of thought. No man is so good that he cannot be made better, neither is any man or woman altogether bad. The church can help them to become better husbands, better wives, better neighbors, and better citizens, but when we allow ourselves to drift away from the old institutions through which God has blessed us all our days, and for which our ancestors fought and bled, then we are on the down grade. I hope that instead of seeing the old customs go to decay the fires kindled here may cause them to shine forth more brightly.

I should fail in my duty today if I did not congratulate you upon the improvements you have made in the last twenty years. You have better roads, better schools, and instead of allowing buildings to go to decay, as is the case in many towns about you, you have repaired them, and through the windows where I once saw nothing but old hats, I now see the faces of bright children of honest working people. Many more houses have been built, and your villages show the result of thrift and successful manufacture. The old sawmills have disappeared, but I suppose according to the old rule it was because it took ten mills to make a cent.

I am glad that you have your grange, and that you keep up your social life. When men come together and talk matters over there is never any doubt about the result, they always help each other.

THE OLD HOME REVISITED.

HON. LUCIEN M. KILBURN, OF FONTANELLE, IOWA.*

I CANNOT express the pleasure it gives me to be able to meet so many of the friends of my youth in this, my old home town. After an absence of a third of a century, with only brief visits between, I return to find the same old hills and rocks, the same green woods grown more dense, the same old river running ever to the sea, the same quiet lakes as of old. All the same, and yet not the same. I read the names of many of those whom I knew—the stalwart men and women—upon the tombstones in yonder churchyard. I greet a few, like myself, bearing the added weight of years, who were my associates, and meet a generation which has arisen, some of whom bear a family resemblance to those I knew in the old time, while many have stranger faces. . . .

Under such circumstances, what shall I say to you? If I talk about the grand old hills clad in the green dress of the ever-encroaching woods, of the clear and sparkling water of the brooks and rivers and lakes, of the beauty of these valleys and the magnificence of this scenery, you will answer me as did the old Populist in a Western convention, where were only those of like faith, and who, becoming tired of the prolonged talk of one who showed more zeal than good judgment, said, "There is no one here disputing what you are saying." If I mention the word "Populist," I do not intend to introduce politics here today. We are all patriots, loving our grand old flag and all it represents, and each one resolved to do his whole duty by his country, as it is given him to know his duty.

I congratulate you who have remained upon the old home-

* Delivered at Webster, N. H.

steads on the grit and persistence you have shown in holding on to these old relics, while we, like prodigal sons, appalled at the prospect here, have sought in far countries to find happier conditions and more genial climes. You have held the fort under adverse circumstances, but a brighter prospect is before you. You will change your methods. You cannot compete with the great West, which, with its facilities for production and transportation can lay down its staple food products at your door cheaper than you can produce them. Year by year, in increasing numbers, the people from the cities and towns, tired with the mad rush of business and the exhaustive drain of social demands, will come to these homes in the glad summer time, to get near to nature's heart, to recuperate their wasted energies, and under these grand old trees, amid these everlasting hills, in the solitude of these dark forests, to drink in health and rest. . . .

With a loyalty and pride in that state of my adoption no less than that I owe to the state of my nativity,—my beautiful state of Iowa,—the land which has given me benefits beyond my expectations, and conferred honors perhaps more than I deserve, the land which is the home of my loved living and which holds the remains of my sainted dead,—I bring a tribute of love and remembrance to this land of the eternal rock and wood, of lake and stream, and to you, the guardians of its sacred shrines.

HOME THE FOUNTAIN OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS.

REV. WILLIAM T. CARTER, GLASTONBURY, CONN.*

THE old home is the centre of attraction drawing to itself the children of former days.

This annual home-coming can have none but a most

* Delivered at South Harwich, Mass.

wholesome influence as a permanent and important factor in fostering love of home and in creating a deeper reverence for this divine institution.

As often as this festival recurs it will be the occasion for reminiscences of bygone days.

The pilgrimages to the old home these August days, evidence the fact that in man is an inherent love for the scenes of childhood days that neither time nor distance can impair.

These occasional journeys to the "dearest spot on earth" awaken emotions of the highest order. The very atmosphere seems charged with the love and innocence of childhood. Influences emanating from the heart of the old home are intensified, and one returns to the activities of busy life with nobler purposes, loftier aspirations and brighter hopes. But the blessings of the occasion are not for the home-coming son and daughter alone. There is something of benefit for the "Old folks at home." Opening the doors in glad welcome to the returning ones affords opportunity for impressions from the outside world. This will give to our people of the isolated villages a broader view of life in its wider spheres of operation, and help all to more fully appreciate the importance of the out-going home influence in the affairs of state and nation.

The robust character developed in our New England homes in the days when the manners and customs of living were less pretentious than now, was a vital quality in the builders of the nation.

The same simple faith in God, unswerving loyalty to truth, and vision of high ideals that characterized the manhood of those early times is essential to-day.

We are facing conditions from which issue problems most difficult for solution.

Giant foes threaten the purity of social life and the stabil-

ity of our political foundations. They must be met and overcome. To successfully overthrow them demands the highest type of manhood.

The character of the common people largely determines the character of our national life. Some one has said: "The strength of a nation, especially a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people."

In our efforts to train our children for future citizenship we may well hold fast to this thought, for no amount of education acquired in the public schools can compensate for the lack of proper home training.

Give us homes where love is enthroned, virtue prized, truth honored, and where God is reverenced and obeyed, and the moral integrity and religious faith of the nation will be secure.

It is a wholesome sign that in legislative assemblies and religious conventions "civic righteousness" is a theme pressing its claims for consideration. But we may remember that the most enthusiastic agitation or wisest legislation cannot fully accomplish the tremendous task of purifying life in its social, political or business capacity. The onward flow of the streams of corruption may be checked for a season, or forced to seek new channels, but the waters of a stream are never purer than the fountain from which they flow.

The home is the fountain. The character of that fountain determines the character of the streams of influence it sends forth into the great body of national life.

Social purity will be realized when personal purity is a ruling tact. A wholesome regard for truth in private affairs will be felt in every effort to maintain integrity in the larger transactions in the business world, and unselfishness will discourage the craftiness and unfairness of the scheming politician.

Indeed, as the individual so is the state.

The religious atmosphere of the home in which there is a manifest consciousness of God is a wholesome tonic for stimulating a love for the good and pure, that will be more and more apparent as the child developes.

It is a cause for alarm that God is so little in the thought of the family.

Broken altars and unused Bibles are too common in the homes of our people, and this is true of too many recognized as Christian homes.

It is fitting at this time when the thoughts are clustered about the old home, that we emphasize the importance of building homes, true homes; homes where God is the supreme object of affection; homes where Christ is an abiding guest; homes where the altar fires of love are kept burning. Such homes sent forth sons and daughters to leaven society with the spirit of righteousness.

Happy indeed is the one who goes forth into the world with the undying influence of such a home about him. To him, home is the fondest treasure of memory.

"The voices of my home—I hear them still.
They have been with me through the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight.
I hear them still, unchanged:—though some from earth
Are music parted, and tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright—
Have died in others, yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home."

A TRIBUTE TO THE VIRTUES OF NEW ENGLAND.

HON. HENRY E. HOWLAND OF NEW YORK.*

I EARNESTLY return your cordial greeting and exclaim, in the stereotyped phrase of Captain Pierce at the Thursday evening prayer-meetings of the Orthodox church, that "I feel it is good for me to be here." The emotions that stir one's breast at coming home, setting his foot upon his native soil and looking into the faces of his lifelong friends, cannot be adequately expressed. Memories cluster thick about us; early years come freshly before us; the familiar landscape, the hills and valleys, sky and air, complete the illusion. Intervening years are obliterated and childhood and youth are ours again. More especially is this the case with those whom circumstances have held away for long intervals. To some of us this old town is more like home than any place we have ever known; the love of it has been uppermost and abiding through all years of our lives, and toward it our willing feet have turned as the needle to the pole, or the Mohammedan pilgrim to the Mecca of his worship.

As such an one I welcome the veterans of longer absence, and chant a paean of rejoicing as they come to this Harvest Home, bringing their sheaves with them.

I have been fortunate for many years in being able to retain a strong hold upon the association of this favored place, the love for which has been transmitted to my children by frequent visits, by the ties of kindred here, and the increasing sense of its beauty and charm to one engrossed with care, as time wears on. It lifts the burden of the years to come back here and start afresh, and although when one has passed the timber-line of life's cares, where the foliage does

* Delivered at Walpole, N. H., Aug,. 1900.

not grow on top, and is nearing the snow line and getting into the shape of the member of the band of which the leader said: "Jakie does not play the bass drum in the band any more." "Why not?" "He got so fat that when he marched he couldn't hit the drum in the middle";—and may not be able to gird himself anew and spring with youthful, elastic step, he is all the better for trying to do so.

In my intercourse with the people of this place I have learned to have a sense of becoming modesty and feel, in this conspicuous place, like the bishop of London who attended a Salvation Army meeting in Whitechapel, where they were singing with great fervor a revival hymn; standing in a pew beside a workingman, he joined in the singing but very much out of tune. His neighbor, who sang well, stood it as long as he could and finally nudged him in the side and whispered audibly, "Dry up, mister, you're spoiling the show.". . .

As this country grows older it pays, with advancing time, a larger tribute of honor to the virtues of New England. No higher certificate of character is required of any man in the length and breadth of the land—East, West, North or South—than that he comes of the best New England Stock. It is his patent of nobility, and rightfully so. On this rocky and unyielding soil, in the wilderness of maine, amid the granite bowlders and ledges of New Hampshire, the hillsides of Vermont, and the sandy shores and rocky pastures of Rhode Island and Connecticut, was bred a race of men of as rugged mold as their native soil; with iron in their blood, strength in their sinews, health in their frames, with hearts of oak, consciences allied to their duty, God, and their country, and endowed with a courage that never quailed before mortal man. The conditions of their lives developed the best qualities of their English Ancestry, and brought them to the ripened bloom of manly perfection.

Their effort and influence have been carried beyond their native borders—beyond the Alleghanies, over the prairies of the middle West, across the Mississippi, up the Rocky Mountain fastnesses. Its early training made it masterful, for all that is best in man comes from effort. I once heard Tom Reed say that he trembled to think what the fate of this country would have been if the Pilgrim Fathers had landed on the fertile soil of California, where the reward of husbandmen comes without effort, instead of upon Plymouth Rock, where the surroundings demanded the work that develop the best that is in man, and that an earnest and sincere desire to get six per cent, with a willingness to take more, had done more for the world than all the goose eggs.

We are proud of this old town, and as we come back to its hills, let us take new inspiration from the memories and associations of the past.

THE ENDEARMENTS OF HOME.

HON. HENRY M. PUTNEY.*

If I rightly conceive the true spirit of the Old Home Week it is of a reminiscent character, and our gathering is one in which the past may properly be recalled,—an experience meeting in which some personal observations are at least allowable. What little I say will be shaped with this idea.

Lacking the courage, energy, and strength to carve out a career for myself, since I left the old town I have floated with the tide, and I have no fault to find with it, for it has carried me into pleasant places and among agreeable people. Destiny and I have never had any trouble. I have seen at

* Delivered at Dunbarton, New Hampshire.

their best the states of the Union east of the Rocky Mountains, and I have enjoyed the companionship of men and women who have been good to me and helped me to a fair measure of success and an enjoyable existence. But I have nowhere found greener fields and pastures, more fascinating forests, more limpid brooks, more melodious birds, clearer skies, or more gorgeous sunsets than here. As to the sunrises they were too soon for me in those halcyon days, and I can make no comparison. . . .

The mature men and women who tilled the farms and presided over the homesteads of Dunbarton in my boyhood have always been my ideals. In them was typified all that was great, grand, strong, ennobling, and productive in the old Puritan, without his bigotry, narrowness, and intolerance. Their inborn honesty which was proof against all temptations, their intelligence and physical strength which were always masterful, their industry which was untiring, their conscientious devotion to duty which never slept and never wearied, their thrift and frugality which never failed, and their fecundity which made them the parents of great families of robust, reliant, resolute children, their perfect loyalty to their God, their country, their neighbors, and themselves, were the characteristics of a yeomanry which it seems to me I have never seen elsewhere.

I am proud of old Dunbarton; I like to sound her praises. I like to tell people, who talk about the greatness and glory of other places, of a town whose people were so peaceable and sensible that no lawyer could live among them, and so healthy that all doctors gave it a wide berth; whose clergymen were not so anxious to give the devil a chance that they took all-summer vacations, and whose teachers were not literary dudes, but hard-working, practical instructors, trainers, and guides; whose boards of selectmen contained more brains and conscience than a half-dozen average city

governments, and whose annual town meetings were perfect illustrations of the spirit of a pure democracy; of a town in which religion was in evidence seven days in the week, and all were so observant of Christian proprieties that they not only supported the minister by contributions but by attendance on divine worship, and so sensible of the value of an education that no sacrifice for the support of the common schools was deemed too great; of a town in which for half a century there was neither lawyer, doctor, demagogue, or professional politician, neither factory, railroad, hotel, saloon, or store except the post-office; of an exclusively farming population whose well-directed energy enabled its members to live well, enjoy the good things of life, educate their children, acquire in most cases a competency, and so nearly abolish poverty that their almshouse was for a long series of years without an inmate; of a town which to my mind was a veritable rural Utopia.

OUR GOODLY HERITAGE AND TRADITIONS.

PROF. CHARLES S. BRADLEY.*

It is my privilege to speak as a representative of the greater New Hampshire, extending far beyond the bounds of New England, a portion of which is to be found wherever the sons of New Hampshire or their descendants cherish the traditions and ideals of the old Granite State.

There are signs of a growing recognition among us of the blessings and responsibilities of a goodly heritage in family traits and noble traditions.

This new stirring of interest in forefathers and the ancestral home is but one manifestation of that trait in our national character which promises most for the future.

* Delivered at Concord, New Hampshire.

It is by no accident that in distant prairie states when "America" is sung, the vision most frequently evoked is that of the "rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills" of the valleys and mountains of New England. With new pride and a new sense of duty and new hope many a son of New Hampshire and many a son's son would say:

"And I am of New England.
Out of her sturdy granite rock,
Sinew and blood and brain I came."

In this spirit, representing New Hampshire's children's children, returning to the state and the city where for generations my forefathers lived, I bring a hearty tribute to the old Granite State, most honored and most dear.

I believe our ancestors, the pioneers of our town and of our state, fulfilled in large measure their mission to make here ideal homes for themselves and their descendants. It was a great undertaking. As Mr. Webster said of them: "They fought the enemy, they fought the inclemency of the weather, and they struggled with the soil." Nothing but stern necessity and their indomitable purpose carried them through.

In speaking of the dire necessity which forced our forefathers to do the work they did, reminds us of the story of the country boy who was boasting of the prowess of his dog in chasing a woodchuck. The dog got between the animal and its hole, so that it was compelled to run for dear life. The dog was rapidly gaining ground when the woodchuck came to a tree, which it immediately climbed. "But," said the listener, "woodchucks can't climb trees." "I know they can't," replied the boy, "but, you see, this one had to." That, said my friend, was the way with the first settlers of this country,—they had to.

PROF. E. H. RUSSELL, WORCESTER, MASS.

MISCELLANEOUS SERVICES.

COMMUNION SERVICE.

A COMMUNION SERMON.

R. M. PATTERSON, D.D.

As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 3.

IN several passages of this book the apple-tree is used to illustrate the benefits derived by the believer from the Beloved One. They show that the fruit was golden-colored, fragrant, and sweet, and that the tree was shady and beautiful. It is thought that the special tree referred to is the citron. "It is a large and beautiful tree; it is always green; it is very fragrant; it gives a deep and refreshing shade; and it is laden with golden-colored fruit." How pleasant, then, it would be to a traveler who passed beneath it from the glare of the noonday sun in that Eastern land! Under its broad-spreading branches and thickly clustered leaves he would find a cool shade that would protect him from the piercing rays. Always green, his eye could rest upon its foliage with a soft and unbroken satisfaction. His sense of smell would be regaled by a pleasant odor. And the fruit itself, with its golden richness, would hang down to his grasp, inviting him to partake of it and be refreshed.

All, and more than all, that the apple-tree thus was to the tired and weary and hungry and thirsty traveler, Jesus Christ the Beloved One is to believers. He shelters them from the burning rays of divine wrath. He is very beautiful to look

upon with the eye of faith; "the chiefest among ten thousand," and "altogether lovely." And the spiritual food which, in the richest abundance, he drops into the soul is both sweet to the taste and strengthening and nourishing for the support of the divine life.

Very expressive, therefore, of the religious experience of the redeemed people of Christ are the words of the text. Especially at the communion season, and seated at the sacramental table, may we in the most precious manner realize their truth. Here the Beloved brings us to his banqueting-house, and his banner over us is love. Here he most touchingly and lovingly reveals himself to us, and gives us both shelter and quiet rest from the turmoil of life, and grace to revive, to refresh, and to strengthen us for our future pilgrimage. His is (1) a temporary resting-place in the midst of the journey; and also (2) a place of refreshment and strengthening preparation for what still remains.

1. Here we sit under his shadow with *great delight.*

It is written that at all times "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." And, again, of this Beloved One it was prophesied, "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." How sweet and comforting the words! And here at the table we can get the special fulfilment of them.

Sorrow, in some form, assails us every day. The waves of tribulation are ever rolling toward us. Storms are always pitilessly beating upon the world. All have come to this communion, no doubt, with some heaviness of heart, produced by trials to which we are exposed. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness"—each heart alone its own. We cannot descend to the particularization of the special difficulties and afflictions that we are all passing through in our different walks. But whatever they are, leave them altogether without for a little while. Let them be swallowed up in the over-

whelming love of Christ, in the enjoyment of which we are permitted here to sit down.

We do not make light of trials. But we do magnify the love of the redeeming God through them all and beyond all, however inexplicable some of them may now be; and looking at their brevity compared with eternity, and at their smallness compared with the unutterable joys of salvation in this life and for the life to come, we can say that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And here, in the midst of them, is a place to which we are privileged to withdraw for a little while for quiet rest and shelter from their hard beating. Approach, then, troubled Christian friends, and "sit down under his shadow with great delight." Approach in this spirit:

Spirit of mercy! bow thine head,
  Thy pinions light stretch forth;
Descending from thy native skies,
  Come, visit me on earth.

I have been mourning long for thee,
  To see thee hither turn;
If thou wilt come, come *near* to me,
  I can no longer mourn.

My weariness shall pass away,
  Nor leave a fear behind;
In walking with the Lamb of God
  Unbroken rest I find.

And pleasures true shall bloom for me,
  Like blossoms fresh and gay;
For me shall living fountains gush
  Along the peaceful way.

Come, then, sweet Spirit, hear and come;
  Come, Jesus, come to me;
And when thou bidst me rise from earth,
  Let me come safe to thee.

2. While resting with great delight from the outward strife and storm, we also find here *fruit that is sweet to our taste.* The Beloved One gives us what revives and refreshes and strengthens the soul for the part of the journey to heaven that still remains. How rich the fruit that in his outstretched hand he here especially holds down to be taken by us!

Coming by faith, and thus truly partaking of the bread and the wine, we receive anew the assurance that we are pardoned sinners. We receive increased grace to confirm our Christian habits and to quicken them in their exercise. We receive the earnest of eternal bliss and joy. Most precious foretastes of the heavenly happiness are here bestowed upon a lively faith. A bunch of grapes from the heavenly Eshcol is pressed by the Lord into the sacramental cup. We have food to eat that the world knows not of.

Let us come, then, hungering and thirsting for the body and blood of the Lord. He will be present to satisfy the spiritual desires of which he is himself the author. It would be no feast without himself. Mere common bread, mere common wine, mere meeting with one another, would this sacrament be unless Jesus himself were here. "He must break the bread, if it is to nourish my soul. He must pour out the wine, if it is to refresh and gladden me." And we doubt not that he will do this. We come in obedience to his command, and we rely upon his promise. We will seek to commune under their influence, and then we will go away from the table joyfully and exultingly declaring: "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

THE MEANING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

SMITH BAKER, D.D.

This do in remembrance of me.—1 Cor. xi. 24.

1. In all interpretation of Scripture we must consider the character and habits of the people to whom the words were

especially addressed. While the doctrines, ethics, and the spirit of the Scriptures are of universal application for all time, the special words are not.

2. This passage is a striking illustration of this truth.

(*a*) The church to which the epistle was addressed was formed of persons who were in the habit of feasting together; of having what we should call social suppers, in which there is no harm, but, rightly conducted, much good.

(*b*) After one of these feasts they would take the simple bread and wine and observe the eucharist. As long as the distinction was made between the social feast and the Lord's Supper there was no sin. But many of them were given to excessive indulgence at the feast, and soon the simple observance of the Supper which followed lost its significance. The social feast, instead of being an occasion of Christian friendship whereby their hearts would be better prepared for the spiritual communion of the Lord's Supper, unfitted them for that holy sacrament.

(*c*) The Christians in the beginning had all the food in common at their gatherings. The rich brought of their abundance and the poor of their little, and all partook together. But the Corinthian church had departed from this, and there were cliques and divisions among them, the rich feasting by themselves, the poor by themselves; and there was a marked distinction in the supply which each class had. This it is which the Apostle rebukes.

3. Many persons are troubled about observing the Lord's Supper unworthily.

(*a*) But a sense of unworthiness does not disqualify one. Instead of this, it is one of the first qualifications: the more worthy one is the more unworthy he will feel. To feel that one is good enough is spiritual pride.

(*b*) A consciousness of guilt does not disqualify one. We come to the Lord's table because we know that we are sinners trusting only in the death and work of Jesus Christ. No matter how great one's consciousness of guilt, if he is penitent

and is seeking strength to live a Christian life, the Lord's table is the very place for him.

(*c*) Again, spiritual darkness and coldness of heart are not to keep one away from the table of the Lord, for it is there that Christ reveals himself. Let no self-accusing, self-dissatisfied disciple remain away from the Lord's table.

4. This will appear as we notice what the Lord's Supper signifies. (*a*) It is a memorial of Christ's life and death. (*b*) It is a symbol of Christ's work. (*c*) It represents the union of all God's people; at the table of the Lord all human souls are on a level. (*d*) Again, it represents the soul's constant dependence upon Christ for strength. Christ is the daily bread of life to the soul. (*e*) It represents the mystic union of Christ and his people; he lives in them and they in him. (*f*) The Lord's Supper is a special communion with Christ, when in a particular manner he reveals himself to the believing heart.

5. Learn when we unworthily come to the Lord's table: (*a*) When we come thoughtlessly, as to a mere form. (*b*) When we come trusting in the ordinance and not in Christ. (*c*) When we come to it as a mere memorial, and not as the representation of a great atonement. (*d*) When we come to it with our bodies or minds dissipated or intoxicated with indulgence. (*e*) When we come to it in social pride, unwilling to recognize the poorest or most ignorant as a brother or sister; there are unavoidable distinctions in social, financial, intellectual, and political life, but there should be none in the Christian life.

6. The effects of an unworthy observance: (*a*) It brings present condemnation. (*b*) It hardens the heart and dulls the spiritual perception. (*c*) An unbelieving, formal observance is a trifling with Christ, an insult to his love.

7. The blessedness of the Lord's Supper depends upon the humble, honest, penitent, receptive condition of our souls.

8. To observe the Lord's Supper is not only a sweet privilege, but a commanded duty which no disciple has a right to neglect.

9. It is the Lord's table, not that of any man or church; hence no inconsistency in any man, church, or denomination is to keep us from its observance. If the unworthy partake with us, the fault is theirs, not ours. All God's children have a right to it; the weaker they are the more they need it.

10. We are never to allow any indulgence of our lower nature to unfit us for our higher, spiritual privileges. Whatever interferes with our spiritual discernment and growth, whether it be our money-making, our eating or drinking, our social pleasures, our studies, our recreations, or anything else, we are to give it up for the soul's sake.

A LAYMAN'S SUGGESTIONS TO MINISTERS.

THE Lord's Supper is primarily a *memorial* of Christ on the cross in our behalf—his body broken, his blood poured forth for us. "This do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." It is also a repetition of Christ's own institution and initial observance of this precise form the night before his death. In imitation, moreover, of the custom of both Jews and heathen, by which the participants in a sacrifice ate together of a part of it, it is a communion of (i.e., a participation in) the body and blood of our great Sacrifice. Still further, since so doing they were to "proclaim the Lord's death till he come," it is a prophecy and affirmation that Christ will reappear to take us to himself in his kingdom.

In form it is a *supper*, over which a blessing is asked, or, as the other expression has it, thanks are given. And it has always seemed to me that the method of its observance should conform, as nearly as may be, to the customary conduct of suppers generally, and especially to the conduct of "the Supper" as partaken of by Christ and his loved apostles the night before the crucifixion.

As it is a *religious ceremonial* as well as a supper, it may be admissible to read or recite a half-dozen verses of Scripture as a preliminary to taking the bread in hand; and it certainly is proper to talk pleasantly and conversationally on some topic suggested by such a memorial, or appropriate to such a family gathering, while breaking the bread or pouring the wine. But certainly the prayers should be brief in their form, and patterned after the blessings we ordinarily ask over our daily meals. In matter they should usually be limited to the expression of our gratitude to the Saviour for his atoning sacrifice for us, which we now commemorate; to the avowal of our love to him and fellowship with him, as now to be shown by our partaking of the symbols of his body and blood; and to a petition that our souls may now feed upon the true spiritual bread of life, that so our typical partaking of the loaf and the wine may find its fulfilment in our real participation in the great Sacrifice and in our real union with the risen Saviour in his nature and destiny. There may also be a prayer for the members of the church family who are necessarily absent, that they may be remembered by the Master, and, though not present with us, be fed with spiritual food suitable to their needs. But I can hardly conceive of a reason for more than a two or three minute prayer over each emblem.

It being a *family* church gathering, it may be well, at its opening, to give the hand of church-fellowship to those who, having been received into the church by baptism or letter, are for the first time seated with us at the Lord's table. But this act should also be brief and pleasant, and of the nature of a greeting or introduction extended at our own tables to those for the first time seated there, and possibly not known to all present.

Finally, a *suitable hymn* is a fitting close to the service, as per the divine precedent; and let the whole service be brief, and as nearly conformed as possible to the New Testament description of its first observance as a supper.

Condensed from the Journal and Messenger.

EATING AND DRINKING UNWORTHILY.

CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.

To many sensitive consciences 1 Cor. xi. 27 has been a stumbling-block. It is a solemn passage: "Whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Disrespect of the symbol is disrespect of the thing symbolized; as we treat the bread and wine, which represent the body and blood of the Redeemer, so do we treat him.

But to understand the word "unworthily" we must recall the intent of this sacrament. It is intended to cultivate penitence, faith, and charity, and to proclaim the great truth that Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man. If a man comes to the Lord's Supper with no penitence, no faith, without charity toward men, and without an earnest desire to make Christ's salvation known, then he does partake "unworthily." If he take the bread and wine simply as he would do at a luncheon in his own dining-room, he is partaking "unworthily." If he have any selfish or sinister design in this solemn service, he does take this holy sacrament "unworthily."

But Paul does not say, "Whosoever shall eat and drink, *being unworthy*, shall be condemned." It is not the timid he so warns, but the careless and profane. He knew that no man was, or ever would be, worthy to lift in his hands that which represented the immortal love of the Infinite Heart, and present it to his fellow-men. He knew that not he, nor Peter, nor John, nor any other saint, was worthy to take and eat the body and drink the blood. No intelligent Christian man comes to the table of the Lord because he is "worthy." He feels in his heart, if he does not say with his lips, what several branches of the church have in their liturgy: "We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting

in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy," etc.

No man could take the sacrament "unworthily" who approaches it in this spirit. It is just because we are "unworthy" that we go to the communion. Many a man who had no assurance of adoption, but who had repented toward God and had faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, has made his humble confession to Almighty God, and, obeying the commandment of the Lord to do this in remembrance of him, in the very act has received the witness of the Spirit, and been led into "the liberty of the sons of God." It is certainly not desirable that improper persons should take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; but there are many who injure their spiritual characters and diminish their spiritual enjoyment by failing to obey the request of our dying Lord. About to die, he tenderly asked every man who believed that he was dying for the world to do this in remembrance of him. It is a most simple request; the observance of it in a similar spirit would increase the joy and power of all who wish well the cause of Christianity.

The Lord's Supper has been greatly instrumental in keeping his cause alive. It is the voice of all believers preaching the Lord's death till he come. He who believes that the Lord did come and die for us, and will come again and take us to himself, will not hesitate to regard this last request of our Lord and Saviour. We know no better form of invitation than that given by the Church of England and by several branches of the church of Christ in America: "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort, and make your humble confession to Almighty God." In this invitation, penitence, faith, charity, and obedi-

ence are set forth as the constituents of Christian character. To promote these the holy sacrament is taken, and whoso takes it has the comfort of knowing that in all these things he shall be mightily helped. He does not profess to have never sinned, but he truly and earnestly repents of his sins. He does not profess to be perfect in his intercourse with his fellow-men, but in the presence of the symbol of the priceless love of the Saviour for man, he stands in love and charity with his neighbors. He is not perfection, but he "intends," i.e., *stretches forward*, to it. He "intends" that each day shall find him more and more following the commandments of God, and so each day shall be a new life—a life of improvement upon its predecessor; a life of closer following of God. So, making his humble confession, and calling to mind the comfortable words of our Saviour and his apostles, he takes this sacrament to his comfort.

A man might just as well refuse to pray because he is "not worthy"; or refuse to hear the Word of God, and his great and precious promises, because he is "not worthy"; or refuse to do good unto his fellow-men because he is "not worthy" to coöperate with the charities of God; or refuse to take his daily meals because no man is "worthy" to eat from the hand of God, and no man can take unto himself anything that God hath not given.

WHY NOT "DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST"?

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

I have objections and difficulties. Whatever these may be, there cannot possibly be good reasons for disobeying Christ's command.

I am not prepared. Why not? For unless you are prepared for this, you cannot be prepared for life or death, for judgment

or eternity. Without faith in Christ you are without God and hope in the world.

I do not wish to make a profession. A profession is and must necessarily be made, whether you obey or disobey Christ. To remain away from the Lord's Supper is to profess disobedience and unbelief. "He that is not for me is against me."

I am unworthy. Of what? Is it of being saved? Christ saves sinners. They partake most worthily who feel themselves the most unworthy to partake; they depart richest who come poorest; they obtain most who come to receive all; and they go away full who come empty of themselves and in order to be "filled with all the fullness of God." Beware of "judging yourselves unworthy of everlasting life."

I have been a backslider. Jesus will heal thy backsliding. He who knows and hates all thy sins says, "Come to me."

But I fear I shall fall away. Jesus, who begins, can perfect his work. "Jesus is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

O Saviour Christ, the living bread from heaven,
God's sacred gift for our redemption given,
Be present with us now;
And as we call to mind thy deep affliction,
Grant us each one thy holy benediction,
While at thy feet we bow.

Behold the bread now waiting to be broken,
By thee of old ordained the constant token
Till thou again return;

And as our love for thee we come confessing,
Let all our hearts, while waiting for thy blessing,
With holy fervor burn.

Come as thou camest to the broken-hearted,
Sad with the fear that they from thee had parted
To meet on earth no more;
And—our fond fears by thy dear presence chiding—
Show us thy wounds in hands and feet abiding,
And so our faith restore.

Here at thy table we would see thee only,
Not as thou wert on earth, despised and lonely,
Deserted by thine own,
But as thou art, the risen Lord of heaven,
By whom our souls are saved, our sins forgiven,
Wearing thy kingly crown.

Then, in the joy of that transcendent vision,
Let us go forth to meet the world's derision,
Before its scoffing dumb;
Content to bear our daily cross with meekness,
Till he who died for us in shame and weakness
Shall in his glory come.

Sword and Trowel.

THE TRUE MEANING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

A SYNOPSIS OF A SERIES OF TALKS BY HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

As baptism has been perverted into the regeneration of which it is the sign, so the Lord's Supper was perverted into a real presence of Christ. Christ is present through the faith of the partaker; so far his presence is real. This presence should not be intermittent, as our communion seasons at lengthened intervals suggest, but continual.

It is a misnomer to call the Supper "the sacrament"; *sacramentum*, soldier's oath. We are too weak for oaths. God vows to give us salvation. We only receive his promise. A later meaning of "sacrament" is mystery; but there is no more mystery in the Supper than in prayer or daily life. The Bible calls it simply a supper, which a child can understand. "Eucharist" is a good name—thanksgiving; for where should our gratitude be more ardent?

It is not a fast, but a festival; instituted, indeed, in sadness, which we cannot forget, but to us the sign of release and life; the very emblems changing their meaning, telling of the support of life, gladness of heart, pardon, removal of sin, the sunshine of God's love, a Saviour not suffering, but exalted. We show forth his death but "till he comes" in glory. It means joy not only to us, but to God; for "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, even so will thy God rejoice over thee."

It is a love-feast, emphasizing Christ's love for us, and ours to him and to one another. Sin parts men, but in Christ we have brotherhood. We are to love the world, but in a different way our Christian brothers. "This is my commandment, That ye love one another."

It is a pledge of glory, a foretaste of the marriage supper of the Lamb. The glory is in heaven, and we must wait for it, but we are heirs of it.

"Communion" means "fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." This is a partnership, and more—sweet friendly intercourse, mutual confidence. We misuse it when we do not see these.

We should see the divine side of Christ, in which he makes atonement, and the human side coming close to us. There is a domestic element in it, and a relation of Christ to the individual believer. It is a means against heart-hardening, a means of gaining assurance, a strength and joy.

In it God speaks to us, telling us our utter insufficiency and Christ's all-sufficiency; telling us his love for the believer, and delight in him. It shows us the beauty of the Lord. How

wonderfully does the Twenty-third Psalm fit it! It shows us the second covenant. The first was, "If man will obey me, I will guide and guard him." But in "the blood of the *everlasting* covenant" we see: "If man will trust me, I will be his guide and guard."

It brings out our fellowship with departed saints; it calls to memory the words of Jesus—*remember* is its key-note; it wakens consciousness of God's presence; it glorifies Jesus, for the Spirit "shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you." Our very sinfulness there shows forth Christ's love. We come into holy boldness, and are identified with Christ, in whom we abide, he dwelling in our souls. Here is the "everlasting consolation"; here we appear "the sons of God"; by his "will we are sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus once for all"; and as his "saints" we hear him say, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them."

COMMUNION TEXTS AND THEMES.

REV. GERARD B. F. HALLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE Lord's Supper is the central act of Christian worship. It is a prophecy, pledge, and prelude to that "supper-table of the Lamb," when we shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of our Father.

But it is more. The time of its recurrence brings to every true pastor a season of hallowed opportunity. As one who has tried to give emphasis to this sacred season, and who, for preparatory service, communion remarks, and the service of special opportunity at the close of the communion Sunday, has made most careful preparation, simply for the sake of suggestiveness, I place in order some of the texts and themes that I have used, especially those which have been found most fruitful and which have been most blessed in the using:

1. Preparatory service:

Invited to the Feast. "Come; for all things are now ready."—Luke xiv. 17.

2. Communion remarks:

The King's Guests. "When the king came in to see the guests."—Matt. xxii. 11.

3. Sabbath-evening subject:

After-thoughts. "So when they had dined."—John xxi. 15.

1. *The Evil Counsel.* "When the morning was come, all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him to death."—Matt. xxvii. 1.

2. *The Evil Deed.* "And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke xxiii. 33.

3. *The Finished Work.* "When Jesus . . . had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."—John xix. 30.

1. *Remembrance of our Faults.* "I do remember my faults this day."—Gen. xli. 9.

2. *Remembrance of Christ's Love.* "We will remember thy love."—Solomon's Song i. 4.

3. *Our Strange Proneness to Forget Christ.* "This do in remembrance of me."—Luke xxii. 19.

1. *A Heart Made Ready.* "And he will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us."—Mark xiv. 15.

2. *Christ's Readiness to Bless Us.* "What will ye that I shall do unto you?"—Matt. xx. 32.

3. *The Richness of the Feast.* "He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love."—Solomon's Song ii. 4.

1. *Good to Draw Near to God.* "It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

2. *The Mount of Privilege.* The transfiguration.—Mark ix. 1–14.

3. *After the Mountain-top, What?* Work awaiting at its base.—Mark ix. 14–27.

1. *Duty and Obligation of Christians to Keep the Communion Feast.* "Therefore let us keep the feast."—1 Cor. v. 8.

2. *A Personal Question.* "What mean ye by this service?"—Ex. xii. 26.

3. *Fulfilling our Vows.* Jacob building the promised altar.—Gen. xxxv. 1–7.

1. *Encouragement for the Timid.* "As for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy," etc.—Ps. v. 7.

2. *Invited Closer—a Day of Communion.* "Master, where dwellest thou? . . . Come and see."—John i. 38, 39.

3. *Being with Jesus Shows.* "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."—Acts iv. 13.

1. *Love's Question.* "Lovest thou me?"—John xxi. 16.

2. *Meditation Kindling Love.* "My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Ps. civ. 34.

3. *Practical Religion.* "Faith without works is dead."—Jas. ii. 20.

1. *Rest in the Midst of Toil.* "Come ye yourselves apart, . . . and rest awhile."—Mark vi. 31.

2. *Let us Draw Near.* "Having therefore . . . boldness, . . . let us draw near with a true heart," etc.—Heb. x. 19–25.

3. *Communion Continued.* "But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us," etc.—Luke xxiv. 29.

1. *The Duty of Christians to Study Christ.* "Wherefore . . . consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."—Heb. iii. 1.

2. "*In the Cross of Christ I Glory.*" "God forbid that I

should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

3. *Living to Christ.* "For to me to live is Christ."—Phil. i. 21.

1. *Christ our Passover.* "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. v. 7.

2. *A Dying Wish Respected.* "This do in remembrance of me."—Luke xxii. 19.

3. *Every One's Life an Open Letter.* "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men," etc.—2 Cor. iii. 2, 3.

1. *Ecce Homo.* "Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"—John xix. 5.

2. *Watchers at the Cross.* "And the people stood beholding."—Luke xxiii. 35.

3. *The Call to Action.* "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"—Acts i. 11.

1. *Minds Stirred to Remembrance.* "I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance."—2 Pet. iii. 1.

2. *My Substitute—Personal Appropriation.* "Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. ii. 20.

3. *Christian Unselfishness.* "For even Christ pleased not himself."—Rom. xv. 3.

1. *Song of the Pilgrims.*—Ps. lxxxiv.

2. *Under His Shadow.* "I sat down under his shadow with great delight."—Solomon's Song ii. 3.

3. *The Motive.* "For my sake."—Mark x. 29.

1. *Returning to our Rest.* "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—Ps. cxvi. 7.

2. *A Visit to Calvary.* "And sitting down they watched him there."—Matt. xxvii. 36.

3. *My Witnesses.* "Ye shall be witnesses unto me," etc.—Acts i. 8.

1. *Christ our Priest.* "For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched," etc.—Heb. iv. 15.

2. *Love for the Unseen Saviour.* "Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. i. 8.

3. *Christ our Pattern.* "I have set the Lord always before me," etc.—Ps. xvi. 8.

1. *Consecration.* "But first gave their own selves to the Lord."—2 Cor. viii. 5.

2. *A New-Year Communion—Tabernacle Building.* "On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle," etc.—Ex. xl. 2.

3. *Climbing Round by Round.* "Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven," etc.—Gen. xxviii. 12.

1. *The Agony in the Garden.* "And his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."—Luke xxii. 44.

2. *The Crucifixion.* "And when they were come to the place called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke xxiii. 33.

3. *Be Strong.* "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1. *A Joyful Approach.* "I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday."—Ps. xlii. 4.

2. *A Message First.* "I will not eat, until I have told mine errand."—Gen. xxiv. 33.

3. *Chiefest by Chief Service.* "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."—Matt. xx. 27.

CORNER-STONE LAYING.

CHRIST A LIVING STONE.

R. S. MacARTHUR, D.D.

To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious.—1 PET. ii. 4.

WE have in this verse a striking description of our adorable Redeemer. The term "living stone" is appropriate to Christ, because he hath life in himself. He is the author of life. He diffuses and sustains life. He laid down his life, he took it up again; no man had power to take it from him. This prerogative he received from his Father. He is the conqueror of death. He not only gives resurrection and life, he is "the resurrection and the life."

The first thought, then, suggested by this text is that Christ, a "living stone," is the foundation of all our hopes for time and for eternity. Without Christ the Bible is meaningless; without Christ the world is hopeless; without Christ heaven is charmless. You might as well have a summer without a gleam of light, without the smell of flowers or the song of a bird, as have a life without Jesus Christ. You might as well have a year without a summer—nothing but bleakness, barrenness, and death—as to have a life without Jesus Christ. You might as well have a night without a morning as to live in this world and die and be buried without Jesus Christ. I do not know what men do who have no Saviour; I do not know of what they speak, when they do not speak of Christ; I do not know

of what they think, if Christ is not in all their thoughts. Christ is the glory of the world; he is the bliss of heaven. Christ is the Alpha and Omega in revelation, in creation, and in redemption. Christ spoke and there was light; without him was not anything made that was made. Christ gives significance, beauty, and glory to the entire Bible. We are told of a shield that was made in ancient times, and the maker so wrought his name into the substance of it that, in order to remove the name, the shield would have to be destroyed. So the name of Christ is written into the revelation of God, from the first majestic words of Genesis to the last love-notes of Revelation; and in order to remove Christ's name and glory you must destroy this revelation of God. Precisely so is it to the reverent eye and ear in God's book of creation. The thoughtful student sees Christ's name, sees Christ's handiwork all over the creation of God. He may not, perhaps, go so far as did Hugh Miller when he declared that he found the cross in the rock; but he may find the truth symbolized by that cross all over the works of God's hand.

It has been said that "an undevout astronomer is mad." We may say that all undevout scientists are mad. There can be no true science which excludes Jesus Christ. You might as well speak of the astronomy of the world and leave out the sun as speak of history, philosophy, and creation and leave out Jesus Christ. In Christ, and in him alone, the real and the ideal meet. There is a great difference between a man's actual and a man's ideal. As are a man's ideals so, to a great extent, shall the man be. He can never attain to his ideal—it is up among the stars, and in his highest flight he may only overtop the trees; the ideal gleams and glitters beyond. But in Jesus Christ the real and the ideal are one. His ideal is realized. Christ was the perfect, the symmetrical man. We do not believe simply in the salvation which he has made possible, but in him as the living, personal Saviour; not simply in the deliverance which he bestows, but in himself as the great and divine Deliverer, the perfect and purchasing

Redeemer. This personal element in Christ's religion is one element of its glory. He has given us himself. We do not pin our faith to a statement of doctrine, but to the person who is beyond the doctrine. Thus it comes to pass that Christ's personality lies beneath and is above and around the Word of God, the church of God, and our own individual experience. Christ, then, is the true center of redeemed humanity. Christ is the foundation of all our hopes for time and for eternity. Oh, build on this divine foundation! All other foundations are sinking sand.

The second truth taught us by this Scripture is that men in general reject Jesus Christ. The Apostle Peter was an honest man. He was familiar with the tendency of thought in his time, and he declares that men generally reject Jesus Christ. This is clearly taught us in the text: "To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men." This he felt bound frankly to confess. This was clearly foretold by Isaiah more than seven hundred years before Christ was born. He tells us that "he is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him." He tells us also that "he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground"; that "he hath no form nor comeliness." He was rejected in the inn; he filled a cradle in the manger; but even then a star marked a new pathway in the sky to honor the infant Redeemer. Shepherds, watching their flocks by night, heard the sweetest music that earth has ever known, on the night that Christ was born, when angels chanted his birth-song; and wise men from the East brought their treasures of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and laid them at his feet. Herod felt his throne totter beneath him.

Christ has always divided the world. He makes men declare themselves; he is the touchstone that draws worth and exposes worthlessness. Christ has gone through the world as an incarnate conscience; still he is ever drawing poor penitents to himself, bringing them out of the lowest dregs of

society. Penitents who have tears to wash his feet and hair to wipe them—his benediction was upon such. Christ aroused the bitterest wrath of the Pharisees. He has evoked the tenderest love and the bitterest hate. When Christ came there were more active demons than ever before in the world; legions were cast out of a single man. And just in proportion as Christ is prominent in a man's life shall all the elements of evil be aroused to oppose his indwelling. This is inevitable. Men rejected him at his birth; men cleaved to him at his birth. He separated them. He drew them with cords of love stronger than hooks of steel, or drove them from him because they would not endure his purity and power.

And Christ is still dividing men into two classes. He has taught us that "he who is not with me is against me." "What think ye of Christ?" This is the greatest question of time or eternity. That man is standing on holy ground who is brought face to face with Jesus Christ and with his own duty regarding the Son of God. If that duty has never been pressed upon you before I press it upon you at this time. What think you of Christ? What will you do with Jesus to-day?

Perhaps there are those who positively reject him. It seems incredible! Why do you reject Christ? What is there in Jesus that has led you to come to that conclusion? How would you have Jesus differ in order that you might accept him? This is a fair question. Give God an honest answer. Will you tell me one thing in the whole life of Christ which makes him obnoxious to your love and faith? Was he not holiness itself? Was he not the champion of purity? When all men dragged woman in the dust, did not Christ stand for her? Did he not stand for humanity, freedom, and right? Did he not take children into his arms and bless them? Is he not the representative of all that is noblest in the mind and the heart? Has not the whole world put the crown of perfect humanity upon the brow of the Son of Mary—the Son of God? Come to me at the close of this service and tell me for which of these things you condemn Jesus

Christ. What did he lack in order to secure your faith? What did he possess which makes it impossible for you to believe in him?

Observe, still further, that we have brought out here a startling contrast—God's judgment of Christ as compared with that of men: "Disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious," or "honorable," as we have it in the New Version. Here, then, is God's judgment as distinguished from men's. It was quite a common thing for Peter to bring out this contrast. In one of his sermons he says, "Whom ye crucified and slew; whom God raised from the dead." Oh, how God loved his only begotten Son! I may not enter upon this region, dark by excess of light. But I do know that when John, who pillowed his head upon the bosom of Jesus, speaks about the Son having dwelt in the bosom of the Father, he meant much. There have been tender relationships between God the Father and God the Son from all eternity. I do not know that it is possible for God to be, if he have not objects of love. Love must have subjects on which to rest. Well, I think you ought to take Christ at God's estimate. In the eternal councils God chose him; in the fullness of time he came as a child, and then dwelt as a man among men. He had come before; there were temporary incarnations before, but this was *the* incarnation. God loved him. Here comes in the mystery of the cross. Christ never was so dear, and yet God withdrew his face from him. God hates sin. He must show his displeasure and wrath wherever sin is found; and so he hid his face from his beloved Son. In that act I see more of the love of God than I can see displayed elsewhere in all revelation. Why should you not give him the honor which God does?

And now, in order to receive the blessing of Christ's life, we must come to him—"to whom coming, as unto a living stone." We see "as unto" is in italics; in the Revised Version both words are omitted. It is not "as a living stone," but this: "to whom coming, a living stone;" and in order

that your feet may rest upon that stone, you must place them there. Perhaps you simply resist this power; you have felt it drawing you. This sermon is one of the influences which God gives to draw you to his Son. You have been holding back; you have been stiff-necked, refusing to submit. God's promise includes God's condition; and if you will not keep the condition you make it impossible for God to keep the promise. Each includes the other. You shall not have Christ for your foundation if you will not come. Come this very hour. Is there a follower of Christ in this house who has wandered? Come back now. Perhaps, like Peter, you have been tempted; perhaps the sneer of some skeptic or the smile of some foolish woman has made you deny your Lord. Perhaps in the gray dawn of some chilly morning you have gone out denying him, but weeping bitterly. Come back to him this very hour, and he will graciously receive and abundantly pardon you.

Perhaps there are some who have never come. Come to him to-day, that you may know him as your personal Saviour. This congregation now met will never meet just the same again. You come, you go. We shall meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. Oh, if you reject him now, he must reject you then! This may be the turning-point. If you say "Depart" now, he must say "Depart" then. God forbid, for Jesus' sake! *Christian Inquirer.*

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, CHICAGO.

On a beautiful Sabbath afternoon St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church of Chicago laid the corner-stone of their new stone church on Belmont Avenue, near Evanston. The street near by was jammed with people, and there was a crowd upon part of the flooring hastily put in for the purpose. The Rev. Samuel C. Edsall, founder of the parish

and still its rector, made the chief address of the occasion. His remarks, as reported in the daily papers, were in part as follows:

"This corner-stone marks, as does a mile-stone, the completion of one stage of progress in our parish life, and the commencement of another. I look back to a house, in sight of the place where I now stand, in whose parlors we held our first service on Whitsunday, 1887. I think of the year of our occupancy of the Clark Street store, the purchase of our lot on Fletcher Street, and the erection of our new chapel there. I see that chapel incorporated now into the present larger chapel-building, soon with its basement to become our parish house and Sunday-school room; and now about me on this lot are the foundations and first fair stones of the church which we so sorely need. We look back over seven years of work, of faith, and small beginnings. Hosts of faithful ones whose faith, prayers, energies, and liberalities have gone into the results of these years of labor come into my mind. Many of you, thank God! I see around me to-day. Some have moved away into other parts of the city and country; some have passed from the church militant to take their place amid the expectant hosts of paradise. These fair stones remind us that ere long it will be our privilege to worship God in a place of greater beauty and dignity than has thus far been our lot. Let us with our heart and mind push forward the work to a successful completion. We regret to-day the absence of our beloved bishop, who had hoped to lay this stone. We pray that with restored strength he may be with us when we enter these walls for worship."

The Rev. T. N. Morrison, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, and acting dean of the Northeastern Deanery, laid the stone, officiating for Bishop McLaren. The usual documents and papers were placed inside. After Mr. Edsall's address, Dean Morrison spoke, enlarging on the great field of work opening before St. Peter's parish. Venerable S. G. Clarke, the senior warden, spoke for the laity.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

THE Rev. Cortland Myers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, worshiping for the time in the Academy of Music, preached on the Sabbath morning before Christmas a sermon appropriate to the laying of the corner-stone of their new church edifice. The text was from Ephesians ii. 20: "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone." He spoke in part as follows:

"This corner-stone and the corner-stone of the whole church of God is a Christmas gift. May the whole structure be one of the treasures opened by wise men for the incarnate Christ. May every passer-by hear echoing from its walls the angelic song, 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.' May this temple have for its corner-stone Christ in theology, Christ in worship, Christ in work, Christ in character—four-sided, square, and perfect. May there not be one square foot of standing-room for the preacher who takes one verse from the Bible or one star from the brow of the Christ. May form and superstition and idolatry be banished from its worship, and lines never be drawn between the worshipers. Over every one of its nine entrances let the chisel cut that large gospel word, 'Whosoever.' May the electric lights be the symbol of purity which shall fall upon every seat and reveal the hypocrite, and he be driven out in shame before purity, like he was in that other temple in Jerusalem.

"This temple must send its influence into every part of this city and the world. Its mission is to save men and thus to save society and government. It shall uphold righteousness wherever it is seen, and stamp out iniquity wherever it may begin to burn. It will sing the doxology when a Tammany Hall, and its governor and mayor and all its allies, are buried beneath an avalanche of justice. It must uphold a Lexow investigation, and demand that it reach far enough to capture and condemn trotting-horse thieves and scoundrels. In the

interest of truth and justice it must claim that the man who just came out of jail and went to his elegant new home came out too soon. It must be a part of its work in the earth to establish unselfishness and honesty in the business world and purity and justice in the social and home world. It must tie selfishness and monopoly to the stake and burn them. In the interest of the kingdom of Christ it will condemn the clothing and jeweling and giving dyspepsia to dogs while boys and girls are starving and shivering at every street-corner. May the influence of this great church be found for Christ in every part of this world!"

DEDICATION SERVICES.

DIVINE STRENGTH AND BEAUTY IN HOLY WORSHIP.*

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BACON STEVENS, D.D., LL.D., BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.—Ps. xcvi. 6.

THE occasion of writing this psalm was the removal of the ark of the Lord from the house of Obed-edom the Gittite to Jerusalem. "On that day," says the sacred historian, "David delivered first this psalm to thank the Lord into the hand of Asaph and his brethren." It is thus linked with one of the most interesting events in Jewish annals. But besides its historic connection it was also eminently prophetic. The whole psalm which contains these words has ever been regarded as Messianic, and as foreshadowing the future glories of the Messiah's kingdom, when all the people would give unto the Lord "glory and strength," when all nations would "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

This declaration of the psalmist eminently befits this occasion. We gather to consecrate this strong and beautiful house to the worship of the triune God. It is a jubilant day for this parish, and should be celebrated with all the grand accessories of holy worship. It is the crowning act of the parochial work of sixty years, and embodies in its celebration more than half a century of precious and holy memories.

* Dedicatory sermon preached at the consecration of St. Thomas's Church, New York.

But here a question arises in many minds: Why do we now consecrate a building which has been in use twelve years as a place of worship? Have not the solemn services of these years already consecrated it and set it apart for God, and is not that enough? What need we more? To these very natural questions I reply that notwithstanding its long use it has hitherto been so encumbered by debt that it could not be given as a full and free offering to Almighty God. Furthermore, though the religious and sacramental offices which have been celebrated here have, in one sense, consecrated this building, by reason of their hallowed associations, yet there was lacking that essential idea of consecration, viz., the formal presentation of it to Almighty God by a specific instrument of donation, through the chief minister of this diocese, and the formal laying of that bishop's sentence of consecration on the Lord's table.

The consecration is a solemn transaction between God and the parish, as well as between the bishop and the parish—the parish, through its vestry and by a legal instrument, making the building over to God through the hands of the bishop; and God graciously accepting the gift and ratifying the transaction by the bishop's sentence of consecration, which declares it "separated henceforth from all unhallowed, ordinary, and common uses, and dedicated to the sole service of Almighty God." Henceforth this edifice is no more yours, but God's. Given to him by your corporate and legal act, his name has been recorded here, his presence will be vouchsafed here, and each one of you, as you enter into these courts, can say with joyous hearts, "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary."

Strength is power in action. Beauty is the assemblage of all graces. The strength and the beauty, being connected with God's sanctuary, must be divine strength and divine beauty. In what, then, consist this strength and beauty which so emphasize and make distinctive his sanctuary?

If we recall the conversation of our blessed Lord with his disciples just before his ascension, we find that he told them,

"Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high"—there they were to "wait for the promise of the Father," even the gift of the Holy Ghost. With this Holy Ghost he told them they should be baptized not many days hence, and that they "should receive power, after that the Holy Ghost had come upon them." It may seem strange that men who had been the chosen companions of the Lord for three years, listening to his words, witnessing his works, beholding his life, and specially taught by him in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, were not already fitted and prepared for their work. But so it was—there was something that they still lacked, that they were to wait for, that they received when the Holy Ghost came down upon them on the day of Pentecost and gave them the baptism which their Lord had promised. Then they rose up strong in the might of the Holy Ghost; then they received the unction which attested their apostleship and fitted them to be witnesses for Jesus unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

This, then, was the power with which they were to be endued, this the baptism of the Holy Ghost and with fire by which the apostles were specifically anointed for their work; that pentecostal blessing which the church has ever since commemorated by its Whitsuntide services.

The "strength," then, which is to be found in the sanctuary is the power of the Holy Ghost.

This is proved by the work and office of the Holy Ghost in the church of Christ. To deal at large with this subject would require many sermons; only a brief synopsis can be given here.

1. The Word of God, which is to be read and preached here, derives all its power over the heart and life because inspired by the Holy Ghost. He it is who makes it quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword. Without the inspiration of the Holy Ghost the Bible would be no more effectual in the work of the moral regeneration of the world than the teachings of Confucius or the ethics of Aristotle.

2. Christ himself, as God manifest in the flesh, as the Mediator between God and man, as our Prophet, our Priest, our King, would be unknown to us, except as an historical personage, the founder of a new sect of philosophers, were it not that it is one of the offices of the Holy Ghost to take of the things of Christ and show them unto men. And as "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," so can there be no true spiritual understanding of him, or appreciation of his person and work, unless it is made known to us by the Holy Ghost. It is in the strength of that divine Comforter that we learn to know, to believe, to love, the Lord Jesus Christ; for as Christ himself says, "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

3. It is also by the influence of the Holy Ghost that the sacraments have any spiritual power. Aside from him they are only outward and meaningless signs; but in him they work with mighty and marvelous effect. The church, as the body of Christ, is made his mystical body and becomes a living church only by the power of the Holy Ghost. He it is who works on the heart of each individual member, and making each believer a living stone, unites and builds up these living stones until the whole "groweth into an holy temple of the Lord," "a habitation of God through the Spirit." It is by the Holy Ghost that "the whole body of the church is governed and sanctified." It is under his dispensation that the church is now living and moving. He is its spirit of life, of truth, of holiness; these are its living forces; and so this indwelling of the Spirit is the mighty strength which we see in the sanctuary. It cannot be too strongly emphasized, in this day of secularism on the one hand and the love of a sensuous ceremonial on the other, that the true strength of the church does not lie in its historic continuity with the apostles' days; does not lie in its great creeds; does not lie in its hallowed liturgy; does not lie in its learned ministry; does not lie in its churches and cathedrals—it may have all these, and yet, like the apostolic church of Sardis, have a name to live, and yet be dead.

Its apostolic ministry may be apostolic in lineage and not in spirit; its grand creeds may be but great petrifactions of orthodox faith; its venerable liturgy may be but the embroidered cerements of a corpse; its beautiful churches and basilicas may be but mausoleums of a lifeless worship. What the church must have, and by which only it can live, is the constant, realized, positive indwelling of the Holy Ghost. All our worship, all our teaching, must be subordinated to this divine Spirit. We must recognize him as the present Paraclete and Comforter, sent to us by the ascended Jesus, by and through whose gifts, manifold and diverse, the whole body of the church is governed and sanctified.

The vastness of this strength we cannot comprehend until we can weigh, measure, and gauge the moral force necessary to renew not only a single soul, but the human race; to break down the kingdom of sin, Satan, and death; to build up the kingdom of the Messiah, and thus bring back a revolted world to God. When we can estimate the power to do all these things, then shall we be able in some measure to understand what is meant by the phrase, "Strength is in his sanctuary."

But not only is there "strength" in the sanctuary for all these outward works, there is special strength there for the necessities which arise in the daily life of the believer. In the sanctuary do we learn that the Holy Ghost is the personal Comforter of the Christian in every time of trial, sickness, or bereavement. In the sanctuary the strength of God's promises comes out with intense force. In the sanctuary do we find the strength of divine praise, when the swelling voices of the whole congregation ascend as the voice of many waters; and the strength of fervent prayer, when "all the people" with one mouth breathe the same prayers, which rise as a cloud of incense from the whole congregation.

Thus I might go on and show that there is no conceivable strength that the soul needs which is not found in the sanctuary of the Lord.

But there is beauty in the sanctuary as well as strength, and what is this beauty ?

When David on one occasion was surrounded by enemies and cut off from access to the tabernacle service, he uttered this wish: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." Here is the recognition of a beauty in the temple of God answering to what he says in the psalm before—"Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." Beauty is the abstract term to denote any assemblage of graces; hence it is used in the Bible to signify holiness, being constantly associated with that word as the human expression of divine perfection. For holiness is but another name for wholeness, and signifies that to which nothing can be added, but which blends in itself all moral perfection in its utmost harmony and completeness. Holiness is God's beauty; and when we pray with David in the Ninetieth Psalm, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," we pray that God may be present with us in his holiness, and impart to us the blessings which result from that holiness. So when we say, "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary," we mean by the term "beauty" to declare that God's holiness—the perfection and glory of the divine Being—is to be seen and enjoyed in his sanctuary. God's dwelling in Zion made it, in the psalmist's words, "the perfection of beauty." God's being in his holy temple made manifest there his strength and beauty; and vouchsafing to write his name on his earthly tabernacles, he hallows every house of prayer, and causes all devout hearts to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

In the true worship of God do we find beauty in the sanctuary. Beauty in worship does not consist in grandeur of service, in ornamental display of dress, in the artistic richness of music, in the massing together of whatever can attract the eye, the ear, or in any sensuous pageant or bannered procession.

But beauty of worship is only another term for conforming to the direction of the psalmist: "Worship the Lord with holy worship;" and is but carrying out our Lord's direction to worship God "in spirit and in truth."

Hence there may be a great display of art and adornment; a great function appealing to the senses only; a choral service which in its sweetness and power of song shall ravish the cultivated taste; a parade of ostentatious reverence and devotion, without the least spirit of true holiness or the least spirit of truth. We see all this pomp of worship and paraphernalia of outward devotion in the grand worship of heathen temples and before pagan deities. We see it in all its gaudy efflorescence and hollowness in the services of corrupt and corrupting churches where show and display supplant holiness and truth. But in the church of our Lord Jesus Christ nothing is true worship where holiness and truth are wanting. Hence all the accessories of divine worship should be such as shall cultivate this holiness and express this truth. Baldness of worship may be as fatal to true worship as overrichness. The human mind must have some outward representations of spiritual things by which it gets clearer conceptions of truth, and by which we are taught to raise our thoughts and our affections step by step, as by some Jacob's ladder, from earth to heaven; but we must use the rounds of the ladder only as a means to ascend to the threshold of heaven.

Where there is holiness in the heart of the worshiper, where the truth as it is in Jesus dwells in his soul, there exists beauty of worship such as God approves. This gives birth to the highest style of worship—the worship not of the body without the soul, the stiff ceremonialism of mechanical devotion, but the worship of the soul, subordinating and using the body as its servant and instrument, and turning all the material accessories furnished by architecture, by music, by ornamentation, by variety of services, into means of quickening and helping the true life of the soul, and thus making our worship not

mere meretricious display or sensuous adornment, but the outgoing of a holy heart to a holy God, and so worshiping him in the beauty of holiness.

Especially is there "beauty" in the sanctuary when Christ, the "One altogether lovely," shines out of Zion, itself "the perfection of beauty." When he reveals himself there, in all the fullness of his grace and in all the freeness of his salvation, then indeed do we "sit down under his shadow with great delight," and our hearts, transported with his loveliness, exclaim, "He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love."

Let us now sum up in a few sentences the principal ideas of strength and beauty which are found in the sanctuary:

Strength, in the strong doctrines, which uphold, like columns, the overarching dome of divine truth.

Beauty, in the worship of holiness, which is celebrated therein.

Strength, in the Bible, God's majestic voice speaking to us from the lectern, the font, and the table.

Beauty, in the Prayer-book ritual, whereby "the King's daughter, all glorious within," is "clothed with raiment of wrought gold" when she enters into the gates of the Lord with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

Strength, in the creeds, those apostolic and Nicæan anchors which for over fourteen centuries have held the church fast to her moorings on divine truth.

Beauty, in the Psalms, those rhythmic songs which sweep the whole diapason of human joy and woe, and find an echoing chord in every human heart.

Strength, in baptism, wherein is given to the faithful the washing of regeneration, and he enlists as a good soldier under Christ's banner, in the sacramental host of God's elect.

Beauty, in confirmation, when baptismal vows become translated into a godly life by the sealing grace and inner working of the Holy Ghost.

Strength, in the holy communion, that center of unity to

all Christian hearts; that one table of the Lord, one family which knits together the elect in one communion and fellowship.

Beauty, in the lives of those communicants whom the Holy Ghost adorns with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and so beautifies them with salvation.

Strength, in the ministry, the Christ-ordained and Spirit-anointed power for the spread of the gospel.

Beauty, in the glorious results of this ministry, as it turns this sin-cursed earth into a garden of the Lord.

Strength, in the faith that is born in the sanctuary—that faith which overcomes the world.

Beauty, in the graces of character that effloresce out of this faith and make the life beautiful in the adornments of Christ's own comeliness.

Again I ask, Who can measure this strength? Who can unfold this beauty? It is the strength of God brought down to man, it is the beauty of God revealed to man; and its special sphere and place of manifestation is his sanctuary, the church of the living God.

So, then, these two words, "strength" and "beauty," the correlative terms of spiritual power and holiness, represent the great work of the Holy Ghost in the church of God. That is the work which he is to do within these walls. You already have material strength and beauty in the substance and solidity of your edifice, and in the ornaments and appointments wherewith it is embellished. It is strong and it is beautiful as the work of a human architect. What we want now is that the life within these walls—the living stones—may be built up by the divine Architect, the Holy Ghost, into a living temple; built up as noiselessly as was the temple of Solomon, when "neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron was heard in the house, while it was in building"; and built up so beautifully that there shall be in the completed character "no spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing."

We welcome you to-day, then, rector, vestry, and congre-

gation of St. Thomas's parish, to the strength and the beauty of this now consecrated and God-accepted church.

Here you will find everything that can give strength to heart and life: the strength of will to work for Christ; the strength of nerve to suffer for Christ; the strength of faith to cling to Christ; the strength of love to live for Christ.

We bid you welcome to all that can give beauty to your heart and life: the beauty of a consecrated life; the beauty of a sanctified intellect; the beauty of Christian charity; the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit; the beauty of a daily walk with Jesus; and a daily progress, as children of light, in that pathway of the just which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

I congratulate you, dear brother, on this completed church. God has spared you over a quarter of a century to go in and out before this parish, in the old church and in the new, as their beloved and now venerated rector. When you preached your first sermon within these walls, over twelve years ago, you said: "Please God to hasten that day for the noble consecration office, when the top-stone of the tower shall say, 'It is complete;' when every resounding tongue in the belfry shall say, 'It is complete;' when every tuneful key in the organ shall say, 'It is complete;' when even the rectory and the cloisters shall unite in the jubilee of thanksgiving over a worthy offering and a finished work." This your prayer, dear brother, has been answered, and to-day the voice of this consecration service proclaims through all these aisles and in all these arches and from turret to corner-stone, "Grace, grace unto it."

Nearly sixty years ago the first bishop of Pennsylvania, the venerable Bishop White, laid the corner-stone of your first edifice at the corner of Broadway and Houston Street, in what was then a rural suburb of the city; and now again another bishop of Pennsylvania preaches the consecration sermon on the completion of this magnificent pile of buildings. But what a change in the parish, in the state of the church, in the city,

in the nation, is embraced between these points! Life, growth, expansion, mark each one of these sixty years. Nor will we stop here. The gathered momentum of the past years will only accelerate still more our advance in the future, and the next threescore years will witness changes and growth in church life and church work and church power which will far outstrip what has been done between 1823 and 1883.

Solomon closed the prayer with which he dedicated the temple with these words: "Now, my God, let, I beseech thee, thine eyes be open, and let thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place. Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength: let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness."

Such in spirit is our prayer to-day. Make this house, O Lord God, thy resting-place. Let the ark of thy strength, before which thine enemies were scattered, abide here in the plenitude of spiritual power: the power of thy holy law, as emblemized in the two tables of stone which were in the ark; the power of thy life-sustaining Word, as represented by the golden pot of manna; the power of an apostolic ministry, as typified by Aaron's rod that budded. Let all that this ark of the Lord represented in type abide here in fact and in power. Let the Christian priesthood which ministers here, like the Levitical priesthood of the temple, be clothed with salvation, ever showing forth the sacrificial death of Christ, as well as his perfect life in all its divine glory and beauty; and let thy saints, thy devout people, who worship here, ever rejoice in God's goodness, and shout aloud his praises in the beauty of holiness. Thus shall the services of this house prepare us for the higher services of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and may this edifice prove to many successive generations of worshipers, as they pass in long procession through these courts, none other but the house of God and the very gate of heaven.

DEDICATION OF EMBURY CHAPEL, BROOKLYN.

EMBURY MEMORIAL M. E. CHAPEL was the scene, December 23, 1894, of the important and impressive ceremony of formal dedication. Bishop E. G. Andrews, of New York, preached in the morning from Matthew xxv. 15, reading from Philip Embury's Bible: "And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey." He said in part:

"When the Lord spoke those words his disciples were fitting themselves for a special work. A certain sum of money represented a talent in those days, but to-day it is not necessarily money that makes a talent. There are two parts to the parable—the rule of distribution and the rule of accountability; but I shall deal only with the first.

"Men are not all alike in their qualities. Some are dull of apprehension, while others are of quick perception—have retentive memories. Some men have great sagacity—reach straight conclusions; some—plain men, we might term them—have talents which they assiduously develop, reaching conclusions at which many men of genius are not able to arrive. Napoleon, William Pitt, John Stuart Mill, and others, were men whom God predestined to be leaders, their greatness manifesting itself in early life. In other men, great, masterful qualities do not show themselves until after long delay. Without the Civil War this country would have had no General Grant, but Galena would still have had its tanner. God's mode of distribution is his right, as all belongs to him. He knows what is best. It has been truthfully said that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world. So it takes all kinds of people to make a church. The building is not in the true sense the church. It is the people, with hearts true to God.

"In such a church as this there should be a clear apprehension of what God wishes you to do. Let us be broad in

our ideas, patient with our brothers and sisters. It is not the one that is conspicuous in the church who does the most good. The plain people are a power. What our great Taskmaster wants of us is fidelity. He does not want achievements. He can make great men. He is after faithful souls.

"I congratulate the people upon their beautiful new house of worship, and hope God will abundantly bless them in all their efforts for his cause."

The Rev. Dr. Park Buell, dean of the Boston University, pronounced the benediction.

At 2.30 in the afternoon a platform meeting was held. John E. Searles, president of the Brooklyn Church Society, presided. In a brief address he said the scene before him reminded him of one recorded in the Bible, which took place three thousand years ago, when Solomon moved into the temple he had built from the tabernacle. The Rev. George P. Mains, secretary of the society, C. F. Jones of the Sumner Avenue church, and William Harkness of the Hanson Place church, each made a short address of congratulation.

At 6.30 there was an Epworth League meeting, led by Howard Merlin. At 7.30 the Rev. Dr. George Edward Reed, president of Dickinson College, preached from Luke vii. 5: "He loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." He said in part:

"My theme is, The Blessings Coming to Men through their Associations with the House of God. He who uses his money or his talents in the building and maintenance of Christian churches does the very best thing for himself: First, because in so doing he secures for himself the approval of his own conscience, in that he makes a generous use of at least a portion of his wealth. Second, because he secures thereby a good measure of public good will, in that he uses his wealth unselfishly. The working-man does not object to the capitalist because he has wealth, but because too often he fails to use it unselfishly and for the public good. Third, he secures through his public spirit, in providing for the common good, a warm

place in the hearts of men who share his bounty—a thing of far greater moment than most people are willing to admit.

"Great benefits are conferred by the churches upon communities in the educational advantages they afford, the moral life they impart, the basial influence they exert, and the power of their associations upon individual lives in the formation of character. Every man is greatly influenced by the churches with which in early life he himself has been connected. May all blessings be the heritage of all by whose labors and sacrifices the magnificent Embury memorial enterprise has been brought to its glorious consummation!"

DEDICATION SERMON FOR BETHESDA PEOPLE'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

A. J. F. BEHRENDS, D.D.

I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me: behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there. And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in thee.—Ps. lxxxvii. 4–7.

All will agree that this psalm is not an easy one to explain. It is one of the hardest, yet, withal, one of the sweetest. It is broad in its view and triumphal in its tone. Its first verse has reference to the temple, containing the ark of the covenant, the law, the rod of Aaron, and the pot of manna. All its promises have not yet been fulfilled—all idols are not overthrown; but in Christ the process of fulfilment is going on all the time. To be a living member of the church of Christ, and to enjoy its privileges, is the highest honor God can confer on a man. In response to faith, men and women are made sons and daughters of the living God. All cannot have jewels, all cannot wear crowns. Crowns are but baubles, and, with age

and infirmities, they must be cast aside, and the wearer and the pauper lie down in the grave together and the worms cover them both. In the gospel is found the genealogy of all men, the sons of Adam, the sons of God. Through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ all are made sons and daughters of God, destined to live as long as he lives, whether in blessedness or ruin. Both soul and body shall have an unending existence, for the body is but the tabernacle of the soul. Jesus Christ took the power out of sin and was victor over the grave. The curse of the world is sin. It is no disgrace to be poor, no disgrace to lack culture, no disgrace to be ignorant; but it is a shame for any man or woman to be ignorant when a Bible, which contains the wisdom of the ages, can be obtained for five or ten cents, or for nothing. A man is successful who has provided for his family, given his children an education. As the sons of God, destined to live forever, there is nothing of which we need be ashamed but sin.

Bethesda has had a triple dedication this day. Dedication simply means the first use of anything for the purpose for which it was intended, and the gospel has been three times heard here. I bring the "God bless you" of myself and the mother-church. Although I know Bethesda is a pretty big boy, nearly ready for a cane and a high hat, it should not walk alone too soon, as it might get bow-legged, like a child that attempts to go alone too early. The mother-church will always help and pray for it.

DEDICATION HYMN.

GEORGE F. HUNTING, D.D.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
Our gracious God has led;
His shelt'ring hand has safely kept,
His rich abundance fed.

We bring the homage of our hearts,
Great Shepherd, Lord, and King,
And with united voices
A grateful tribute sing.

O holy God, O King of heaven,
Maker and Monarch thou,
Accept the tokens of our love,
And hear our earnest vow.

Behold this temple to thy praise,
Make it thy very own;
Here knit our waiting souls in one,
And bind us to thy throne.

Come, Lord, and with thy presence fill
This consecrated place;
Come, gather here through all the years
The trophies of thy grace.

"Bought with a price," Lord, we are thine,
Thine would we ever be;
With loving hearts and loyal lives
We pledge us now to thee.

INSTALLATION SERVICE.

INSTALLATION OF REV. J. M. DICKSON, D.D.,

As Pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Providence, R. I.

Charge to the Pastor.

REV. E. O. BARTLETT.

My dear Brother: You have been called to be bishop, pastor, minister, servant, ruler of this people, and it is the custom of our church—basing its rule not on the traditions of the elders nor the commands of men, but wholly on the Word of God and the practice of the apostles—on such an occasion as this, to charge the incoming pastor—to instruct him not only in regard to the scope of his ministerial duties, but as touching his entire conduct and life, even to the kind of medicine he should take if, like Timothy, he has many infirmities. And my embarrassment arises not alone in the seeming presumption of attempting to instruct one who comes to this people abundantly furnished with special intellectual and spiritual graces, and who, in another field, has made good proof of his fitness for this sacred office, but in that I am to present, however faultily and feebly, the ideal of what a minister ought to be, and that, too, when here are present members of my own flock, who will not fail to see a wide discrepancy between the ideal present and the actual fact living among them, and who, though they would not say, in the language of Shakespeare, he

> Shows us the thorny way to heaven,
> Whilst . . .
> Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

yet who will say, "If our minister has such a high ideal, why don't he make nearer approach to it?" And so, if I fail in this high argument, and do not reach your own high estimate of this sacred office, please attribute my weakness not so much to my fear of the charge of presumption in attempting to instruct you, as to my fear of the inconsistency my friends will discover between my precept and practice.

However, seeking to divest myself of the fear of man, desiring only to abide under the fear of God and the guidance of his Spirit, I will try in a humble way to follow the Scriptures, especially the apostolic method, and describe how one called to be a pastor ought to behave himself in the house of God, the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.

First, remember you are an ambassador of God. As such, "salute no man by the way." Esteem no man your superior, or rather, esteem no one as having a superior work to do. Yours is the highest office God has committed to earthen vessels. It is the most important as related to this world or the next; important, because you bear the message of the King of kings and herald the gospel that saves souls. Says Robert Hall: "Your employment is that of the Son of God: it makes no great appearance before men, but it will finally arise in majesty to overshadow all created glory." Paul said, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech [preach] by us in Christ's stead." And he urges the Ephesians to pray for him, that, though an ambassador in bonds, he might speak boldly as an ambassador of God ought to speak.

Speak boldly, with the courage of one whose inspiration and authority come from heaven. Fear no man; be under the dominion of no man or clique of men, for that bringeth a snare. Take counsel with God; and then come into this pul-

pit unshamed to preach his truth, and his truth only, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. Declare the whole counsel of God—the unpalatable truths of revelation, its stern declarations, as well as its sweet and joyous and gentle promises and incitements to virtuous and heavenly living. There is a tendency in these days to present only one side of the gospel. The threatenings and penalties announced by Christ and his apostles appeal to the lower and more ignoble elements of man's nature, and, while the terrors of the law may have been used with great effect in the dark ages and in childhood, they are altogether futile in influencing men in this later and nobler era of human nature. In our day humanity has been lifted into a richer and broader life, and men are not now to be driven by fear. They can only be led by love. We are therefore to hold up only one side of the gospel, only one side of the shield of truth. It will do no good to turn the dark and frowning side of law and penalty, of judgment and punishment, though found upon almost every page of the New Testament. And so the pulpit must give forth a monotone of love, a pathetic strain of music, a cradle-song of lullaby with which to quiet anxious thoughts and dark forebodings. The preacher who would reach men and rouse them into action must preach only the gospel of humanity, and magnify only the mercy and love and holiness and beauty of the divine Being. He must not degrade the Source of all good, impugning his Fatherhood by dwelling upon his severity, immaculate justice, and eternal law. Now it must be admitted that there is in all this a grain of truth, and the change that has taken place within the last twenty-five years in the religious taste or appetite of evangelical churches for the love rather than the law side of the New Testament is a real progress. But the pendulum swings to the other side. If our fathers dwelt too much upon the penalty of the law, and did not give sufficient prominence to the tender and emotive side of Christianity, it cannot be denied that in our day we are verging toward the other extreme and presenting only a one-sided

gospel—a gospel of salvation with nothing to be saved from. It is all love and no law, all mercy and no justice. Christ preached a gospel of love and pardon and mercy, clearly, beautifully, sweetly, and most tenderly, but he also preached a gospel of law and penalty and retribution and judgment to come. I charge you to preach the whole gospel, both sides of the gospel, and the only way of escape through faith in Christ.

And do not preach any more than the gospel. Accept the declaration of John Robinson to our Pilgrim fathers: "The Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word;" for, however great the learning of our age, it has not yet penetrated all the depths of the Bible. But the point is that as stewards of the mysteries of God we are not to go beyond and speculate upon unrevealed and possible dealings of God in another world. This world holds out salvation to those who repent now, in this present time, and it is neither ours to speculate nor preach upon any possible salvation in another state of existence. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." There is no hope of reconciliation held out in the Bible for to-morrow, nor in eternity. It is now. "Now is the day of salvation." To this our commission as preachers of Christ's salvation is confined; and to this present duty of repentance and faith in Christ I charge you to hold all who look to you for instruction in the way of salvation.

Study the Word. Know it, believe it, and preach it with your whole heart. It is not only the sword that can pierce all adversaries, it is the power that can draw all men. You are to stand in this pulpit not to preach philosophy and teach history, but to tell the everlasting gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And you are not to seek to fill these seats and crowd aisles by any of those inventions that would substitute for the direct preaching of the Word of God what are sometimes called popular subjects. The most popular subject, that which every man needs to be told, and told time and again, is his

utter sinfulness before God, and his immediate and absolute need of a divine and all-sufficient Saviour. It is the old, old story that can and will most intensely interest the masses of men. "The common people heard him gladly." And the way to reach the masses to-day is to hold up Christ, and Christ only. I care not how many "itching ears" there may be, nor how large the multitudes that will not endure sound doctrine, there is no doctrine that has such permanent interest for the common people as the doctrine of Christ. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." If you would hold this people, and do them permanent good, and multiply their numbers till there shall not be room enough in these walls to receive them, preach Christ, and him crucified. Determine to know nothing among this people—preach nothing to them—save Christ and the glories of his salvation; and with the blessing of God's Holy Spirit the multitude shall flock here to the standard of Christ as doves to their windows.

Be tender, sympathetic, with nothing of arrogance or assumption in your manner or matter; only that earnestness which comes from a hearty faith in the great truths you utter. Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, but in a kind spirit and with a mild temper, with entire candor, avoiding all that tends to provoke and irritate, seeking at all times to preserve "the bond of peace."

Do not become entangled overmuch with the secular affairs of the church, nor with society, nor politics, nor in writing for the papers. "It is not reason that we should leave the Word of God, and serve tables." We have something better to do—something far more important; and if you meet the demands of this pulpit, here making full proof of your ministry, it will tax all your energies and all your time. I know there is much said about the minister and scholar in politics and at the caucus, and the duty of our sacred calling to the state and to the great questions that agitate our lawmakers, and that we must get outside of our pulpit if we would exert the full power of our influence upon the times in which we live; but, however

this may be, there is no place where a minister can speak with such influence and with such authority as in the pulpit where Christ has placed him, and as leader of the hosts of Israel in the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. And the great need of politics and of the state and of society and literature is the leavening power of the pure gospel; and if we preach that and live it, we need have no misgivings but that our personal influence, be it little or great, will be felt all through the body politic. What we need to do is, not to strive to make men Republicans, nor third-party men, nor caucus men, but Christians. Get the heart right and all the issues of life will become righteous, and men will think right and vote right and act right and legislate right, and the state will become right, and we shall be that great and happy and peculiar people whose God is the Lord and whom he hath chosen for his inheritance.

My brother, the time is short, and I have hardly touched the hem of the garment with which this church and this council invests you to-night. Be a gospel preacher, a Bible preacher, a tender, sympathetic preacher, and only a gospel preacher; be a praying preacher. Remember this people is your charge, and as the high priest bore the names of the tribes of Israel into the holy of holies, you are to bear this people to the throne of grace. It will be a tender thought to them if they know that when you are absent from them you are still praying for them, and that, like another Moses, you stand as an intercessor between God and his people.

It is an infinitely precious truth that the Good Shepherd calleth his own sheep by name; so let the under-shepherd know his flock. Let him be a frequent visitor in their homes; and, if possible, in these days of hurry, when fashion is so apt to override the simplicity of the gospel and dictate social laws to religion, pray in the homes of your people and talk familiarly with them on personal religion. There are some departments of industry, even in these days of multiform labor-saving inventions, where no machinery can do the work of human

hands. It is so in religion. It is a personal work. Christ called his disciples one by one, and so he does to-day. Without diminishing one particle of the power of the pulpit—rather magnifying it a thousandfold, as I fully believe it can be and ought to be—I still hold that to be effectual it must be supplemented by the personal work of both pastor and people.

But I must close; though, as I dwell on one theme, the sphere of the ministry, I seem only to have begun; and so if I could embrace it all in one sentence I would say, "Be yourself the gospel, the living epistle known and read of all men." "Silver and gold have I none," said Peter to the lame man as he entered the temple; "but such as I have give I thee." And that was all he could give. We can give to others only what we possess ourselves. See to it that it is the pure gospel, the divine light, that you possess, that, on walking before this people in the love of Christ, in hearing your voice they may hear him, and in following you they shall follow him who is able to keep you from falling, and finally present you and those he has and shall give you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

Right Hand of Fellowship.

REV. J. H. LYON.

My dear Brother: It is a pleasant duty that has been assigned to me. I have been commissioned to present to you the Christian salutation of the churches, bidding you welcome among us in the name of Christ, and assuring you of our cordial fellowship.

We salute you as a fellow-believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and pledge ourselves to you for his sake. Because you belong to him we open our hearts to you, and because you come to speak for him we shall hear your message.

We greet you, also, as coming to us from another denomination, and not less acceptable on that account. It is an

honorable communion from which you have come. We have great respect for it. And we are glad that ministers of Christ can pass so freely from one denomination to another in these days, showing thus the unity of all true believers. It is our wish that you may find it pleasant to work in the Congregational fold and among churches that embody in their peculiar organization the principles of simplicity and freedom and strength.

We welcome you because we perceive the grace that has been given unto you to preach the glorious gospel, and because we recognize in the action of this church the call of God to do that work here in the midst of the churches composing this council. We believe that we are obeying our Master, the head of the church, in thus welcoming you, and we rejoice with this church in the evident token of the Lord's goodness to them, believing that they were guided by the Holy Spirit in choosing you as their pastor and teacher, and that you by the same heavenly leading have been persuaded to yield to their call.

Therefore we heartily welcome you to Pilgrim Church in the city of Providence. Here you will find loyal followers of the earlier Pilgrims, who will hold up your hands. Good foundations have been laid here. It is an exceedingly interesting and hopeful field. Pilgrim Church has a warm place in the hearts of the churches of Rhode Island, and we shall make room for the new pastor too. We congratulate you, also, on coming to a church which has a flourishing Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. It will make your heart glad, and keep you from running against the deadline. We congratulate you on coming to a church which is honored with the presence of a retired pastor whose genial and holy fellowship will cheer your soul, and whose prayers and influence will greatly help your work. And we welcome you to all our churches, and to our various organizations for denominational benefit and general work. We welcome you to our homes, and to social intercourse with us in the various

walks of life. We are glad that you have come. To you and your household we present sincere greetings of Christian fellowship and hospitality.

And as a token that we mean what we say I give you this living and warm right hand. You see that it is warm, brother, that it has blood in it, and that it has a grip. Accept it as the sign and assurance of our Christian fellowship. "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." May you be filled with the Spirit. In everything may you be enriched by him—in all utterance and in all knowledge—so that you come behind in no gift. "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord," and unto fellowship with us his servants.

Charge to the People.

REV. ALEXANDER McGREGOR.

My dear Friends: I have been requested to address you briefly, in view of the new relationship into which you have, as pastor and people, this day publicly entered.

Paul's charge to the Thessalonians furnishes a good digest of what such a relationship postulates: "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. And be at peace among yourselves." I will not attempt any formal exposition of these words, but simply content myself with the presentation of a few informal thoughts, which I hope will prove germane to the occasion. First, however, let me congratulate you as a church upon the gift you receive this day, in the person of your pastor, from the great Head of the church himself. Such a gift the New Testament characterizes as an ascension gift, and therefore it is both precious and reasonable. In the Epistle to the Ephesians we read: "He *gave* some, apostles; and some,

prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Princely gifts these! What a stir is made among men when so-called princely gifts are made to some good cause! Not many months ago, in this very city, in one of our sister churches, the announcement of the "Hand legacy" to the treasury of the American Missionary Association produced no small sensation. Enthusiasm ran high, and very properly so; for behind the money loomed up to the vision of faith and hope the activities of the sowing and the reaping which the vista of the second century of our national existence under organized government so auspiciously presents. Were our eyes opened to see fully what the gift of a pastor *from* the Lord carries in its train we would promptly break forth into singing and rejoice together. David could not be restrained in the moment of his conscious blessing from rejoicing before the Lord, but broke forth into demonstrations of joy far from agreeable to those who could not participate in the same. Indeed, prophets and holy men and women of old, moved with a sense of divine favors, again and again rejoiced before the Lord, to the cadence of the Magnificat, as for substance they sang, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. He hath holpen his servants, in remembrance of his mercy." For myself, also, I was brought up to regard services such as we have been sharers in here to-day as partaking largely of the *nuptial* element, and so a time of rejoicing, when it is in order for the friends of the bridegroom to lift up their voices together and say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" But alas, alas! a change has come over the spirit of this dream, for changed times have brought, very largely, changed manners. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," that in our own "little Rhody" it is seemingly as easy to secure a ministerial divorce as a matrimonial one, which in all good conscience is saying a

great deal. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," that such a state of things is not confined to Rhode Island alone. Of the pastoral tie, as of the matrimonial, it behooves us to repeat—it is sacred, and "therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God." It is truly lamentable to see how unceremoniously, how wantonly, what we declare as "joined together of God" is "put asunder" by man. In this matter I fear the Spirit in our day loudly speaks to the churches, saying, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy *first* love." Peradventure the special "reason why" for such laxity of conduct may be found in the comparatively low estimate set, in some religions, upon the gift of the ministry, and which ignores the fact that a pastor sought *of* the Lord is a gift *from* the Lord. When the church in any day, or in any place, instead of receiving its teachers as called, qualified, and ordained of God to this service, assumes to be as master to servant, offering its "penny," which may be continued or withdrawn at pleasure, then it introduces what will infallibly poison all spiritual life and reduce the fellowship of the church with its teachers from the spiritual to a mercantile basis. But, brethren, we are persuaded better things of you, as we know your willingness to suffer the word of exhortation, which covers the ground we have sought to go over: "See that he may be with you *without fear*."

But again, may I not presume that I commend myself to you when I say that the essential part of your pastor's power to teach and guide *must* be derived from your consent and desire to submit to his guidance? It is only as you have life and health that you can bear a ministry of life. When you are in good condition you will call for strong meat—for the very nourishment which your dyspeptic mood may loathe. Covet, then, my brethren, to be thus prosperous in soul, and so our desire on your behalf will have special significance as with the Apostle, we say, "I wish above all things that you may prosper and be in health, even as your souls prosper."

It is no light burden which is placed to-day upon your pastor's shoulders—to feed and guide this flock. It is not a burden for the shoulders of a child, and yet, if the recent deliverances of sections of the religious press of the land are worthy to be put in evidence, we are to conclude that the spirit of the times says that it does *not* desire that "days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." Were it not so serious a matter it would be amusing to make a study of the capricious taste, which is ostensibly on the increase in the churches, which resolves the dead-line of usefulness in the ministry of the Word to so variable and compressible a quantity. But a truce to this; for, with open Bible in hand, days will speak, and that with the wisdom which is pure and peaceable, and declare without fear of gainsaying that "woe is to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." Thank God, your pastor is no novice, but comes to you prepared to shoulder his burden, having made proof of his ministry elsewhere. As a scribe well instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, he will, for your profit, bring forth out of his treasure things new and old. In this capacity, beloved, you will "receive him in the Lord with all joy, and hold such in honor." There is no call to enter in detail upon the duties you owe your pastor, seeing the hints I venture to give are less with the view to instruct than to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance."

It will then be borne in mind that your pastor's success depends upon the extent to which you will sustain him by your prayers and practical coöperation. He has not yet to learn that personally he must see God's face before he undertakes any duty; but when he has prayed the most his spirit will yet the more turn to you with these words: "Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf." Such an appeal will surely not be made by him to you in vain. If ye stand fast in this grace your pastor will live, and the pleasure of the Lord will prosper in his hand. Not alone to prayer must your pastor give him-

self, but he must likewise "give heed to reading, to exhortation, to teaching, . . . to be diligent in these things, that his progress may be manifest unto all." This will require both time and opportunity, neither of which, I am persuaded, you will be disposed to deny him, seeing you well know that when he ceases to learn he will become unfit to teach. It is an open secret that well-fed people, as a rule, can be easily gotten along with; and so it *will pay* not to muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth the corn. In helping to furnish his library with the smelting and the molding tools, depend upon it, your eyes will be gladdened with the legend stamped upon the knowledge gleaned from every field, cunningly devised by his hand—"Holiness unto the Lord."

When you thus discover that in his workshop the God who filled Bezaleel of old with "the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge," has similarly blessed your pastor, you will not fear to tell him so. You have not received the spirit of bondage to the idea that commending him may lead to his thinking too highly of himself, "but the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," which can have "compassion on some, making a difference."

In your pastor's plans and methods of Christian work you will cultivate the spirit of unquestioning confidence. If, indeed, you should differ somewhat in judgment concerning these, you will at least "endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Rest assured that, in the effect of every church life, what the church *is* in this respect as well as in every respect, goes for more than what it *does*. The work of the ministry is *his* life-work, and he will live in it and for it intensely. Of you, from day to day, he will say, "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye? Ye are our glory and joy." Moved with such motives, impelled with such a spirit, what deference is due to his feelings and judgment when he pursues earnestly after accomplishing grander things than have ever been wrought among you, toward crowning his Master with many crowns! Finally, then,

in the words of Moses to the people concerning Joshua, let me say to you, "Encourage him."

This, among many other ways, you can do by regular and constant attendance upon his ministry, and always in the spirit voicing itself thus: "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God;" by such interest in his family as will lead you to cluster round it in times of sorrow and of joy, as well as by a jealous regard for his good name at home and abroad. *So do*, and with God's blessing both he and you, in the day of Christ, shall have occasion to "joy before God according to the joy in harvest." The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

A CHARGE

TO THE REV. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.,

AT HIS INSTALLATION AS PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 10, 1891, BY PROFESSOR DUFFIELD.

MY SON, AND BROTHER IN CHRIST AND IN HIS MINISTRY: With an affectionate interest in your welfare, and a deep sense of the responsibility of the work in which we are co-laborers, I undertake the duty providentially assigned me on this occasion. Fourteen years ago it was my privilege to unite in ordaining you to your life-work as a minister of Jesus Christ. That ordination was not a mere outward form or empty ceremony. What was symbolized by the imposition of the hands of the presbytery was, I doubt not, realized, and you received of the Lord in that holy ordinance a special gift of the Holy Ghost for the special work of the holy ministry. During these intervening years you have experienced the fulfilment of the promise which accompanied your commission: "Lo, I am with

you." By his providence and Spirit the Master has been with you in your ministry. He is with you now, as you enter on the duties of this new and important field of labor. In the call which you received and accepted this church and presbytery were but his instruments, and you may enter on your work with the conviction that of this charge, not church nor presbytery, but the Holy Ghost hath made you overseer. Your history to this hour has been a providential preparation for this hour. Your descent from an ancestry who on both lines for half a dozen generations in this country, and I know not how many more abroad, learned at a mother's knee that "man's chief end was to glorify God"; your knowledge from childhood of the Holy Scriptures and of the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures; your early acceptance of the Saviour of sinners as your Saviour, and your training, intellectual, moral, spiritual, at home and school and college and seminary; your experience thus far in the ministry—these have been a providential preparation for this hour and for the work before you.

1. In the fulfilment of the duty assigned me I charge you to appreciate *the dignity of your high vocation as a minister of Jesus Christ.* Let an abiding sense of its solemn responsibilities continually influence and control your heart and life.

Ever remember you are *an ambassador of Christ.* You have received a commission from the King of kings to be *his* representative, and to minister in his name to your fellow-men.

You are *a steward of the mysteries of God.* Treasures more precious than silver or gold have been committed to your trust—"the mysteries of God," by which inspired expression we are to understand truths to the knowledge of which man could never have attained by reason or the light of nature, but which God hath revealed in his holy Word; truths which, though revealed, "the natural man receiveth not, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;" truths pertaining to *God*, whom "the world by wisdom"—that is, by

the reason—never knew; truths pertaining to *Christ*, who came into this world which he had made, and it knew him not; truths pertaining to *man*—his origin by immediate divine agency, his spiritual nature made in the divine image, his fall and consequent death in sin, his duty to God, his immortality, and his destiny; truths pertaining to *sin*—its ill-desert, its hell-desert, and the crowning truth of the divine plan of salvation from sin by redemption—these priceless truths have been intrusted to your stewardship to use for the salvation of men and for God's glory.

Further, you are a bishop of the holy catholic church, scripturally ordained and divinely commissioned to preach the gospel, to administer the holy sacraments, and to take part in the ordination of others to the holy ministry; an overseer of souls and of the interests of Christ's kingdom; and in the exercise of the episcopal functions of your office it is your duty, to the measure of your ability and opportunity, to extend that kingdom, to defend it, and to "watch for souls as one who must give account."

And you are, once more, a divinely appointed pastor. This flock has been committed to your charge by "the chief Shepherd." In view of these and other high functions of your holy office I charge you—"not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth"—"take heed to thyself, and be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

2. I charge you further to keep constantly in view *the end for which the holy office of the ministry was instituted:* no lower end, no other end, than that for which the Son of God became incarnate—*to save sinners.* "I came," said he, "to seek and to save that which was lost." Paul's first "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation," is, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." To this blessed work let all the powers and faculties of your body and mind be consecrated. You may have other duties in other relations in life, other interests that are duly to be cared for, but to this great work

of *saving men* all other duties, all other interests should be subordinate. "One thing I do" was the motto of the model minister of Jesus Christ, and he "became all things to all men, that by all means he might save some."

3. I call your attention particularly to the two main functions of your holy office:

First, to "preach," to "preach the gospel," to "preach the gospel to every creature." The oral proclamation of the gospel is the chief means whereby Christ communicateth to men the benefits of redemption.

As the central object in the gospel plan of salvation is *Jesus Christ*, to "preach the gospel" is to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

As the culminating fact in Christ's redeeming work was his atoning death upon the cross, to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ" is to preach "*Christ crucified*, to the Jew a stumbling-block, to the Greek foolishness; but to them who believe, the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

As unregenerate men are "dead in trespasses and sins"—having no appreciation of their need and danger—preaching the gospel includes preaching those truths that by the accompanying power of the Holy Spirit will convince of sin, of righteousness, of judgment, and the impending doom of everlasting death.

As the salvation of the gospel is a salvation from the power of sin as well as from its penalty, preaching the gospel includes exhortation to a walk becoming the gospel of Christ, who died to redeem "unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

As "*all Scripture* is given by the inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness," we are therefore commanded to "preach *the Word*," "not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the Word of God." This is "the sword of the Spirit," and when rightly wielded he maketh it "living, powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing

asunder of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

But all Scripture is not equally profitable, nor is any Scripture alike profitable to all, or to any at all times. Paul therefore reminds Timothy that "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" will rightly *divide* "the word of truth"—that is, will distribute it wisely, giving to different Scriptures their due prominence relatively to time and place and circumstance. Compare Paul's discourse in the synagogue at Lystra with his discourse on Mars' Hill to the Athenians, and you will understand how to the Jews he became a Jew, to gain the Jews; to them that are without law, without law, to gain them that are without law.

The intellectual and social and religious life of any community in this age is a different thing not only from what it was in apostolic days, but from what it was right here a half or even a quarter of a century ago. Men in business recognize this and act accordingly. Men who aspire to be leaders in public affairs recognize it and act accordingly. And the minister of Christ should take into account "the spirit of the age"; not always to conform to it—often, it may be, to resist it—but with sanctified common sense.

The age is intensely practical, and little influenced by formalism or cant or dead orthodoxy or the perfunctory performance of ministerial duty. It appreciates preaching that is direct, unaffected, solemn, sincere; that is adapted to the spiritual wants of men; that presents the profound yet precious truths of our holy religion not in the terminology of the schools, but in the language of familiar speech, and presents them with an earnestness due to a conviction of their vital importance, and an anxious solicitude for the salvation of those addressed.

To meet the demands of your position will require systematic, diligent, and protracted study—especially the study of the Word of God. This is our only weapon, and to wield this "sword of the Spirit" successfully the soldier of Jesus Christ

must *know* it—must know it intellectually; must know it experimentally—must know from his own experience that it is the living Word of the living God. Appropriate the best hours of every day, and enough of them, to preparation for ministerial service; and remember that to have power in the pulpit much of your preparation must be made upon your knees.

Second, to this church and congregation you are under solemn obligations to fulfil all the duties of a faithful shepherd of His flock—feeding, guarding, guiding, ministering specially to each according to his or her special need; strengthening the weak, reclaiming the wandering, caring tenderly for the young, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, presenting the consolations of our holy religion to the bereaved, and pointing the dying to Him who giveth the victory over death. It is in the faithful discharge of these duties that the minister of Christ is most Christlike. He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"; he "went about doing good"; he laid "down his life for the sheep." At our Lord's farewell interview with his disciples, "knowing that all things had been given into his hands, and that he came from God, and went to God; he riseth from supper, and girded himself with a towel, and poured water into a basin, and washed the disciples' feet." And he said to them, "Know ye what I have done to you? I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." And he added—remember it—"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

Appropriate a due portion of your time to pastoral work, and cultivate such a personal acquaintance with every member of your charge—the lowliest and the youngest as well as the more prominent—that in their afflictions and temptations, which sooner or later come to all, they will feel that they have in you a sympathizing friend to whom they may tell the heart-bitterness "with which a stranger intermeddleth not," assured of your interest, your friendly counsel, and your prayers.

Have special care for the children of the church. Aid and

encourage those who are aiding and encouraging you by work in the Sunday-schools. Let preaching to the children have a recognized place in the public services of the sanctuary. Remember that children of believing parents are members of the church by birth; that they do not become members by receiving the sacraments, but receive the sacrament of baptism in infancy because of their membership; and "when they arrive at years of discretion, if they be sober and steady in their lives, and have sufficient knowledge to discern the Lord's body, they are to be informed that it is their duty and their privilege to come to the table of the Lord."

While efforts to awaken the careless and to guide the inquirer will occupy a prominent place in your public ministrations, it is the experience of successful winners of souls that their most effective work is in personal private interviews; as one has expressed it, "his church was largely made up of *hand-picked* Christians."

The tendency at the present day is to the fuller development of the practical side of Christianity—concerted endeavor to promote the temporal as well as the spiritual well-being of men. With all such effort judiciously directed you will heartily sympathize and coöperate. There is another tendency prevalent at the present day—to eliminate the supernatural from Christianity and reduce the church of Christ to the level of a society for ethical culture. The church of Christ is such a society, but it is more. It inculcates not only morality, but holiness; and in its faith in the supernatural presents not only the most powerful, but the only enduring incentive to holy living. Paul's last faithful saying—that in the Epistle to Titus—is not the simple declaration that believers should "maintain good works." The faithful saying is what precedes—"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by faith, we should be made heirs of eternal life." *This*

is the "faithful saying," and these the things which Paul enjoins constantly to affirm, *in order that* "they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works." The faithful preaching and hearty reception of the doctrines of salvation by grace, justification by faith, regeneration by the Holy Ghost—a supernatural salvation by a supernatural Saviour, a supernatural recreation by a supernatural Creator—such preaching and believing leads to holiness.

The models in your ministerial work whom I commend to your study and imitation are, first of all, *the Master*. He is saying to you to-night, as he said to the fishermen at the Sea of Galilee, "Follow me, and I will make you a fisher of men." With all the crafty skill of experienced fishermen they had toiled all night and caught nothing. By his direction they once more cast their nets, and they were immediately filled with a multitude of fishes. The labors in our own wisdom or strength will be fruitless. To be successful we must follow and imitate the Master. Study the manner as well as the matter of his teaching, in public and in private, in the synagogue or by the wayside, in the social circle or when alone with his disciples, on festive occasions and in the presence of the dead, to scribes and Pharisees, or to publicans and sinners; study his exposition of Old Testament Scripture, his reference to the fulfilment of prophecy, his use of proverb and parable, of apt and even homely illustration; study his teaching not only to learn what he taught, but why it was that "the common people heard him gladly"; what the secret of the attraction that "drew publicans and sinners near to hear him." And be reminded that Christ's ministry, while not exclusively, was mainly among the poor. The text of his first sermon in the synagogue of Nazareth was, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me to preach the gospel to the poor." If preaching does not reach the poor, whatever else may be said of it, it unquestionably is not Christlike.

How to reach the masses of non-church-goers, poor or rich, is the problem which confronts the church at the present day,

especially in our large cities. I shall not discuss that problem. It will not, however, be inconsistent for me to remind you that while your first duty is to "feed the flock of which the Holy Ghost has made you overseer," it is also your duty to gather those who are without into the fold. The terms of your commission are not, "Preach the gospel twice on the Sabbath and once during the week to those who are willing to pay for it," but, "Preach the gospel to every creature." Whatever else is implied in this, it certainly includes this: throw open the doors of the sanctuary to all who are willing to enter. This is God's house; it has been consecrated to him, and held in trust by church and congregation for the promotion of his glory in the salvation of sinners; and every sinner in this city, low or high, poor or rich, vile or saintly, and the stranger within the city's gates, should feel that it is his privilege to enter here and share the blessings. Yea, further, when in the parable they who were first bidden to the "great supper" did not come, the master of the house said to his servant, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." And when this was done and yet there was room, the Lord said, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." The minister of Christ, and all who are associated with him, should make diligent use of all legitimate means to bring to the gospel feast those who are perishing through lack of the bread of life and the water of life.

I have directed you to Christ as above all others the model whom you should imitate. And yet there are certain respects in which our divine Lord and Master cannot be to us an example, just because he is our Lord and Master, and because he is divine. Much of the spiritual life consists of exercises which have Christ for their object. In all these, and in preaching about these, Christ himself cannot directly, at least, be to us an example. Again, the source of his spiritual strength was in himself; our strength, if we have any that may be called

our own, is derived from him. How desirable is it to have an example whom we may safely imitate in the person of one having not only our human nature, but our fallen human nature; knowing from experience not only infirmity, but depravity; not only weakness, but wickedness; self-helpless as ourselves to endure trial, to resist temptation, to overcome the evil one without and within! It would seem as if God, in the exercise of his sovereign love, had raised up Saul of Tarsus to occupy this high position—to be to the church and to the ministry in all subsequent time an example in those respects in which our divine Redeemer could not be an example, just because he is our Redeemer, and is divine. Of all the saints in the calendar of the Old or New Testaments, Paul is the only one whom the spirit of inspiration has made it our duty to imitate. We are under not merely the ordinary obligation to imitate what is good in Paul as we should what is good in any man, but we are under the special obligation of an express command to make his life our study and his character our example. Paul's life after his conversion was an inspired epistle—not the least valuable he has given to the churches—and in your study of the Word study that living epistle for your instruction and imitation.

Be Pauline in your *theology*. Paul taught no doctrine that is not elsewhere taught in the Holy Scriptures; but no other of the sacred writers has presented so fully and distinctly the system of doctrine contained in the Holy Scriptures, and no other has so illustrated and emphasized the connection between doctrine and life, between faith and practice, between truth and duty. If one's theology is not Pauline, whatever else may be said of it, it unquestionably is not scriptural.

Be Pauline in your *consecration to Christ's service.* From his arrest on the way to Damascus until he finished his course in martyrdom, his one inquiry was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And *that he did*, with the singleness of aim and the strenuous, persistent effort of an athlete running for a prize.

To be Pauline in your consecration you must learn the secret of that uniquely, supremely consecrated life. What was it that made Paul in labors so abundant; that enabled him to glory in tribulations, in distresses, in persecutions for Christ's sake; to count not his life dear unto himself, that he might fulfil the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus? We have the secret of that grand, model life in the notable declaration in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "The love of Christ constraineth us." And again in the Epistle to the Galatians: "I am crucified with Christ;" "He loved me, he gave himself for me;" "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Be Pauline, also, in your *expectation of the coming of the Lord.* Whatever question may be raised as to the faith of the apostolic church on other subjects, there is no question as to the faith of Paul and the other apostles and the apostolic church in the literal return of the Lord Jesus to this earth. Nor is there any question that they believed that for aught that was revealed he might come in their day; not that he certainly would come, but that for aught that was revealed he *might* come in their day; and they accordingly lived in longing expectation of "the glorious appearing." And next to the constraining influence of the love of Christ no single consideration was more powerful as an incentive to holy living, to the patient endurance of suffering, and to vigilance and fidelity in Christ's service.

Make the great Apostle to the Gentiles, next to the Master, your model as a Christian man and as a minister of Christ, and when the time of your departure shall have come you may be able to say with him, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

And may your relation to those over whom you are installed

as pastor ever be such that you can say to them, as Paul to the church at Thessalonica: "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" *Princeton Press.*

INSTALLATION OF THE REV. F. M. ELLIS, D.D.,

As Pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, February 10, 1895.

The beautiful and large edifice was filled in every part. On the platform was an array of Baptist preachers who were to take part, and in the audience were many other clergymen and prominent laymen. The Rev. Dr. Daniel Eddy presided. After the invocation, a hymn, and an anthem, the Rev. Cortland Myers read the Scriptures. The opening prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. John H. Gunning, and the Rev. Dr. H. M. Gallaher preached from Isaiah lxiii. 1: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." In part Dr. Gallaher said: "More than twenty years ago—how time passes!—my schoolmate, Frank Ellis, preached for me in the old First Church in Nassau Street. His text was, 'Mighty to save.' His sermon made a deep impression on me; it sank deep; and I made up my mind that if I ever got a chance I would pay him back. I have two dozen minutes allotted me, and I must confine my preachment to that time. I must throw aside the introduction, and speak of 'saved'—the key-word, the hinge-word, the cardinal word. O my Master, how powerful to save! He saves weak people, suffering, afflicted, sorrowful people. We are not to preach people from hell, but hell out of people; not to save into heaven, but make us heaven. There can be no heaven without good men. The thing we need most is to be saved from

ourselves. Christ saves us by his teaching. Nothing is demanded of any man which Christ did not do. He saves us by the things he freely gives us—who has time to go over them? He is Saviour, Friend, anything. He counsels us to cease to do evil and learn to do well. That is the great command. Christ saves us by showing us the sweet reasonableness of God's demands, the inestimable blessings that come to us. He helps us all to forget our past. He saves us by the offering of himself, by the redemption wrought out for us, by his intercession. He saves us to the uttermost, completely, perfectly, everlastingly."

The Rev. Dr. W. C. P. Rhoades made the installation prayer, and then the Rev. A. A. Cameron extended the right hand of fellowship, saying, among other things: "MY DEAR BROTHER: The welcomes of this hour are but the echo of the past well dones. Our welcome in heaven will be the echo of well dones here on earth. There is a large Christian heart in this city that attracts men of large heart, and we thank the great Head of the church for sending you here. You will find here warm hearts and helping hands. The Baptist churches and the Baptist ministry form a goodly company, and we welcome you. We all feel you will be an inspiration."

Rev. Dr. John Humpstone gave the charge to the pastor, saying in brief: "I am glad this union is consummated. I am called upon to charge the pastor, but I would rather do that which I am not set down to do—welcome him; but I will do that with both hands and all my heart. Why should I charge Dr. Ellis? The West, the East, the South, all know his unusual power. He needs no counsel from me. All know his devotion to Christ and to missions. He comes to us not as a raw recruit, but as an experienced workman. I refuse to charge him. It would be wasted breath. But this much I say: Be true to the past—your own past. Be true to God's truth. Be true to the future. God has much light to bring out of his truth. Our Lord is marching on. Keep step with him."

In giving the charge to the church Dr. Eddy said: "Washington Avenue Baptist Church does not need a charge. It has had the wisdom and grace to pass by the thousand and one boy preachers who would have been glad to fill this place —the veal of the gospel ministry—and get a man of mature years, not an unknown man, not a man without a record. This church has a glorious history. There are one or two things I should like to charge upon you. Give your pastor every opportunity to develop his spiritual nature. Give him something to preach to besides black-walnut pews. He needs the presence of the bodies and brains of the people. Empty pews make empty sermons, which are worse. Don't lower the standard. Don't consider your minister exclusively your own. Let him go abroad to build up the kingdom, wherever opportunity presents itself, as a preacher of God and a servant of Christ."

The Rev. Dr. Robert B. Hull welcomed Dr. Ellis on behalf of the Baptist ministry, saying he had a record of duty nobly performed. He was a brother known of God's people and beloved by them, and—he said it reverently—he was a brother known of the Master and beloved by him. All knew his loyal words for Christ and his church. All knew his ministry, and all indorsed the choice of the church; and all were glad he was here, because all knew him and he knew all.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE Christian young people of our time have been greatly interested in several organizations for work auxiliary to the church, by means of which they have developed various forms of practical assistance to one another, as well as cultivated effectively their own Christian character and increased their general Christian activity.

The *Young Men's Christian Association* is the oldest of these societies, having been first organized by Mr.—now Sir—George Williams, a London business man, in 1844. Mr. Williams formed the society for the benefit of the clerks and other young men with whom he came in daily contact. Many similar associations were soon formed, and the organization extended to America and other lands. A jubilee convention was held in Exeter Hall, London, in June, 1894; it was reported that there were then in operation as many as 5000 branches, with 500,000 members, in sixteen different countries. Queen Victoria expressed, in 1894, her appreciation of the national value of the organization by conferring upon its founder the honor of knighthood.

The International Committee in 1894 issued the following additional statistics for the United States: In 1866 there were less than 100 Associations, with a membership of not more than 15,000; now there are 1439 Associations, with a total membership of 246,000. Then there was one Association building, valued at $11,000; now there are 284, worth $12,591,000.

Then the total net property amounted to $90,000; now it amounts to $14,208,043. Then there were less than a dozen young men giving their entire time to the work; now there are 1279 secretaries and assistants. Then less than $50,000 were contributed annually for local, and only $522 for general (international and State) work; now $2,138,000 are given yearly for the former, and $196,000 for the latter purpose. Then there was nothing done for special classes of young men, such as college students, railroad employees, etc.; now there are 428 college associations, 96 railroad associations, 11 German associations, 39 colored associations, and 24 Indian associations.

There are over 28,000 Bible and Bible-training class sessions for young men only, annually; 63,000 prayer, gospel, and praise meetings for young men only, annually; 5221 lectures and entertainments and 4045 sociables given annually; 20,526 different students in the educational classes; 656 libraries, with 470,662 volumes; 841 reading-rooms; over 65,000 visits to the rooms daily; 499 gymnasiums; 187 literary societies; 12,304 situations secured annually; 266 boys' departments.

A *Young Women's Christian Association* was organized in New York as early as 1857, and similar societies have been formed in many cities, and now carry on a most important work in securing homes, employment, instruction, and other help for young women.

FIFTY YEARS OLD.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

BEFORE saying a word or two respecting the Young Men's Christian Association and its early history I cannot refrain from expressing my warmest admiration for the Society of Christian Endeavor, and my hearty sympathy with it. Its wonderfully rapid growth and very wide-spread usefulness are,

I think, almost without parallel in the history of religious societies. May God continue to bless abundantly this instrument for the salvation and spiritual upbuilding of young people throughout the world.

Now, with reference to the Young Men's Christian Association, I can scarcely say anything but what is already before the English-speaking world as to its origin and development. I regard its beginning as the work of the Holy Spirit, who put into the hearts and minds of a dozen godly young men in a business house at 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, London, in the year 1844, to see what could be done to rescue from sin their fellow-workers.

On the 6th of June, in 1844, the first gathering took place in a small room at the above address, in which it was decided to form "a society for improving the spiritual condition of young men engaged in the drapery and other trades." The number present at this meeting was only twelve, and the sum contributed—which I may term the foundation-stone of the Young Men's Christian Association treasury—was thirteen shillings.

The infant society, upon becoming known in the Establishment, was, as may be supposed, the subject of much ridicule, and was regarded as altogether Utopian. We used to hold a weekly meeting in a room at a coffee-house in Ludgate Hill, for which we paid a weekly rental of two shillings and sixpence.

By the winter of the same year (1844) seventy members were enrolled, and at the public meeting one hundred and sixty-one persons were present. In order to show how the influence of the young Association was beginning to be felt I may mention that in one business house there had been sixteen conversions, and a missionary society was founded which had raised no less than fifty pounds for the spread of the gospel.

In the spring of the following year a second social meeting was held at a small hotel in the city, which three hundred persons attended. Addresses were delivered by an eminent

divine, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who presided, and by others. The following hymn of Charles Wesley's, which, in the light of later events, may be regarded as prophetic, was sung at this meeting:

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

The Association continued steadily to grow during the next year or two, as the first annual report will show. This opens with the list of twenty-two clerical vice-presidents, including Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Independent, and Baptist ministers, all residing in London. It enlarged its committee of management, and employed a paid secretary—Mr. T. H. Tarlton.

The Association in the winter of 1845 devised what was then a new form of popularizing instruction, viz., that of lectures, the first of which was delivered under its auspices on the 9th of December in that year; and the practice was continued for twenty-two years during the months of December, January, and February.

The International Exhibition held in London in the year 1851 was made the means of spreading the knowledge of the Young Men's Christian Association's existence throughout the world. This was done by a very extensive distribution of tracts. Five hundred pounds' worth of tracts were given away by members of the Association.

Five new branches were formed during this year, with one at Paris and one at Adelaide. The amount expended during 1851 by the Young Men's Christian Association was no less than £3438, and it was at the annual meeting of this same year that the noble and illustrious Earl of Shaftesbury presided for the first time. In the following year six new branches were established in England, one in Ireland, one in Switzerland, one in Germany, and five in America, viz., those at

Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, New York, and New Orleans. Thus, year after year, God has continued to bless and prosper the work through the instrumentality of his servants in the ministry and in every other vocation of life, who gladly gave their time, talents, and money to the work.

In 1864 the Association sustained a heavy loss in the death of its much-beloved treasurer, my relative and friend, Mr. George Hitchcock, the founder of the firm of which I am now the head. For twenty years his Christian life had been a bright and happy testimony to the spiritual blessings that he had derived from the Young Men's Christian Association, and he publicly stated that the Association had been instrumental in his conversion.

The way in which the Young Men's Christian Association has since multiplied its branches and its membership, until at the present time it has 5109 branches, with a membership of nearly half a million, is of course well known to you. I am devoutly thankful for the extraordinary development of the movement in America, with its hundreds of Associations, and it is my earnest prayer that our Heavenly Father may graciously continue to bless in an ever-increasing degree this society, which has ever striven to do everything in its power for the glory of God and the salvation of young men.

Golden Rule.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DILIGENCE AND ITS REWARD.

REV. EZRA TINKER, M.A., B.D.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.—PROV. xxii. 29.

THE hope of a community or a nation is largely in her young men; for the day is not far distant when the heavy

burdens of society must devolve upon them. Correct ideas of life are important, and correct habits are essential. Inadequate ideas of life may vitiate all our methods, and vicious habits may paralyze all our powers and render our existence a lamentable failure.

The curse which was pronounced upon the race, and which doomed mankind to toil, sweat, and weariness, in the present state of society is a blessing in disguise. By these toilsome conditions men are placed at the opening of grand careers, are trained and disciplined for larger spheres of usefulness, while the thoughtful and conscientious person finds his sweetest hours amid the ceaseless activities of the present.

The man that has nothing to do, wants to do nothing, and glories in his inactivity, is the most pitiable being in the world, and merits the contempt of all earnest, honest toilers. Every *real* man is anxious to bear his share of life's burdens and prove himself worthy of a place in the thought and affection of his fellows.

Every young man should resolve at the outset to pay his way; to add something to the already gathered increments of society. If you add nothing to the capital of society in thought, then you are a cipher; yea, a minus quantity, a burden to society, a stench in the nostrils of humanity; and it would have been good for you and the race if you had not been born.

It may be that your father has been so successful in his business affairs as to place you beyond the necessity of toiling either with brain or with hand. But that fact does not release you from your obligation to perform your part in the battle of life. By virtue of your unearned increments, your splendid patrimony, different channels of activity and usefulness may be opened to you. Nevertheless the channels are there, the opportunities there, the obligations there.

With most of the race, toil of brain or hand is a necessity in order to secure the comforts of life. The majority of mankind may never get beyond that condition. Your sphere of activity will depend largely upon birth, education, opportuni-

ties, aptitudes. You may follow in the very footsteps of your father. The farm, the shop, the mill, or the studio may be the place where you are to solve life's problems; or perchance Providence may have selected for you a sphere suggested neither by your birth, education, nor surroundings.

That farmer's boy may be needed in the thronged city to plan and build and direct the interests of a whole community. The Bedfordshire *tinker* may be summoned to dream dreams and to pour forth the wealth of his mind and heart for the moral and spiritual elevation of his fellow-men. That restless son of the tireless artisan may be led into the midst of the bustle and whirl of the factory or mill; or, looking out upon the regions beyond, he may long for the exciting and thrilling life of the mariner; or, seeking yet other fields of activity, may bury himself in the bowels of the earth amid the metals and the ores.

Too much time should not be wasted in seeking superior fields or waiting for more splendid opportunities. Take the thing that lies nearest at hand. It may prove the door opening to larger and richer fields.

Idleness is the miscreant that has led many a young man into the saloon and gambling-den, and ruined him for time and eternity. Would you have me begin at the foot of the ladder with all my culture and early advantages? It will do you no harm. If you have power it will show itself. If you are worthy of better things they will ultimately come to you.

The late Henry Ward Beecher began his unique career in a little church in a western village, at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, paid in part in turnips, cabbages, and onions. He began there, but he did not end there. He began with a society of nineteen members, but he ended with a church of more than twenty-five hundred members. He began little and unknown, he ended with a reputation as wide as Christendom.

Although educated at West Point, it did not harm General Grant to begin his military career as one of the lesser commissioned officers. Had he begun at a higher grade he might not

have reached the highest. Years of lesser responsibility served to prepare him for the highest responsibility.

Young men are sometimes crippled or destroyed by the multitude of their friends. Blows, storms, rebuffs, are not the worst things that can befall young men. A soldier is made on the field of battle, and not in the hours of dress-parade. The ore is smelted in the furnace, and the rough diamond must be placed in the hands of the lapidary.

A short time since I overheard a hard-worked and sorely pressed mother say to her son of nineteen years, who was living off her meager earnings, "Joel, suppose you start out this morning and see if you can find something to do?" Evening came, and I overheard this conversation: "Joel, what success to-day?" "I found a place where they wanted a young man, but they were not willing to pay me wages enough. I am not going to work for small pay." The mother gave a sigh and simply said, "It would be better to work for small pay than to do nothing at all." That stalwart young man who will sit by the fireside without an effort to bear his share of the burden, and allow his mother to toil from earliest morn till latest eve, is a disgrace to the family name, and is not worthy of a mother.

It does not make so much difference from whence you came as whither you are going. What though Lincoln was born in a log cabin—he died in the White House. What though he split rails in his boyhood days—he did it well, and learned the knack of splitting rebels' heads as well. We are not so anxious to know who your father was as to know who you are. If you are brave, true, and manly, we will forgive you, though your father was not of royal blood. There is a place for you if you are made of the right metal. It may not be possible for you to pass to the first place in financial and business circles, but it is possible for you to make the most of yourself and of your opportunities, and to this endeavor and attainment you are distinctly summoned.

The surest way to get out of a small place is to perform your work well while in it.

Form the habit of *promptness*. If you are a clerk in a bank, an employee in a shop, or engaged in business for yourself, and there are definite hours, bend everything to the moment and the place. Learn the lesson which some people seem never to learn, of being on time.

Ten minutes late has cost many a man his position and his business reputation. It may be you never knew why you were discharged. It was not because you were profane, not because you drank, not because you pilfered from the till, but solely because every morning you were at your post of duty ten minutes behind the time. The world moved too rapidly for your feet. The hour for business has come ten minutes too soon. The miserable imp of delay has captured you, and unless you shake him off and say to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan," you will be crippled and finally crushed by the upper and nether millstones of business, for the god of this world knows no forgiveness to the sluggard.

Do you see that vast establishment, seven stories high, stretching from avenue to avenue, and covering a double block? That interest was built up by a single brain which realized the value of time. At the early morning hour, and at the appointed time, and with unswerving regularity, the man planted himself at the centers of trade. He was there to seize upon every opportunity.

Some years since I called upon a millionaire in the morning hours on a matter of business. Although the gentleman was more than seventy years of age, yet he was just as prompt in his office engagements as if he had been in manhood's prime. He glanced at his watch, then begged to be excused, as he must be at his office within a half-hour. Without doubt that habit of promptness had rendered him important service in accumulating the millions which lay in his purse. The same habit may not make you a millionaire, but it will add to your income and secure for you a larger place in the thoughts and good wishes of your neighbors.

The Creator might have dropped fatness from the skies into

our laps, but he has not done it, for obvious reasons. He has done what is better for us. He has placed all necessary things within our reach, and given us strength and opportunity to obtain them, and in the acquisition to add to our mental, moral, and spiritual resources, to enhance our happiness here, and to fit us for higher and sweeter enjoyments hereafter. The Creator has placed the gold in the mountains, the coal in the bowels of the earth, and the comforts of life within granite walls. We must tunnel the mountains, delve into the earth, seam the rock, and level the walls. Gibraltar is not impregnable. It will yield to sufficient pounding. That young man needs a little more of the *pound* in him, a little more of the persistence in him.

The employee that knows not only what to do, but actually does it; who makes himself interested in the prosperity of the firm, and who needs no watching, coaxing, urging, may unconsciously find himself an indispensable factor, and finally associated in partnership with the very men for whom he has labored.

A well-educated, energetic farmer's boy of twenty-two started from New England to New York to make his own way. When he arrived in the city he had only fifty cents in his purse, and no friends. As he sat upon the steps of a large establishment he overheard a man say to another that he wished he had a small boy to do errands for the afternoon. The young man sprang to his feet and offered his services, for which he received fifty cents. For two weeks he was employed at one dollar per day. Then he was placed at the ledger. His splendid penmanship made the pages fairly shine with beauty. In a few months he was placed on the road at a salary of three thousand dollars a year. To-day he has a large and thriving business of his own.

Sobriety, diligence, persistency, conscientiousness, Christian faith, will give the highest possible success. Such persons shall stand before kings; they shall not stand before mean men.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

THE *Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor* was first organized in February, 1881, by Rev. Francis E. Clark, pastor of the Williston Congregational Church, Portland, Me., for the young people of his own congregation. It was imitated in other places, and Mr. Clark published a small volume entitled "The Children and the Church," which explained its principles. The idea was quickly adopted in many churches of different denominations, and has crossed over seas and gone into all lands. The distinctive features of the Society have been (1) the personal obligation of each member, embodied in a definite pledge, for definite and specific duties, reviving the covenant idea of the Old Testament; (2) loyalty to the local church in which the Society exists. Under these principles, Societies, in churches of different denominations, have been affiliated in district, State, national, and international conventions, which disclaim any control of the local organizations, but meet regularly for mutual encouragement, and furnish printed helps for the work. The Rev. Dr. Clark, the originator of the organization, was made president of the United Society, and gave up the charge of a large church to give himself wholly to this work. The growth of the organization showed 35,146 Societies in 1894, with 2,108,760 members. The organ of the Society is the *Golden Rule*.

WATCHWORDS FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.*

JOSEPH COOK.

SUPPLY follows demand in history. As in recent ages there has been a demand for the diffusion of liberty, property, and intelligence, there will soon be a demand for the diffusion of

* From an address delivered at the New York Christian Endeavor Convention, July 8, 1891.

conscientiousness; and there will come slowly, and through much anguish of the ages, a supply. I foresee a great day for a scientific, biblical, and practical church. Wordsworth talked of an aristocracy. It will not come. Carlyle talks of a government of the best. It cannot be elected. Soon the church, and a true church, will be all the hope of the world. It will save the world by goodness and by truth, by practice and by doctrines also.

The church needed by the American future must be scientific, biblical, and practical. It must be scientific by a reasonable theology; by the absorption of all established science; by intellectual supremacy over rationalism; by mental primacy in literature and art; by indisputable authority in all philosophical research; by incisive triumph over popular crudity; by the courage to think syllogistically and on its knees and to the thirty-two points of the compass.

It must be biblical by the spirit of the Founder of Christianity; by finding in the Holy Spirit a present Christ; by a sense that the nations are a theocracy and our Lord the world's Lord; by the doctrine of sin; by the doctrine of the atonement; by the hope of immortality; by a fair and fixed gaze on an eternal judgment.

It must be practical by carrying vital piety to every deathbed, every hearthstone, every cradle; by enlisting all believers in religious effort; by sleepless religious printing; by schools saturated with devout science; by making human legislation a close copy of natural law; by leadership in all just popular reforms; by righteousness as a river; by every-day integrity and holiness to the Lord, written on the bells of the horses, on bank vaults, and on the very dust of the streets; and by making all secular pursuits spiritual avocations. Cromwell and Hampden were once on shipboard in England for the purpose of coming to America for life. Their spirits seem to stand among those of our later martyrs.

Once in the blue midnight, in my study on Beacon Hill, in Boston, I fell into long thought as I looked out on the land

and on the sea; and, passing through the gate of dreams, I saw the angel having charge of America stand in the air above the continent, and his wings shadowed either shore. Around him were gathered all who at Valley Forge and at Andersonville, and the other sacred places, suffered for the preservation of a glorious Republic; and they conversed of what was and is and is to be. There was about the angel a multitude whom no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and tribes and tongues, and their voices were as the sound of many waters; and I heard thunderings and saw lightnings, but the face of the angel was above the lightness of the lightnings, and the majesty of his words above that of the thunders.

Then came forth before the angel three spirits, whose garments were as white as the light; and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Washington and Lincoln and Garfield. And behind them stood Hampden and Tell and Miltiades and Leonidas, and a multitude who had scars and crowns. And they said to the angel, "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of liberty. We will heal America by equality." And the angel said, "Go! You will be efficient, but not sufficient." Meanwhile, under emigrant wharves, and under the hovels of the perishing poor, and under crowded factories, and under the poisonous alleys of great cities, I heard, far in the subterranean depths, the black angels laugh.

Then came forward before the angel three other spirits, whose garments were white as the light; and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Franklin and Hamilton and Irving. And behind them stood Pestalozzi and Shakespeare and Bacon and Aristotle, and a multitude who had scrolls and crowns. And they said to the angel, "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of intelligence. We will heal America by knowledge." And the angel said, "Go! You will be efficient, but not sufficient." Meanwhile, under emigrant

wharves, and under crowded factories, and under Washington, and under scheming conclaves of men acute and unscrupulous, and under many newspaper presses, and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys of great cities, I heard the black angels laugh.

Then came forward before the angel three other spirits, whom I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call by names known on earth—Adams and Jefferson and Webster. And behind them stood Chatham and Wilberforce and Howard and the Roman Gracchi, and a multitude who had keys and crowns. And they said to the angel, "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of property. We will heal America by the self-respect of ownership." And the angel said, "Go! You will be efficient, but not sufficient." Meanwhile, under emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys of suffocated great cities, I heard yet the black angels laugh.

Then came forward lastly before the angel three other spirits, with garments white as the light; and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth—Edwards and Dwight and Whitefield. And behind them stood Wycliffe and Cranmer and Wesley and Luther, and a multitude who had harps and crowns. And they said to the angel, "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of conscientiousness. We will heal America by righteousness." And the angel arose, and lifted up his far-gleaming hand to the heaven of heavens, and said, "Go! Not in the first three, but only in all four of these leaves from the tree of life, is to be found the healing of the nations—the diffusion of liberty, the diffusion of intelligence, the diffusion of property, and the diffusion of conscientiousness. You will be more than ever efficient, but not sufficient." I listened, and under Plymouth Rock and the universities there was no sound; but under emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and under Wall Street, and in poisonous alleys of great cities, I heard yet the black angels laugh; but

with the laughter came up now from beneath a clanking of chains.

Then I looked, and the whole firmament above the angel was as if it were one azure eye, and into it the ten thousand times ten thousand gazed, and saw that they stood in one palm of a hand of Him into whose face they gazed, and that the soft axle of the world stood upon the fingers of another palm, and that both palms were pierced. I saw the twelve spirits which had gone forth, and they joined hands with one another and with the twelve hours, and moved perpetually about the globe; and I heard a voice after which there was no laughter: "We are efficient, but I am sufficient."

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE *Epworth League* was formed May 15, 1889, in Cleveland, O., by the consolidation of five societies previously existing in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and named after the home of the Wesley family in England. It is governed by a General Board of Control, of which fifteen members are appointed by the Board of Bishops, and fourteen are elected from the General Conference districts. These act through an executive committee. The League publishes the *Epworth Herald*. Each local League has a pledge essentially like that of the Christian Endeavor Societies. There were in 1894 more than 13,500 local chapters, with about 900,000 members.

THE LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING.

REV. E. P. STEVENS.

How I may show that I am a Christian. MATT. v. 16.

THIS topic refers not to the inner consciousness of salvation, but to its outward manifestation. He who is consciously saved must of necessity demonstrate the fact in his life. It

is impossible for one to be a real Christian and keep others from knowing it (Eph. ii. 10).

1. I may show that I am a Christian by manifesting a Christly spirit in word and deed. Cheerful service and kindly words befit the Christian and bespeak his companionship with Jesus. Gentleness in dealing with others, thoughtful consideration of their feelings—these are evidences that the golden rule has found its way to the heart, and that Christ is enthroned within (Matt. vii. 12; Gal. v. 22, 23; 1 John ii. 6).

2. I may show that I am a Christian by identifying myself with the church and willingly assuming a reasonable share in the responsibilities of its work. The oft-uttered "I can't" when service is asked can only dwarf the Christian and cripple the work of the church. Paul's motto (Phil. iv. 13) explains his fruitful life and strong Christian character. It is a good one for every Christian.

3. I may show that I am a Christian by witnessing for Christ. The testimony of the life is necessary, but none the less so is that of the lips. Public confession of faith in Jesus Christ is demanded, that all men may know that we are his followers. Not simply the claim that one is a Christian proves one so, but not to be ashamed to own the fact—this is convincing (Rom. x. 9).

4. I may show that I am a Christian by my companionship and associations. The true Christian will seek Christian society, individually and collectively. As the magnet and needle seek each other, so will Christians attract Christians to themselves and be attracted by them. No Christian will be wittingly drawn into any association which will compromise his profession (Amos iii. 3).

5. I may show that I am a Christian by the choice of my pleasures. In these days of intense pleasure-seeking it is well to "take only such diversions as may be employed in the name of the Lord Jesus." Earnest people have little time for mere pleasure, and such as they do indulge in will be innocent and harmless (1 Cor. x. 31).

6. I may show that I am a Christian by being personally interested in the salvation of others. As Andrew sought Peter, and Philip sought Nathanael, so does he who has been saved by Christ yearn to see others saved. This missionary spirit is the best evidence of one's personal contact with the Saviour of the world.

7. I may show that I am a Christian by living a consecrated life. Time has been when it was necessary to be willing to *die* for Christ. Now the great need of his work is a willingness on the part of his followers to *live* for him. There is greater heroism required to *live* for Christ than to *die* for him. To pursue the business of this world, to engage in its social life, to face the spirit of the times and live an uncompromising, positive Christian life—this is the duty of every Christian who is loyal to the cross. Stand up for Jesus at home, in school, on the street, in the counting-room, at the bench, behind the counter, among your companions (Acts iv. 13).

ORDER OF KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS.

The *Order of King's Daughters and Sons* was organized in New York, January 13, 1886, Mrs. Margaret Bottome being chosen the first president. Its badge is a small silver Maltese cross, with the initials I. H. N., of its motto, "In His Name." It has extended throughout the United States and into many other countries, each circle being left free to control its own affairs, but all holding as their object "the development of spiritual life and the promotion of Christian activities." It is thought to number over 200,000 members, and there are circles known in North and South America, Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Denmark, European and Asiatic Turkey, India, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, the Bermudas, and the Bahamas.

The order was at first confined to women; but in 1887 the

Sons of the King was organized as an affiliated society. The order issues a monthly magazine entitled *The Silver Cross*, published in New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS.

MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME.

THE order arose through the united effort of ten women to make their own lives and the lives of other people better exponents of the Christian faith than they had been able to be before.

These women came together one winter day in 1886, talked over their project, formed themselves into a little circle, and chose Mrs. Margaret Bottome as their president and Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson as their secretary. In considering what methods of organization had been most successful they thought the idea of the Lend-a-hand Club a good one, and decided that they would try to work in circles of ten. They were very soon, however, obliged to abandon this idea, and their circles now include any number of members, according to convenience and community of interest. They took for their watchword "In His Name," and they decided on a little silver Maltese cross as their badge. The design of that badge afterward became the seal of their corporation; hence its duplication and manufacture, except as authorized by the order, is illegal. The order started with a few general principles, trying to secure great simplicity at the same time that they insisted upon great definiteness and upon actual practical service. They accepted as members, according to Article III. of their constitution, all who held themselves responsible to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. They made for their objects, first, "the development of spiritual life," and second, "the stimulation of Christian activities." They required a recognition on the part of their members of the fact that they belonged to God, and a purpose to serve God by entering

upon some service to humanity. Their committal to do this was marked by the wearing of the little silver cross.

While every member of the new society was thus bound to service, there was utter freedom as to the choice of a line of work. They must work, but they must choose their own field of labor.

It was strongly recommended that in every case their work should begin at home, and so long as any member of their own family could by their exertions have his or her life made better or happier, the home was considered the proper field. After this they were urged to work in their own churches, to become to their pastors effective and practical helpers. If, after work of this sort was well and thoroughly done, there was more time and more strength, they might then look outside for further opportunities, but should always take those nearest at hand, as it was believed that if each community cared for its own, the world's need of help of every sort would be largely supplied. In no case was it recommended that they should found new organizations or establish new societies, but that they should strive in every way to add little bands of intelligent, consecrated workers to the work already being done in various benevolent fields.

The early history of the work is overcrowded with interesting incidents and experiences, for which, unfortunately, we have no space. It would suffice to say that for nearly six years the order has grown in a way equaled only by such organizations as the Christian Endeavor Society and the Epworth League. Its membership is now between 225,000 and 250,000, scattered throughout every continent, and in New Zealand, the Sandwich and Hawaiian islands, the Bermudas and Bahamas; even on the larger island of Molokai the little silver cross has shone.

In several foreign mission fields the order numbers several hundreds. In Japan five hundred faithful workers were represented at their last conference. It became necessary to make it an international order because of the desire of foreign lands

to have branches of their own. It also became, instead of an organization of Daughters only, one including Sons of the King as well; and now has at various points a great number of circles of young men, boys, and many clergymen, devoting themselves to the work of lifting humanity out of its sin and misery and suffering in the name and for the sake of Christ.

The spiritual work of this society has been wide and deep, and is always emphasized by its leaders. Multitudes of Christians have testified to a deepened religious life through its influence, and multitudes have been drawn into a life of devotion who were formerly careless as to religious responsibilities. Out of this "development of spiritual life" has grown a marvelous increase in "Christian activities." It would require the space of a small volume to tell what members of the order have done. They have worked for every class of sufferer from the highest to the lowest. In times of flood and yellow fever their relief bands and nurses have been among the first to volunteer. They have built and furnished hospitals, and the corps of visitors who sing or read or carry delicacies or try to comfort in some way the suffering inmates of hospitals, asylums, orphanages, and homes for the aged, numbers in the aggregate many hundreds.

The Tenement-house Chapters strive to do for the inmates of tenement-homes of our cities all the things that will minister to the comfort and relief of inmates, and especially aim to help them to become self-supporting. To this end they coöperate through the charity organization societies, with a view to avoid pauperizing and doing more harm than good. Where immediate relief in sickness is needed, nursing and delicacies are provided; but the effort and intention is to bring parents into steady employment, children into schools and Sunday-schools, the home into comfort, and the whole household under the influence of a higher and better life.

Wherever fifty members unite in the same line of work they form chapters, and put all their forces together for the prosecution of that work. A hundred members entitle a State to a

State secretary, and over thirty-five States have their own local organization.

The headquarters of the order are at 158 West Twenty-third Street, New York. The magazine devoted to its interest is the *Silver Cross*, and in its pages may be found whatever relates to the interests of the order throughout the world. All information may be secured at the above address. The growth of the order and its success in relieving suffering and doing good work naturally entitles it to the high rank it holds among the regenerative influences of the time. If it never did anything more than it has done already its work would justify its existence; but those most familiar with its motives, its progress, its purposes and plans, predict for it a future of constantly increasing usefulness and power.

Our Young People.

"FOR HIS SAKE, AND IN HIS NAME."

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

If some morning, sweet and clear,
'Neath our windows we should hear
A voice crying, "Wake from sleep;
Let your hearts with gladness leap:
Ere the ending of the day
Christ himself will come this way;
Through the crowded, dusty street
Make a pathway for his feet—"

Then what running to and fro
In the homes of high and low!
All our best things we would bring
For the great King's welcoming;
Yes, and all our hopes and fears
We would lay, with sobs and tears,
At his feet; each soul would cry,
"Thou hast made me; here am I."

He would listen while we prayed,
And his fingers would be laid
On our foreheads, hot with pain;
And as softly as the rain
Falls on roses, would his touch
Bless and heal us; and how much
That no mortal ever hears
We would whisper in his ears!

He would pity me and you,
For he knows us through and through;
In a world of fire and frosts
He has felt what living costs;
While we cried, 'Oh, make us whole;
Heal and help us, flesh and soul!"
He would answer, "Go thy way;
Help the others; watch and pray."

Gladly, swiftly, we would go
On his errands to and fro;
What were riches, honor, fame?
To help others "in his name,"
At his bidding, were more great
Than to stand in royal state,
Clad in purple fit for kings
At their proudest revelings.

Though we stay at home and wait
For his coming, long and late,
We shall never hear the cry,
"Christ himself is passing by;"
For more loudly all the time,
From all nations, every clime,
Comes a cry for greater light,
Stronger helpers in the fight.

There are answerings to the cry:
"Here am I, and I, and I;"
And the blind ones feel the light
Flickering toward them through the night;
In the deaf and deadened ears
Ring vibrations, and the years
Which so wearily are trod
Lift the peoples nearer God.

Wheresoe'er the sick and faint
Bear their burdens, make their plaint,
Where a stricken human soul
Cries to God to make it whole,
There the King's own children go,
Seeking but his will to know;
Pressing on through flood and flame,
"For his sake, and in his name."

Silver Cross.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

THE *Brotherhood of St. Andrew* is an organization of men in the Protestant Episcopal Church, founded in Chicago in 1883, named after the apostle who, when he had found the Messiah, first found his own brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus. It began in the association of twelve young men in St. James's Church, Chicago, who "agreed to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men, and to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within the hearing of the gospel." Other Brotherhoods were formed, until in 1886 there were 36; and a convention held that year represented Brotherhoods in seven States, and organized the united society as it now exists, electing a council of fifteen to promote the work. The order has extended until the report of 1894 declares 1034 chapters on the active list, with 11,500 members and 1000 probationers. In 1895 there

were Brotherhoods of like organizations in Canada, and in England, Scotland, and Australia. The Brotherhood in the United States issues a monthly periodical entitled *St. Andrew's Cross*. It has also a Boys' Department.

BROTHERHOOD OF ANDREW AND PHILIP.

This society was organized in May, 1888, in the Reformed church in Reading, Pa., under the pastorate of Rev. Rufus W. Miller, as a means of reaching the young men in the parish. The order has two rules: (1) the Rule of Prayer, that each member shall pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among men; and (2) the Rule of Service, that each shall make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within the hearing of the gospel.

Other brotherhoods in fellowship were soon organized, but for some years only in churches of the Reformed denomination; but in September, 1891, a brotherhood was established in the Memorial Presbyterian Church in Newark, N. J., and since then the society has extended rapidly.

The first Federal Convention of the order was held in New York, November 3, 1893; and there were then reported 165 chapters, of which about 90 had been organized during the year 1892–93, and over 3000 members.

BOYS' BRIGADE.

The *Boys' Brigade* was instituted by Mr. William A. Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1883, "to establish true Christian manliness, and to disabuse boys of the notion that religion is something for Sundays only." Companies were formed in connection with churches, missions, and Sunday-schools, and boys are trained largely by military drill. In 1892 there were 245 companies in Scotland, 220 in England, and 35 in Ireland,

with an enrolment of 21,000 boys from twelve to seventeen years of age. Partly by the interest and exertions of Professor Henry Drummond, the movement has recently extended to Canada and the United States; and in 1895 there were reported over 1500 companies in the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and elsewhere, with a membership of over 50,000. The first autumnal review of the Baptist Boys' Brigade of New York and Brooklyn was held in the armory of the Twelfth Regiment, Thanksgiving day, 1893.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION OF AMERICA.

THIS organization was formed to provide a fraternal union for all young people's organizations in the Baptist churches of North America. A convention was called for this purpose, and met in Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1891, and elected a president and other permanent officers of the Union; and a board of managers was chosen, which acts through an executive committee.

The Union calls international conventions, representing Baptist churches in the United States and Canada, but with no attempt to exercise any legislative functions.

The Third International Convention was held in Indianapolis, Ind., in July, 1893. It was attended by 3500 delegates from 29 State and provincial unions.

The Union publishes a weekly religious newspaper. The secretary and editor is Rev. Frank L. Wilkins, D.D., 122 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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